



VISVA-BHARATI

NEWS

June, 1934.

"Communication of life can only be through living agency. And culture, which is the life of mind, can only be imparted through man to man. Book learning, or scriptural texts, may merely make us pedants. They are static and quantitative; they accumulate and are hoarded up under strict guards. Culture grows and moves and multiplies itself in life."

Rabindranath Tagore

Devraj Setty

Visva-Bharati News

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By Nandalal Bose

Volume I.

July, 1932

Number One

FOREWORD

From a secluded shelter of a few students and educators the Santiniketan school has grown into an Educational Colony of varied departments of activity attracting scholars from far and wide and maintaining a civic life intimately linked up with the wellbeing of villages beyond its confine. The ideal of complete education that lies at the heart of our Institution has taken shape in classes for academic as well as applied knowledge, extending its zone from a wide range of artistic and scholarly activities to practical work in agriculture, dairy, tannery, weaving, as well as in medicine and sanitation. Due to this rapid growth along diverse paths of self-expression it has now become increasingly difficult for members of our Institution to take a wide view of the Visva-bharati as a whole outside their own immediate spheres of work which in order to be fruitful must be informed by the pervading spirit of an inner creative purpose. For friends who visit us for a short time there is a similar danger of emphasizing upon isolated items of work or forming a vague idea of our *Ashrama* life by a hurried attempt to deal at once with all its functions.

I welcome, therefore, the publication of this News Sheet which will fulfil a longfelt need if it can adequately acquaint us with details of work carried on in the different departments of our Institution presenting them in their natural co-ordination in an endeavour to realize the complete personality of Man.

SANTINIKETAN,

June 26, 1932.

Rabindra Nath Tagore.

Visva-bharati

Rabindranath Tagore, the Founder-President, returned by aeroplane on 3rd June, 1932 after being the guest of Their Majesties the Shah of Persia and the King of Iraq for the previous six weeks.

...

All the offices of the Visva-bharati (except the Publishing Department) have been transferred from Calcutta to Santiniketan.

...

The following are the names of the office bearers for the current year :

Charu Chandra Dutt

Vice-President.

Debendra Mohan Bose

Treasurer.

Rathindranath Tagore

General Secretary.

Kishori Mohan Santra

Asst. General Secretary.

...

The Annual Report for 1930-31 can be had on request from the General Secretary, Santiniketan.

Santiniketan

The opening dates for the different departments of instruction are as follows :—

The School ... 23rd June

The College ... 7th July

The School of Art ... 7th July

The Department of Research 7th July

The following changes have occurred in the staff :—

Sonam Ngo Drub and Misses Lila Roy and Purnima Choudhary have left.

Miss Asha Adhikary, Mohammed Ziauddin and S. Majumdar have joined.

Sriniketan

Except the Shiksha-Satra, which was closed as usual for five weeks, the activities of Sriniketan continued throughout the Summer.

Harry G. Timbres returned in the first week of May from a course of six weeks at the Ross Field Experiment Station at Karnal and has started his malaria survey in the surrounding villages.

Gour Gopal Ghosh made a successful tour throughout the Bank Area in connexion with the recovery of the loans due to the Co-operative Central Bank.

Dhirananda Roy has been deputed for a six months' course of training at the Y. M. C. A. School of Physical Training at Madras.

Eight students deputed by the Mayurbhanj State for a four months' course of training in co-operation and rural reconstruction are being given all facilities for studying the subjects.

The Shiksha-Satra opened on 2nd June with 25 boys, four of them being new-comers.

The Prospectus for 1931-32 can be had on request from the Sriniketan-Sachiva, P. O. Surul.

The long felt need of closer co-ordination between Santiniketan and Sriniketan has recently been met with the arrangements for a motor service which makes several trips to and fro between the two Institutions. This proved a great success at the end of the last term and has been started again since the 20th June.

J. Neumann has been appointed to take charge of the proposed Central Power House to supply electric current to both the Institutions.

Pages from a Traveller's Journal

By Amiya C. Chakravarty

We Enter Shiraz

The first few miles from *Bushire* are an unrelieved monotony of drab, barren fields; grassless, treeless, yellowish brown wobbly mud stretches dully facing an arid rainless sky. Innumerable mountains and hillocks looking like dumped mud heaps raised ragged contours in the glittering horizon. Mule caravans passed with petrol, kerosine oil, Indian tea, and other imported produce. We met camels, sheep, occasional cows; groups of travellers stolidly journeyed with packs of provisions on their backs out of which the neck of "Doolches", leather water-bottles, peeped prominently. Every few miles we came across watch towers with sentries guarding the traffic route, military outposts were stationed in most inaccessible places, on bare rocks, and perilous ledges. At *Borazjan* which we passed on our way, there was a big gathering of civilian and military population awaiting the Poet and a great ovation was given to him. A few miles further in *Kutab Pyrezan* the chief of the Bashkri tribe Shakrulla Khan came to do honours to the Poet. The Bashkri tribe are of Turkish origin and still use a kind of Turkish dialect; they were unruly and a source of some danger to tourists passing this region. Under the present Persian regime, however, they have taken to peaceful methods of living and have been completely won over to civilization. After passing the *Dalaki* mountain we came to a small village named *Kunar Takhtah* where we took our lunch; it was then about half past two. We had to negotiate innumerable bare mountain sides with some sort of a road barely accommodating a motor car. There was nothing to greet the eye except occasional valleys which were a sanctuary of life and offered a few mud houses and date palm groves, runlets of water; sul-

pher springs. We had crossed *Malloo*, *Rodak*, *Tang-i-Turkan*, before we came to *Kazroon* where we broke our journey. Some miles before we reached *Kazroon* the Mayor of the town, the Military Commander, and other prominent officials came in a car to escort the Poet and mounted military guards preceded us all the way to the town.

The Governor of *Kazroon* received the Poet on his arrival. A public holiday had been declared to celebrate the occasion and the entire population, men, women and children had been waiting from the forenoon to greet their guest. We reached *Kazroon* at 5.30 P. M. and were accommodated in a famous garden over 500 years old, "*Bag-i-Nazar*." Thickly shaded by lime and lemon groves, canals circling the flower avenues, beautiful carpets spread out everywhere,—the garden was a mosaic of colours and quietude. The old architecture was in harmony with its surroundings. Lemon teas and light refreshments in Persian style, as well as iced sherbets were provided for the guests. The dinner was a big official function, at which were present the notables of the city as well as the distinguished visitors from *Shiraz*. There were toasts in honour of the Poet, and expressions of welcome from the Governor and representative citizens of *Kazroon*. The Poet offered his grateful thanks for the cordial reception. He said he felt deeply moved by the warmly human touch of the Persian people and the exquisite beauty of their country in springtime.

The air was fragrant with cherry blossoms, birds were singing in the cool garden foliage. Soft moonlight fell everywhere on the richly carpeted garden spaces surrounded by newly blossomed season flowers. Our hosts quickly departed wishing us good rest. The Poet was deeply moved and said to us—, "This is Orient.

How close one comes to the heart of its humanity. How simple and beautiful is the hospitality which is offered to its guests, and how generous. In China and Japan one finds the same delightful open-hearted welcome, this lavish splendour of unhesitating comradeship. The Persian climate too is hospitable."

We spent the night in *Kazroon* and left for *Shiraz* at 9 A. M. on the 16th of April by a path which led through a valley named *Mian i Kotul*, wooded with wild olive trees, pomegranate groves, and *Balati*, a kind of wild chestnut which grows everywhere in profusion. There were green fields of wheat, rather pale and thin because of the especially scanty rainfall of this season. We must not forget to mention here that we saw *Akanda* and *Kul* trees on our way from *Bushire* to *Kazroon*, and that some trees locally called *Bid* were pointed out to us as possessing medicinal qualities in their bark and leaves which helped in curing malaria.

The mountain ranges now took their usual rocky character with boulders, stone ledges, trees and bushes offering variegated contrasts to the eye. This was wholesome after the unredeemed monotony of bare dumpy brown mud configurations of the *Bushire-Kazroon* road. The road was also decidedly better and ran swiftly to *Shiraz*. *Shiraz* emerged on the verge of the horizon as a green valley which gradually sifted itself into innumerable mud-walled gardens waving tall cypresses; emerald vine fields, carved house roofs, greens and grays and splashes of rich colours glimpsed through embroidered gate-ways of impressive architecture. We sensed a haunting quality of old world beauty, of a haven of rest rich with nightingales and rose bowers specially enchanting to travellers after toilsome jour-

neys in the rough mountains and barren desert plains. •

It was midday in spring when *Shiraz*, the land of Saadi and Hafiz, of dreamers in paint and silver and ivory, opened its welcome to the Poet of India. Mounted cavalry in resplendent uniform came galloping to escort him through the city gates.

An Omen

On his way to the Khalilabad Garden, in *Shiraz* on the morning of 18th April, the Poet stopped at the tomb of Hafiz. The deep quietude of the sacred spot, the simple beauty of the surroundings were impressive. We entered the chamber and sat down on the marble floor. Centuries seemed to roll by, and two great Poets of the East met face to face.

A big tome of Hafiz poems was brought to the Poet. He was asked to wish for something in his mind and open the book at any page. The poem which would thus appear would give a key to the possible realisation of the wish. This is known as a "Fal," or a prophetic omen. The Poet opened the book. The poem he found was the one which begins with the words "May the doors of tavern be opened..... we open it in the name of God." The key word we learnt was "OPEN" signifying progress and fulfilment. The Poet said that he had been thinking of the misery which religious bigotry had created in India, keeping its communities apart and checking the path to the freedom of our humanity. His wish was that India may break through the shackles of her own forging and come out of her prison house of sectarian passion. Obviously the omen was good. •

A Village Health Programme

By Harry G. Timbres

The Fundamental Problem

It would seem to us that the first steps in approaching the village health problem would be :

(1) To find out what the health problem really is.

(2) To prevail upon the villagers to purchase co-operatively as much of the means of solving the problem as they are capable of doing.

Investigation of the village health problem involves as complete a medical study of the village as possible, including physical examinations of the villagers, malaria survey, investigation of tuberculosis, leprosy, hook-worm disease, dysentery, venereal disease, conditions surrounding child-birth, nourishment, economic and social organization and housing conditions.

Getting the villager's co-operation requires first getting his confidence chiefly through the practice of curative medicine and then educating him by every possible means to the point where he sees sufficiently clearly the importance and benefit of good health to be willing to do all he is capable of doing towards the co-operative purchase of it.

The district around Sriniketan is typical of the greater part of Western Bengal. Its economy is mainly dependent upon one crop,—Rice. This crop is harvested once a year. Rainfall and a few small rivers, all of which are in the so-called "dying" state, i. e., are silting up, are the sources of water. The district is highly malarious, and is subject at intervals of every four or five years to famine and epidemics of cholera. The population is almost static.

In this district we have chosen four villages as the limit within which our experiment is to

be carried on. The combined population of the villages is about 1200.

On their side they have agreed ;

(1) A Registered Co-operative Health Society is to be formed of which the members, heads of families, will pay monthly dues of 4 annas.

(2) The affairs of the Society are to be conducted by a Committee composed of representatives of each of the four villages and of the two doctors of the Sriniketan Medical Staff.

(3) Members of the Co-operative are to pay 20% more than the cost of their medicine, and a fee of 8 annas for house calls by the Doctor. These sums are to be paid in money if the member can afford them, but otherwise they are to be paid in organized sanitary work under the direction of the Committee for the benefit of the villages.

(4) Non-members, that is, persons coming to the Dispensary from outside the four villages, or persons in these villages who do not join the Co-operative or who do not keep up their monthly dues, must pay double the amount paid by members for all medical services, and in money only.

(5) As proof of their willingness to co-operate with us, the villagers have agreed to erect by their co-operative efforts a two storey house of mud and thatch which is to be the Health Centre of the Four Villages. At the time of writing (July, 1932), this house has been completed. It represents an outlay in money and materials of Rs. 150/- and labour valued at Rs. 250/-, a total of Rs. 400/-.

For our part we have agreed ;

(1) To work in close co-operation with the Village Committee in every particular of the Medical Programme.

(2) To concentrate the greater part of our efforts in the four villages. In fact, we are planning our work so that there will be very little time for work outside of this area, at least for the next two or three years.

(3) All income from medical work in the Health Centre, that is, sale of medicine and Doctor's fees, are to be kept in the Treasury of the Health Society and used in promoting its affairs.

Objects and Methods of Work

As has been pointed out above, our work has two main objects :

(1) To investigate thoroughly the medical problem of our four villages.

(2) To determine how far village co-operation can be obtained in solving the problem.

In the Health Centre each patient is studied by physical and Laboratory examination and the course of treatment is followed up later in the home.

Permanent records are kept on cards, one card for each patient.

We have prepared maps of each village on the scale of 64 inches to the mile, showing each residence and other features of the village. Each residence is marked with a number corresponding to a number on the card in the index, so that by a glance at the map we can locate the residence of every person in the village. We shall use these maps in making graphic medical records, in locating and controlling outbreaks of epidemics and in locating the foci of endemic diseases, all of which information will be of value in developing preventive measures.

We are making a Malaria Survey of our district and are experimenting with methods for the prevention of malaria.

Health Education

Is being made a part of every phase of the programme. The proper dispensing of cheap effective medicine, the follow-up in the homes, the work with the Village Committee, explain-

ing to the villager every step in the scheme and the reason for it in terms which he can understand, inviting his co-operation at every point, all of these have great educational value.

Ante-natal clinics, demonstrations in the proper nourishment of growing children, organizing the labour of the village for sanitary work such as digging of drains, and clearing tanks and jungle, are on our programme to be taken up as time and staff permit, and all have their educational importance.

We think we can make the routine medical work have the greatest educational influence. We expect, however, to introduce as adjuncts to it other educational measures such as a course of lectures on village problems, including health, carried on every week throughout the year; the printing of a small health bulletin in the vernacular which will report current news in the villages and progress in the medical work; and poster, lantern-slide and cinema demonstrations if their use is indicated and we find we can afford them.

Just now we are at the beginning of our task. We think it is a task which very much needs to be done. By its very nature, the experiment must not be costly. But for a time at least, whose length cannot now be accurately judged, it must remain an experiment and will be dependent on the sympathy and active support of individuals and agencies who appreciate the necessity for this experiment. We think we have made a sufficiently hopeful beginning to justify the expectation that the amount of outside support needed will diminish rather than increase in proportion to the further development of the work and that the ultimate results evolving principles of Village Health Work in India will more than compensate for the support of our friends and for our own efforts.

VILLAGE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT,
INSTITUTE OF RURAL RECONSTRUCTION,
SRINIKETAN, P. O. SURUL, BENGAL.

Alumni News

The Asramika Sangha or the Alumni Association was inaugurated by the Founder-President in 1911

(a) to promote the ideals of service inculcated by the Visva-bharati, and

(b) to keep the alumni as a corporate body for the purposes of aiding the mother institution as well as each other in times of need.

All past students and staff of Santiniketan and Sriniketan who are not yet enrolled are requested to register their names either as life members or ordinary members.

Ordinary membership Re. 1/- per year

Life membership Rs. 20/-

At present the Sangha has

Ordinary members 50

Life members 26

At the last Annual Meeting of the Sangha the following office-bearers were elected :—

Rathindranath Tagore

Treasurer.

Dhirendra Mohan Sen

*Secretary and representative
to the Samsad.*

Santinimoy Ghosh

Assistant secretary.

Saroj Ranjan Choudhury

Kshemendra Mohan Sen

Rama Kar

Members of the Executive Com.

Pulin Bihari Sen

Nirmal Chandra Chatterji

Kshemendra Mohan Sen

Executive Com., Calcutta Branch.

All communications will please be addressed to the Alumni Secretary, Santiniketan.

Marriage—Amita Sen, daughter of Kshiti Mohan Sen was married to Dr. Ashutosh Sen of the Agricultural Department of the Dacca University on the 18th June, 1932.

Birth—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Gour Gopal Ghosh of Sriniketan on the 2nd June, 1932.

Notes & Queries

✓ **Wanted**—Old copies of the first four Visva-bharati Bulletins will be gladly accepted at double their original prices or as donation to the Visva-bharati Office.

Visva-bharati News—A leaflet like the present copy will be published every month.



By Nandalal Bose

Annual subscription :—

Inland : One rupee per year including postage.

England : Two shillings per year.

U. S. A. : Fifty Cents per year.

Subscription may be remitted to :

**General Secretary, Visva-bharati,
Santiniketan, Bengal.**

**Table showing distribution of Visva-bharati Staff according to
Provinces and Countries
April, 1932**

Provinces or Countries	SANTINIKETAN		SRINIKETAN	
	Men	Women	Men	Women
Bengal ...	27	6	18	1
Bihar & Orissa ...	1	—	—	—
United Provinces ...	1	—	—	—
Bombay Presidency ...	5	—	—	—
Punjab ...	1	—	—	—
Hyderabad State ...	—	—	1	—
Ceylon ...	1	—	—	—
Germany ...	1	—	—	—
U. S. A. ...	1	1	1	1
Total ...	38	7	20	2

VISVA-BHARATI NEWS

If not delivered please return to :—
General Office, Santiniketan.

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== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



By Kesava Rao.

Volume I.

August, 1932

Number Two

IDEALS IN EDUCATION

In education, the most important factor must be the inspiring atmosphere of creative activity. And therefore the primary function of our University should be the constructive work of knowledge. Men should be brought together and full scope given for their work of intellectual exploration and creation ; and the teaching should be like the overflow water of this spring of culture, spontaneous and inevitable. Education can only become natural and wholesome when it is the direct fruit of a living and growing knowledge.

Rabindranath Tagore

Visva-bharati

A meeting of the Samsad (Governing Body) was held at Santiniketan on Sunday the 24th July, 1932 under the chairmanship of G. S. Dutt when it recommended to the Parishat (General Meeting) a series of changes in Statutes. The proposed changes will be immediately circulated to the members of the Visva-bharati and considered at a meeting of the Parishat to be held in the first week of December next.

The Samsad accepted the resignation of the Santiniketan-Sachiva (Local Secretary) and, in consideration of the difficulties of the present situation, has decided to keep the office of the Asrama-Sachiva in abeyance for the present ; the Karma Sachiva has been requested to take over the charge of the Santiniketan Office.

As recommended by the Santiniketan-Samiti the sixtieth year has been fixed as the maximum age for retirement from service.

...

Santiniketan

The number of new admissions this year has been as follows :—

School Classes— 13 boys, 3 girls

College Classes—35 " 3 "

Art Classes— 3 " 3 "

Research Classes—3 "

The following arrangements have been made in the distribution of work and of the staff members :—

Director of Sports—Nepal Chandra Roy.

Boys' Dormitory Supdt.—

Pramodaranjan Ghosh.

Rector—Miss Asha Adhikari.

Mr. Shahid Suhrawardy who has been connected for many years with the literary and artistic movements in several European countries and the League of Nations has joined

Santiniketan for a few months as a temporary Professor of Islamic Culture.

...

✓ The President has moved over to "Konarka" where he used to live many years ago.

...

A class of boys and girls accompanied by Miss Asha Adikari, the Rector, spent a day at Sriniketan and were given a demonstration of the meteorological instruments. The Shiksha Satra boys in return spent a day at Santiniketan and mingled freely with the Shishu-vibhaga boys.

...

Sriniketan

The Annual General Meeting of the Visva-bharati Central Co-operative Bank Ltd. was held at Sriniketan on the 20th July. About a hundred Rural Societies were represented.

The moving of the Dispensary to the Benuri Centre since July 12 has resulted in enhancing its efficiency to a great extent and the number of male and female patients has increased considerably. Mrs. Rebecca Timbres also attends to the patients from 7 to 11 on all week days. The Malaria survey is going on intensively.

The Village Work Department has extended its activities towards Ruppur village, so that practically the whole of the Ruppur Union has come in touch with Sriniketan.

The following new additions have been made to the staff :—

(a) Girwar Sahai, Ph. D. (London) in Rural Research Dept.

(b) Lakshwar Singh, an ex student of Santiniketan, who has returned after training in Sweden, will give part time manual training to the Shiksha-Satra boys.

(Continued on Page 15)

Shishu-vibhaga (Primary Department)

By E. W. Arianayakam

One of the distinguishing features of Santiniketan School is the organization of the residential life of the pupils on the basis of a self-governing community. This was in accordance to one of the many prophetic visions of the Poet.

To give the proper atmosphere and opportunity for a full and free life, teachers and students live, as it were in a large happy family. The general life of the pupils outside class-hours is in the hands of the Student Assembly, (Ashram Sammilani). In addition they assist in keeping the Ashram grounds clean, in managing the kitchen, serving at table, attending on guests, helping the poor and needy, and nursing the sick. Work is divided under different departments and captains are elected at the monthly assembly meeting. Teachers are allowed to be present and take part as ordinary members, but have no vote.

One of the duties of the General Captain elected by the Student Assembly is to see that bells are rung at right intervals starting from the rising bell at 4-45 A. M. right up to the retiring bell at 9-45 P. M. Accidents do take place dislocating work and causing great inconvenience to the staff. But it is left to the Student Assembly to enquire and take necessary steps that such accidents do not recur. There is every opportunity to gain first hand experience by making mistakes and devising means to rectify them.

The Shishu-vibhaga is allowed to organize its own Shishu-Sammilani (Children's Assembly) and function as an autonomous body. This assembly meets weekly. Its function is to organize the various extra curricular activities and look after the general welfare and interest of children both resident and non-resident.

There are 67 children in this department

Boys 38, Girls 29. Provinces represented are : —Bombay, United Provinces, Behar, Madras, Punjab and Bengal.

In keeping with the principle of self government, the entire work is placed before the children at the beginning of every new term, and they are requested to assume full responsibility for carrying it out. The Assembly has divided the work under the following departments.

1. Personal cleanliness.
2. Keeping the residential quarters clean and beautiful.
3. Health.
4. Garden.
5. Care of birds and animals.
6. Games.
7. Correspondence.
8. Studies.
9. Upasana (Period of silence).
10. Excursions.

A captain is elected for each department. It is the duty of the Captain to organize his department and carry out its functions and present a written report at the weekly meetings. President is elected at each meeting, and Srimati Asha Devi and the House Master are allowed to be present and take part as ordinary members. After each report is read sufficient time is allowed for discussion. Children of seven and eight get up with great confidence and criticise and offer helpful suggestions whenever necessary. It is encouraging to watch the growing interest taken in the discussions, by even the very shy and timid children, and responsibilities cheerfully accepted. They soon learn the great lesson of each one doing his bit to make their corporate life happy and thoroughly enjoyable.

This picture will not be a true one unless a word is said about the constant and watchful care of those responsible for the proper development and growth of the children. It is their deep sympathy and imagination that gives the children such a happy home.

Desire to keep the House clean and tidy naturally leads one to the temptation of constantly driving the children like a Tea-garden superintendent, or having it done by a servant, so much so that the children become too dependent and fail to learn the great lesson of self-motivation. The most difficult problem is just to know how much to help and when to help.

The group in the House is highly heterogeneous varying greatly in habits and manners according to their home environments. Some come from very well to-do homes where there are a large number of servants. They are used to having everything done for them. In addition they have suffered from the influence of over-affection of parents which has made them almost helpless.

The difference between the child that comes from a cultured home and one from a wealthy home without culture is marked. The conflict between these two types begins right from the start and the House Master has to be on the alert keeping in touch with every detail of the daily life of the children to be able to help them and bring harmony and goodwill.

In addition to this there is the greater problem of boys coming from different provinces and speaking different vernaculars. When the number speaking the same vernacular is small the difficulties are not very great. But if the number of any particular group increases then provincial peculiarities begin to come into play. It is striking to note the appearance of this parochialism at such an early stage. As the Non Bengali children begin to understand and speak Bengali another grouping takes place which is according to common interests and temperaments. At this stage children are suggested various projects in which real co-operation is necessary for the successful completion of the task. While actively engaged in this creative and co-operative enterprises deep friendships grow which outreach the narrow boundaries of provincial exclusiveness.

Some children are very fond of animals and birds. A rather unattractive country-bred dog was adopted by a group of children. Two of the members of this group were constantly giving trouble on account of their rather wild, unruly temperament and lack of consideration for their weaker comrades. It was difficult to get them to go for their baths at the right time and keep themselves clean. These two got deeply attached to the pet and volunteered to take care of the animal. They made a routine for her regular feeding, bathing and outing, and got so absorbed in this service that soon their habits and nature changed. They began to be the first to go for their baths as they required time to carefully bathe the dog. The same thing happened in the case of a few boys who got deeply interested in the study and care of plants and trees in the garden.

A very kind friend promised to present a pair of rabbits to the children. The group that enthusiastically undertook the project of building a very artistic dwelling for the new arrivals, was composed of varied and warring types. The unifying element was their love for the rabbits. By the time the house was completed happy understanding and helpful friendship prevailed. It is to be expected that the loving care of the pets would in turn influence their nature and develop considerate and chivalrous behaviour towards the weak.

In cases of breaches of discipline the Captain gives punishment to the offender. Under no circumstance is corporal punishment allowed. Children when allowed to punish their fellow students err on the side of over-doing it. At times severe punishments are given for trifling offences. The same punishment if inflicted by a teacher would be very much resented.

The personal relationship between the House Master and the children is such that the most effective punishment he can give is to stop the guilty one from entering into his room, and more powerful still is to stop speaking to him.

It is through such interplay of human and personal factors and genuine sympathy that children can be helped in developing that type of dependable character which alone can form the basis of successful self government.

- Rice and Rural Reconstruction

By Hashem Amir Ali & Tara Krishna Basu

It is during this month of July that the cultivation of rice begins. To those of us who come and go frequently between Sriniketan and Santiniketan it has become an every day experience to see the fields being ploughed by sturdy Santals with their tiny ploughs and miniature cattle. Within the last few weeks we have seen patches of fields here and there suddenly covered with green mantles; and their fascination for us, during these days when clouds move about restlessly at all hours, is so great that we have seldom thought of what this crop means to the well-being of this locality and consequently to ourselves. And yet, rice, at present, constitutes almost the entire basis of local economy in this region. Even in our own slightly raised and dry area where only about 66% of the land is under crops, as much as 93·7% of the *cultivated area* is under rice.

So important a part has this crop played in moulding the social organization of this as of other regions that if some means were available for tracing in detail its past and its future, the history and destination of the people also could have been fairly well ascertained. But we know so little of the past and still less of the future; and yet what little we do know is very interesting.

The following figures, for example, throw some light on the changes that have come about in rural economy during the past two hundred years: In the area covered by the Visva-bharati Co-operative Bank there are about 1,55,000 acres under paddy; and the population of this area is no more than 1,75,000 inhabitants. The lakh and a half of acres at the rate of 21 maunds of paddy per acre will yield 21,00,000 maunds of cleaned rice. On the other hand these 1,70,000

inhabitants, constituting say 34,000 families, and consuming each about 30 maunds of rice per year, would need only 10,20,000 maunds and would leave a surplus of no less than 10,80,000 maunds. Now rice is a bulky material and does not bear easy transportation. Since it could not have been exported to any great extent before the coming of the railways, it is evident that so much land could not have been given to that crop in those days. If the above approximations hold good, we can safely suppose that no more than half the present area under rice was given to that crop in former days. And, consequently, other crops must have occupied a larger percentage of the sown area and there must have been more pastures and better animals and more manure available for the fields that were cultivated. But now it is all rice and rice and rice of which about half is consumed in the locality and the other half is exported after being cleaned in the rice mills of Bolpur.

Let us see what part this export plays in the local economy. The area served by the Rice Mills of Bolpur coincides with the jurisdiction of the Visva-bharati Central Co-operative Bank, which covers the Police Stations of Bolpur, Nanoor and Illambazaar. This area as we have seen exports, making allowances for storage, 12,00,000 maunds of paddy, for which the cultivator gets (at the rate of Rs. 1/8 per maund) Rs. 18,00,000. After paying an additional expenditure of about two annas per maund to the Middlemen, (which amounts to Rs. 1,50,000) the Millowners buy the entire produce (12,00,000 mds) of paddy for about Rs. 19,50,000. From this amount of paddy about 8,00,000 maunds of cleaned rice might be expected which, selling at an average rate of Rs. 2/10 per maund, would bring in a gross

income of about Rs.21,50,000 to the Mill-owners. But of this, Rs.19,50,000 have already been paid for the purchase of paddy, so that only two lakhs really remain. Out of this labour charges amount to about Rs. 90,000 (providing labour for 7,599 people throughout the year); fuel consumed costs no less than Rs. 45,000; clerical and supervisory service takes away another Rs.9,000; maintenance and repairs Rs.20,000; and other expenses Rs. 1,000. If these were the only items to be taken into account the net profit for the 15 mills that are working would together amount to Rs.35,000. But if interest on capital outlay, which amounts to Rs.20,000 is also taken into consideration, the unremunerative conditions under which the mills are working becomes apparent: their average net income comes to no more than Rs. 1,000 per year or less than Rs. 100 per month.

The next items of interest are the export and import figures for the Bolpur Railway Station. Rice forms 98 5% of the exports in bulk and 95% according to money realized. How this sum of Rs. 21,00,000 obtained from rice alone, is distributed has already been shown, but if we analyze the destination of the Rs. 18,00,000 which we said went to the cultivators, we obtain some more interesting information. Figures obtained from the Collector's Office at Suri indicate that the Revenues paid to Government from these three Police Stations amounts to about Rs.2,00,000. Detail comparative analysis seems to justify us in regarding that double that sum i.e. Rs.4,00,000 goes to the intermediate interest-holders in land of whom there are, according to Census figures, 2,000 people in this area. Their income as rent from land would, therefore, amount to about Rs. 17/- per month. This leaves a sum of Rs. 12,00,000 which, divided among 20,000 cultivator families would give them an average in-

come in money of about Rs. 60/- per year or of Rs. 5/- per month. But of this small sum servants have to be paid in addition to their food and lodging and purchases have to be made of kerosene and salt and 'bidis' to say nothing of the marriages and funeral ceremonies that fall to all families. In reality therefore, hardly any one ever has any cash, except in the form of debts. When he gets hold of some money when his rice is sold it is such an unusual event that the cultivator hasn't the faintest idea of how to use it to his best advantage.

These figures are of course too general to be accurate, but when other things are kept in mind they present a fair analysis. One has to remember that Rice has already provided for the food and shelter and that these few rupees that fall into the cultivator's hands are really a sort of pocket money for each family. It does not, therefore, mean that if a peasant's income in cash is very limited he is necessarily impoverished and hungry and unhappy. It is quite possible that with his 'golas' filled with rice and the newly straw-thatched roof above his head he is leading a more secure life than some of the middle classes who earn so much more than him but who have to depend almost entirely on prices of commodities that rise and fall without paying much heed to whether they have food and shelter or not. To that extent the villager is better off, but when it comes to improving his condition, then comes the difficulty; for where is the capital upon which he could draw?

Thus, in regions like our own, Rice provides easy means of livelihood but prevents the standard of living from rising much above the bare minimum. It is Rice that feeds our peasants and it is Rice that keeps them poor—and what is worse—unambitious.

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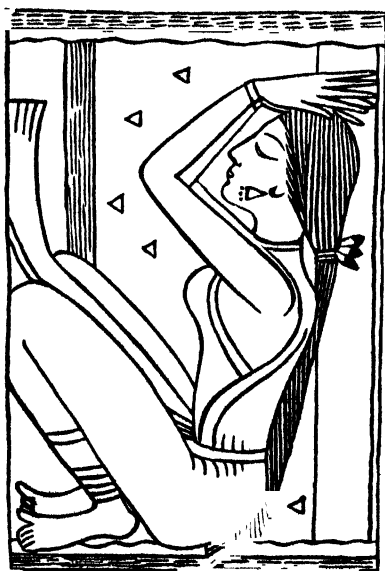
- (c) G. Neumann a young German Engineer has taken charge of the power plants of Santiniketan and Sriniketan and is carrying out a scheme of installing a central power-station.

Hemanta K. Sarkar, who worked in Ballavpur village for several years has been invited by Mr Elmhirst to take a further course of training in Weaving at Dartington Hall, in Devonshire.

...

Alumni News

Dhirendra Mohan Sen has left for Europe as a delegate to the International Educational Conference to be held at Nice in the middle of August.



By Nandalal Bose

Santi Lal Shah, who obtained his degree last year, is proceeding to Germany for Post-Graduate studies in Jaina Philosophy at the Bohn University.

Dr. Julius Germanus, who was for three years Professor of Islamic Studies reports a

most pleasant voyage home. After a holiday in Czecho-Slovakia, Dr. Germanus will resume his work as Professor of Islamic History in the University of Budapest.

An alumni book is being compiled in the Vidya Bhavana (Research Dept.) and all past students are hereby requested to send detail information about themselves, such as period of staying here with dates, subjects studied ; previous and subsequent academic distinctions obtained ; publications, if any ; present occupation and address ; as well as a photograph.

...

Notes & Queries

Obituary—We note with sorrow that Sankar Bose, one of the junior boys of Santiniketan was drowned while bathing near the mouth of the Hooghly where he had gone with his father for the summer holidays.

...

During the month of July there have been about 70 visitors in the Santiniketan Guest House from various parts of India.

...

The publishing of the Visva-bharati News is bringing together a large amount of interesting news every month. Since space does not permit the inclusion of all items in this small pamphlet an attempt will be made to edit a mimeograph copy of more detail news for distribution in the Ashram itself. These news are helpful in creating a permanent record of interesting information in a chronological order.

Book Section

Indian Literature in China and the Far East by Probhat Mukherji : Librarian and Lecturer in Indian History, Santiniketan. Formerly Professor of Indian History, National

Visva-Bharati

The General Secretary, Rathindranath Tagore, has taken over charge of the Santiniketan Office and is, in addition, doing the work of the Santiniketan-Sachiva until new arrangements can be effected

Kalimohan Ghosh of Sriniketan is at present on a tour in South India, collecting funds for the Visva Bharati. He has already visited several Provinces and Native States and has been sending in encouraging reports. After visiting Hyderabad, Gwalior and other places in the Western India he is expected to return in the middle of September.

Santiniketan

To do away with the cumbrous effects of departmentalization in Education the Founder-President has placed both the School and College classes under the sole charge of Charu Chandra Dutt, the Upacharya (Vice President), and desires that the teachers of both junior and senior classes should be regarded as one group and work on an entirely co-operative basis. In order to facilitate this he has advised that all teachers should be designated as Adhyapakas.

Pramodaranjan Ghosh and Srimati Asha Devi will assist the Upacharya in managing the senior and junior classes respectively.

The following persons are to be welcomed in the staff:—

1. Bijoy Krishna Ghosh, B.Sc., as teacher of Zoology.
2. Sailajaranjan Majumdar, M. Sc., B. L., as lecturer of Chemistry.
3. Anil Kumar Chanda, B. Sc. in Economics, London University, as a Lecturer of Modern Political and Civic movements.

4. Franck C. Bancroft of Princeton University and lately fraternal representative for the Christian Student Movement in America to the students of Lahore, as a Coach in European languages and advisor in student organization.
5. Norman Jacobsen, of Columbia University and originally from New Zealand, as an advisor in Educational Methods and athletic activities.

The following gentlemen visited the Ashrama on behalf of the Calcutta University to inspect the running of the College Department:

Dr. H. C. Mukerjee
Dr. U. N. Brahmacharya
Prof. N. C. Roy

They were satisfied with the educational facilities provided at the Santiniketan College and their formal report is awaited with interest.

The Festival of Varsha Mangal was celebrated with the usual ceremony and enthusiasm. The Poet was present both at the time of the Tree-planting in the afternoon and at the musical performance arranged in the evening, under the guidance of Dinendranath Tagore. S. J. Gurusaday Dutt, the District Magistrate made a special visit to the Ashrama on this occasion.

Sriniketan

For the purposes of laying more emphasis on the scientific and technical phases in the general policy of the Institute, an Advisory Board has been appointed by the Samiti. This board consisting of 5 members only including the Sriniketan-Sachiva, who will be its Chairman, will assist him in keeping a more

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SHIKSHA BHAVANA

The College Section at Santiniketan

By B. W. Tucker

The College Section is the youngest member of the Visva Bharati family. One might almost call it the step child of the family for it was not born out of great creative vision as were the other departments of the institution. Like Topsy it has 'just growed', persisting in living on in our midst in spite of inadequate resources and with few friends. This will to live presages a manifest destiny for the College, and the current discontent with higher education gives us a clue to the direction it may take.

The dissatisfaction with the present system of education in vogue in India is universal, but the preoccupation of our national leaders with the pressing political and social problems of the day has caused educational reform to lag behind. The School at Santiniketan stands out as the one great effort to give creative and constructive expression to the demand for a better type of education. Not unmindful of the necessity for thorough-going reformation in other fields, we have maintained that we cannot expect India to find her rightful place in the great family of nations unless she maintains a true cultural basis for her new national life. Therefore we have kept an eye single to the education of the youth of India and have fought the battle for an education suited to our national needs, almost single-handed and with but little outside encouragement. Our distinction as pioneers in school education has brought students and guardians to us with the demand that we extend our experimentation to higher education. We have been unwilling to do this for the work we have already undertaken has taxed our resources to the limit, but almost above our protest students have come and we find a college practically forced upon us.

It is manifest that our college cannot justify its existence in a province where University education is already out of all proportion to primary education and where the very large number of university graduates without employment demonstrates the inaptitude and incongruity of our present system, if our college is only to be one among the many struggling colleges of Bengal. We should be false to the

demand of the students which called us into being if there were nothing unique in our character or ideals. It would be presumptuous for a college so young to categorically claim for itself such uniqueness, but at least we may say that we are free from the dead uniformity of those institutions which are under the domination of University regulations. The economic organization of India makes it difficult for us to maintain this charter of freedom, but we must always recognise that without it we must needs give up our struggle.

A free and independent India must look for leadership to institutions of higher cultural training which shall be developed on her own soil. It is not a narrow nationalism that demands that India free herself from the cultural domination of Oxford and Cambridge and those pale imitations of those universities to be found in India. It is a vital and fundamental requirement of any true education that it should not be divorced from the life of the country. We believe that in our Founder-President Rabindranath Tagore we have an epitome of all that is best in our ethnic culture united with a modern outlook upon life free from any retrogressive tendencies. We do not claim in Santiniketan to have fully comprehended his spirit but the influence of his spirit has created a most favourable atmosphere for the cultivation of a wholesome national education. Here too we have real freedom giving the highest scope for educational initiative and for the nourishment of the more humane side of life.

Indian University education has been rightly criticised as being too narrowly utilitarian. "Man shall not live by bread alone," and an education that seeks primarily to make men better bread winners fails to satisfy the highest and most persistent desires of man. The whole world is groping for deliverance from the ultra secularisation of education, bringing as it does the present moronic conditions of our present civilisation with its over emphasis upon the acquisition of knowledge to the neglect of the inspiration

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Christopher Moore

Although not directly connected with Rabindranath and the Visva-Bharati, Mr. Christopher Moore was a distant admirer of the Poet and had great sympathy with the ideals of his institution. A retired judge of the Indian Civil Service in Burma and an Englishman by birth he still felt sufficiently close to Santiniketan to be in regular correspondence with one of its students, whom he had met in Burma itself and with whom he had evidently formed a genuine friendship so uncommon between people different so much in age and background. Several passages in his letters refer to the solace which the writings of the Poet gave his weary soul. He writes of lonely walks along secluded paths with the Gitanjali and his own thoughts as his sole companions. At another place referring to the honour shown to the Poet at Oxford, he says that he was never more proud of his Alma Mater than at this recognition of genius where genius certainly was.

Mr. Moore was evidently a bit of a poet himself and the few verses given below selected from an unpublished poem of his, called *In Praise of Folly*, written in the strain of old Khyayam, depict a dissatisfaction with things as they exist along with a vague hope that after all this sorry state of things is, perhaps, not as bad as it seems. And yet, the author of these lines committed suicide not very long ago. It is sad to realise that an invitation to come and live at Santiniketan had been sent just too late. Is it possible that his restless soul might have found peace here ?

The last six quatrains of this poem are as follows : -

I sometimes think we too perchance were brought
Into this world some sense or senses short—

And yet, when all's said, most men seem to find
Their lives no Burden, but a pleasing Sport.

For though we flock to hear the Parson tell
His antique Parables of Heaven and Hell

The Faith we really base our Lives upon
None other is than "Vive la Bagatelle".

Yet, O my fellow-malcontents, who need
To feel the weight of some less flimsy Creed,

Some worthier Fealty, record we here
This parting Protest ere we close the Screed

What, drag us forth reluctant from our Bed,
To play with Toys we never coveted

And then, the Toys all broken, send us back
To close our eyes once more, in Doubt and Dread.

Force us to play a sort of Dumb Crambo
The hidden word whereof we may not know,

At last, if all be true to damn us quite
For playing badly. Ah, the sorry Show.

Ah well, 'twill soon be o'er, a merry Bout,
And one by one the cheerful Lights go out,

And then, it may be, One behind the Scenes
Will tell us Players what 'twas all about.

Nitindranath Gangulee

Words utterly fail to convey the bereavement we feel at the passing away of the Poet's only grandson Nitindranath from our midst. Those of us who were here last year cannot fail to remember his charming and youthful personality, and the loss we felt at what we then considered a temporary separation. He left for Germany in April, 1931 and letters assured us of his health and progress until news suddenly arrived some two months ago that the tuberculosis which had been suspected some time back had appeared in unmistakable form. His mother, Mira Devi, left for Europe last July and was able to be with him during his last moments, in the beginning of August. His temporary separation has become permanent, but each one of us who knew him shall, as long as we ourselves live, carry the picture of his youth, beauty and charm within the innermost recesses of our being. And later—who knows whether this separation will be eternal?

The following are passages from a letter written by Mr. C. F. Andrews who was present at Schomberg to the Poet :

"We were able to complete every thing in connexion with Nitu's last resting place in the village grave yard at Schomberg where his body rests among the village people who have been buried there. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful spot where Nature sheds her beauty so lavishly on every hand. There is a pine forest always musically whispering as the wind passes through its branches. It is at the very edge of this that Nitu has been laid to rest as far as his dear earthly remains are concerned. The grave has been already covered with beautiful growing flowers and a tree with its young slender stem waves its tender branches at the foot of the grave. It is a flowering tree in summer and now the red berries on it are providing food for the birds which love the place. Far away to the distant horizon in front the valley with its green fields and gardens stretches out while the village nestles below in a covert of the hill side and the church tower stands out against the sky. We are very anxious that Naudalal should make with his own hands a covered brass design which will contain a text from your own hand. Thus a memorial in this German land of love and friendship for India will bind the two peoples together. It would be quite impossible to describe the lavish affection which has come from these dear people and has turned sorrow almost with Joy."

A touching tribute has been paid to the deceased by his father Dr. Nagendranath Gangulee who has arranged for a 'Nitu Memorial Bed' in the Pearson Memorial Hospital which will be for the service of the Ashrama and the villagers if they need treatment as in-patient. He also wishes a few articles of furniture belonging to Nitindranath, which are to be sent direct from Munich to be used in connexion with the bed and an appropriate inscription to be placed at the head of it with some Bengali words from Rabindranath.

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of spirit and the cultivation of soul. Aligarh and Benares represent a protest against secularism but they can scarcely hope to avoid the equally dangerous evil of communalism. Santiniketan lays emphasis upon the spiritual but avoids the pitfall of sectarianism. At the same time we do not drift into the vagueness of eclecticism by trying to reduce all religion to its least common denominator but learn to co-operate in a corporate spiritual life in which there is a mutual sharing in a natural manner.

The College in Santiniketan is not a community by itself but an integral part of the larger community. One of the distinctive features of the whole institution is the family spirit which prevails. Education here is not preparation for life but life itself. In the better type of modern schools and colleges the students are taught to think for themselves in their own little juvenile world which does foster the growth of personality and is a great improvement over the old type of transmitted education. We too attempt to avoid the handing down of ideas and ideals from teacher to student but we have the advantage of a larger inter-play of personalities than elsewhere. Santiniketan is almost the world in miniature. Here adult and youth, male and female, Occident and Orient meet in the intimacy of the family relation. Although we live in an Ashrama we are not isolated from the great currents of life and thought. We are an institution unburdened with institutionalism.

Our situation in the heart of a great agricultural section makes it easy for us to keep in touch with the village life, of necessity for many years to come the real life of India. While we are not unconscious of our responsibilities to the underprivileged of the villages, as a college we are not so much interested in any actual work of village uplift as we are in the reconstruction of our own appreciations and attitudes towards rural life. It is not so much what we can do for the village that concerns us as what the village can do for us in creating in us a sympathetic understanding

of village folk and their problems. Through close co-operation with the Department of Rural Reconstruction we hope to do this in a natural manner.

One of the most striking aspects of modern India is the rapidly increasing share that Indian women are taking in public affairs of the country. In recognition of this fact most of the colleges are opening departments for women. Santiniketan has long been in the vanguard of the movement for female education. Believing as we do in the unity of all life we have not created a separate Woman's Department but have long welcomed women as equal members of our corporate life. Our experiment with co education has been criticised by our more conservative fellow countrymen but in our years of experience not a single incident has occurred to give us reason to doubt the wisdom of our policy. Living in a progressive community that enjoys the influence of the family who have been pioneers in the movement for the emancipation of women, our girls find a natural atmosphere of freedom for the full development of their personalities unrestricted by outworn conventions. Here they are thrown into living and direct contact with the finest expression in modern Indian art, music, literature and drama. They are also guided into the understanding of the ideals and arts of home making. Because women have not yet felt the pressure of economic competition as men have it is possible with them to develop a non utilitarian education in a larger way. Without turning back upon our ideal of co education it is our hope that the guardians of the young women of Bengal may appreciate the unrivalled opportunities that Santiniketan furnishes for the education of women and that large numbers of young women may come to us for their education.

We would humbly recognise that we have not attained to excellence as a college as yet but we believe that foundations are being laid for a college education in Santiniketan that shall be worthy of the support of all those who face the future with hope and confidence.

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efficient supervision and record of activities both in the Institute and in the villages.

The new outline of work and budget for 1932-33 provides for intensive research and extension work in a group of four villages to be carried on by a committee consisting of Dr. Harry Timbres, Dr. Amir Ali and Dr. Girwar Sahai. It also puts the agricultural work of the Institute on a firmer basis and includes experimentation with Bees, Goats, Ducks and Fish. The unavoidable absence of Kalimohan Ghosh, the Village Work Superintendent, has delayed any definite additions in the extension work. But it is hoped that in consultation with him the area in which intensive work is to be done will be clearly marked out. The Industries Section is to have an artist on the permanent staff and the Shiksha-Satra and other educational activities are awaiting the arrival of Dr. Dhirendramohan Sen and Dr. Prem Chand Lal when, in consultation with them and Lakeshwar Sinha, a clear educational policy will be formulated and subjected to the Founder-President for approval.

Dr. Brahmacharya, famous for his work in Kala-azar, visited the medical section and expressed great interest in the malaria maps especially as they separated the factors of malaria and Kala-azar in the villages.

News and Notes

Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Bake who left for an extended tour in Southern India last March have given several concerts in Ceylon, Travancore and other places. We learn that Dr. Bake has been laid up with fever during the last few days but we are looking forward to having them amidst us after the Puja holidays.

Mira Devi accompanied by Dr. Dhirendra-

mohan Sen who left Europe on the 26th August by S. S. Victoria will arrive here shortly.



Bonbihari Ghosh

The following teams entered for the Sarbesh Cup Football Tournament.

1. Santiniketan School A Team.
2. " " B Team.
3. " " C Team.
4. " College Team.
5. Staff and Ex-students Team.
6. Sriniketan Team.
7. Bhubandanga Team.
8. Santal Team.

The first two of these came in the finals, and the prizes were given away by Pratima Devi to the A Team which was the final winner.

About 90 visitors from different parts of India resided at the Santiniketan Guest House for short periods during the last month.

Book Notes

PARISHESH—Is a new volume of poems by Rabindranath, and contains a large number of those that have not been previously published. It has been attractively printed on Japanese paper, and bound in Japanese style with the cover-design by the Poet himself.

GEETA BITAN, Vol. III—The three volumes of the Geeta Bitan form the first complete edition of all the songs composed by the Poet. The third volume which has recently been released from the press contains those composed during the last 8 years—1924—1932.

The following Research Memoirs of the Vidya-Bhavana have been published by the General Office, Visva-Bharati :—

1. **THE CATUHSATAKA OF ARYADEVA** : Sanskrit and Tibetan Texts with copious extracts from the commentary of Candrakirtti. By Vidhushekhar Bhattacharya.

2. **MAHAYANAVIMSAKA OF NAGARJUNA** : Reconstructed Sanskrit Text, the Tibetan and the Chinese Versions with an English Translation. By Vidhushekhar Bhattacharya.

3. **NAIRATMYAPARIPROCHA** : By Sujit Kumar Mukhopadhyaya of Vidya-Bhavana.

4. **SCHOOLS AND SECTS IN JAINA LITERATURE** : Being a full account compiled from original sources of the doctrines and practices of Philosophical Schools and Religious Sects mentioned in the canonical literature of the Jains. By Amulya Chandra Sen of Vidya-Bhavana.

Some Recent Works of Rabindranath Tagore

Banabani—A collection of Poems	Rs. 4/-	[1931
Sanchayita—A collection of Poems	Rs. 4/8, 3/8	[1931
Geeta-Bitan—Part I—A collection of songs	Rs. 2/8, 3/-	[1931
" Part II "	Rs. 2/8, 3/-	[1931
" Part III "	Rs. 1/8/- 2/-	[1932
Parishesh—A Book of Poems	Re. 2/8/-	[1932
Kaler Jatra—A collection of Dramas	As. -/8/-, -/6/-	[1932

Catalogues issued periodically and sent gratis on application.

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Subscription may be remitted to :

General Secretary, Visva-bharati,

Santiniketan, Bengal.

VISVA-BHARATI NEWS



By Nandalal Bose.

Volume I.

October, 1932

Number Four

WIRE TO MAHATMA GANDHI

Santiniketan, 19. 9. 32.

"It is worth sacrificing precious life for the sake of India's unity and her social integrity. Though we cannot anticipate what effect it may have upon our rulers who may not understand its immense importance for our people we feel certain that the supreme appeal of such self-offering to the conscience of our own countrymen will not be in vain. I fervently hope that we will not callously allow such national tragedy to reach its extreme length. Our sorrowing hearts will follow your sublime penance with reverence and love."—Rabindranath Tagore.

MAHATMAJI'S REPLY

Poona, 20. 9. 32.

Gurudev, Santiniketan.

"Have always experienced God's mercy. Very early this morning I wrote seeking your blessing if you could approve action and behold I have it in abundance in your message just received. Thank you."—Gandhi,

Visva-Bharati

Rabindranath, accompanied by Suren Kar and Amiya Chakravarty, left for Poona on the afternoon of the 24th September, to meet Mahatma Gandhi. The party is expected back by the first week of October.

...

Santiniketan

Mahatma's Fast

Mahatma Gandhi started his fast on the 20th of this month. On the morning of this day Rabindranath addressed the inmates of Santiniketan and Sriniketan and explained the significance of this supreme sacrifice by the greatest living personality of India. All the departments of the institution remained closed and the day was observed in solemn silence. Groups of workers and students went about the surrounding villages to acquaint the villagers with the grave implications of the Mahatma's offering and urging on them the need of the immediate removal of untouchability. On the afternoon of the 21st, there was an open-air gathering of the villagers of all castes at Santiniketan. A few representatives of the 'untouchables' received and garlanded the President, who then made a touching appeal to the audience to do away with the inhuman treatment of their fellow-beings. All the members of the gathering, including the orthodox Hindus—men and women—accepted the light refreshment served by some Hindus of the lowest castes.

...

Waterworks at Santiniketan

When the President visited China in 1923, Mr. Kadoorji of Shanghai made a donation of Rs. 10,000 for waterworks at Santiniketan. Since that time several attempts have been made to sink tube-wells but without success. In despair the Government Irrigation depart-

ment was approached and requested to make a survey of the neighbourhood and to submit estimates for the supply of water either from the bed of the Kopai river or from an artificial lake to be constructed near Santiniketan. As the cost of both these schemes was prohibitive, a fresh attempt at sinking tube-wells has recently been made and this time with success. The credit is due to Mr. A. K. Biswas for having discovered an unfailing source of pure water where such firms as Messrs Scott & Saxby, The Texas Tubewell Co. and others have failed. The order has been placed for the completion of the works with an electric pump and a twelve-thousand-gallon tank on a thirtyfive-feet-high tower. It is expected that there will be a regular supply of tap-water at Santiniketan immediately after the Pujah Holidays.

...

New Electric Plant for the Visva-Bharati

The Power House at Santiniketan has a collection of various types and sizes of oil engines and dynamos installed at different stages in the growth of the institution. The authorities now have decided to sell all the old machineries and instal a new power-plant that will have the capacity to meet adequately the demands of Santiniketan for some years. The order has already been placed with the Universal Trading Co, Calcutta, and we believe that the new installation will be completed by the end of this year. With the new arrangement it is hoped that Sriniketan will be provided with electric current from the Central Power House at Santiniketan.

...

Sj. Bijoy K. Ghosh, B. Sc. has been appointed as an *adhyapaka* of Science in the Pathabhavana. He is now busy in fitting up a small laboratory for the young pupils at Santiniketan.

(Continued on Page 30)

The Twentieth September.*

Rabindranath Tagore

A shadow is darkening today over India like a shadow cast by an eclipsed sun. The people of a whole country is suffering from a poignant pain of anxiety the universality of which carries in it a great dignity of consolation. Mahatmaji who through his life of dedication has made India his own, in truth has commenced his vow of extreme self-sacrifice.

Each country has its own inner geography where her spirit dwells and where physical force can never conquer even an inch of ground. Those rulers who come from outside remain outside the gate and directly they are called away from the cloud-topping tower of their foreign possessions, the stupendous fabric of unreality vanishes in the void. But the great soul who achieves victory through the power of truth continues his dominion even when he is physically no longer present. And we all know such achievement belongs to Mahatmaji. And the fact that he has staked his life for a further and final realisation of his hope fills us with awe and makes us think.

At this solemn moment we have a cause for fear. It is our unfortunate habit to reduce the truth that belongs to the inner spirit into signs and observances that are external and after a cheap welcome to bid it adieu. Our leaders have requested us to observe fasting for this day, and there is no harm in it. But there is the risk of some unthinking people putting it in the same category with the fasting that Mahatmaji himself has begun to observe. Nothing can be more disastrous for

us than the utter lessening of the value of a heroic expression of truth by paying it the homage of a mere ceremonial expression of feeling by a people emotionally inclined.

The penance which Mahatmaji has taken upon himself is not a ritual but a message to all India and to the world. If we must make that message our own we should accept it in right manner through a proper process of realisation. The gift of sacrifice has to be received in a spirit of sacrifice.

Let us try to understand the meaning of his message.

From the beginning of human history there has continued the cleavage between classes, some favoured by circumstances exploiting the weakness of others and building the stronghold of their own pride of superiority upon the humiliation of a large section of the community. Though this practice has been prevalent for long yet we must assert that it is against the true spirit of man. No civilised society can thrive upon victims whose humanity has been permanently mutilated, whose minds have been compelled to dwell in the dark. Those whom we keep down, inevitably drag us down and obstruct our movement in the path of progress; the indignity with which we burden them grows into an intolerable burden on the whole country; we insult our own humanity by insulting Man where he is helpless or where he is not of our own kin.

Today there are thousands in India, confined in prisons indefinitely and without trial, inhumanly treated, and there can be no doubt that not only they are a heavy burden upon the government but they permanently lower its dignity. The contemptuous vindictiveness

* The English translation of the President's address at Santiniketan on the morning of the 20th Sept. 1932 when Mahatma Gandhi began his fast.

ruthlessly pursued against prisoners, whether political or belonging to other classes, reveals the primitive barbarism lurking in the dark recesses of civilisation, perpetually burdening it with hard problems and tainting its soul. We on our part in India have banished a considerable number of our own people into a narrow enclosure of insult branding them with the sign of permanent degradation. A dungeon does not solely consist of a brick and mortar confinement, but setting narrow limits to man's self-respect is a moral prison more cruel for victims than the physical one and more demoralising for those who encourage it passively or with pious fervour.

The concrete fact of inequalities between individuals and races cannot be ignored, but to accept it as absolute and utilise it to deprive men of their human rights and comradeship is a social crime that multiplies fast in its heinousness. We, who imagine ourselves superior to those whom we have tied down to their abasement are punished by enfeebling them and losing them from us. The weakness engendered by such alienation has been one of the principal causes of defeat in all our historical conflicts. Where numerous divisions have been made among the people by dark gaps of dishonour, balance is upset and social structure is ever in danger of toppling over. The signs of such trials are not lacking in the Western Continents where the chasm between wealth and want is widening and is darkly nourishing earthquakes in their depth. The moral channels of communication should never be obstructed if man must be saved from degeneracy or destruction.

Mahatmaji has repeatedly pointed out the danger of those divisions in our country that are permanent insults to humanity but our attention has not been drawn to the importance of its rectification with the same force as it has been to the importance of the Khadar. The social inequities upon which all our

enemies find their principal support have our time-honoured loyalty making it difficult for us to uproot them. Against that deep-seated moral weakness in our society Mahatmaji has pronounced his ultimatum and though it may be our misfortune to lose him in the battlefield, the fight will be passed on to everyone of us to be carried on to the final end. It is the gift of the fight which he is going to offer to us and if we do not know how to accept it humbly and yet with proud determination, if we cheaply dismiss it with some ceremonials to which we are accustomed and allow the noble life to be wasted with its great meaning missed, then our people will passively roll down the slope of degradation to the blankness of utter futility.

It is not possible for us to realise what effect Mahatmaji's action will have upon the people who govern us, and today it is not the day for us to discuss its political aspect. Only one thing we must make clear to those who seem to have our destiny in their hands. We have observed that the English people are puzzled at the step that Mahatmaji has been compelled to take. They confess that they fail to understand it. I believe that the reason of their failure is mainly owing to the fact that the language of Mahatmaji is fundamentally different from their own. His method of protest is not in accord with the method which they usually follow in cases of grave political crisis. I ask them to remember the terrible days of atrocities that reddened in blood at their door when a dismemberment was being forced between Ireland and the rest of the United Kingdom. Those Englishmen who imagined it to be disastrous to the integrity of their Empire did not scruple to kill and be killed, even to tear into shreds the decency of civilised codes of honour. The West is accustomed to such violent outbursts in times of desperation and

therefore such a procedure did not seem strange to them though to some of them it must have appeared wrong. The dismemberment of a large portion of Hindu society is certainly fatal to its wholeness and when all our appeals are stubbornly dismissed the reason should not be incomprehensible to other people as to why Mahatmaji is voicing the extreme form of protest on behalf of India. I ask them to imagine what would have happened when the Roman Catholic community of England suffered from a forcible deprivation of its common rights, if some foreign power would come and with efficient benevolence alienate them from the rest of the nation. Very likely the people would resort to the method of protest which they consider as honourable in its red fury of violence. In our case the feeling may be similar though Mahatmaji has made use of its expression which is his own. The message of nonviolence so often expressed by him in words and in deeds finds today its final exposition in a great language which should be the easiest to understand.

* * * * *

The fact stands out clearly to-day that the Divinity dwelling within the heart of man cannot be kept immured any longer in the darkness of particular temples. The day of the *Ratha yatra*, the Car Festival, has arrived when He shall come out on the high-way of the world, into the thick of the throng of men. Each of us must set to work to build such a car as we can, to take its place in the grand procession. The material of some may be of value, of others cheap. Some may break down on the way, others last till the end. But the day has come at last when all the cars must set out.

I feel proud that I have been born in this great age. I know that it must take time before we can adjust our minds to a condition which is not only new, but almost exactly the opposite of the old. Let us not imagine the death-struggle of the doomed to be a sign of life. Let us announce to the world that the light of the morning has come, not for entrenching ourselves behind barriers, but for meeting in mutual understanding and trust on the common field of co-operation ; never for nourishing a spirit of rejection, but for that glad acceptance which constantly carries in itself the giving out of the best that we have.

Rabindranath.
(*The Way to Unity*).

(Continued from page 26)

The Institution closes on the 3rd October and will re-open on the 4th November for the Pujah Holidays.

The Pearson and the Ram Mohan Roy memorial days were observed with usual ceremonies on the 24th and the 27th September respectively.

The following are some of the important changes in the distribution of work :—

F. C. Bancroft—Boys' Dormitory Supdt,
D. M. Sen—Director of Sports, to relieve
P. R. Ghose and N. C. Roy respectively.
Nripendra N. Dutt, has left.

The people of the neighbouring village of Bhubandanga (consisting mainly of the 'untouchables') invited the inmates—men and women, of Santiniketan to dine with them on the evening of the 24th September. The guests of the evening included many orthodox Hindus.

The following have become life members of the Visva-Bharati :—

1. Rao Bahadur Thiruvengadathan Chettiar.
2. S. J. Atul Prosad Sen.
3. S. J. Ramananda Chatterjee.
4. Mr. L. K. Elmhurst.
5. Mr. D. J. Iram.
6. S. J. Nalini Ranjan Sarkar.

We thankfully acknowledge the following donations during the last financial year (October to September).

The Maharaja of Pithapuram Rs 1,000—0—0
Miss Hilda Cashmore and

Mr. Eric Hayman	Rs 30—0—0
Mr. W. N. Edwards	Rs 65—14—0
Haverford Friends School	Rs 54—0—0
Govt. of Bengal	Rs 3,000—0—0
Mr. C. F. Andrews	Rs 4,500—0—0

Maharaja of Bansda	Rs 500—0—0
Rolland Hamiltan	Rs 50—4—0

The "Rabindraparibhaya Sabha", which was formed with the object of a closer understanding of the manifold character of the life and work of Rabindranath is to be congratulated on the standard they have attained this year. The Patrika-Vibhaga (The Magazine Section) and the Patha Chakra (The Study Circle) have been revived and a new section named the 'Sangit O Abhinaya Vibhaga' (Music and Drama Section) has been opened under the guidance of Dinendranath Tagore. The following are the office bearers for the current session :—

Presidents : { Vidhusekhara Bhattacharya.
Kshitimohan Sen.
General Secy.—Amiyachandra Chakravarti.
Asst. General Secy.—Sudhir Ch. Kar
Treasurer—Kishorimohan Santra.

The Patrika Vibhaga is entrusted with the management of a quarterly journal entitled "The Rabindra-Paribhaya Patrika" (in manuscript form) and the task of bringing out, if possible, an annual printed publication of articles selected therefrom. Bijanbihari Bhattacharya, the editor of the Patrika, is to be congratulated on the production of the excellent autumn issue of the journal, with beautiful illustrations and valuable contributions from the able pens of the Poet, of Dinendranath Tagore, Nandalal Bose and others.

The 'Patha-Chakra', which regularly meets once a week to hold discussions on the works of Rabindranath has succeeded in attracting the attention of the inmates of the Ashrama. The credit of re-organising and popularising it, goes to Prabhatchandra Gupta, the Secretary of the section.

Other sections are also doing good work in their respective spheres. Special mention

should be made of occasional meetings arranged under the auspices of the Sabha, where Sja. Amiyachandra Chakravarty, Nandalal Bose, Dinendranath Tagore and Dr. Harry Timbres among others, made valuable contributions.

...

The latest drama of Rabindranath, *Kaler Yatra* (The Car Festival) has been staged at Santiniketan under the direction of Dinendranath Tagore by the students and the staff of the Visva-bharati. Admission was by tickets—the proceeds having been set apart for welfare work among the 'untouchables'. The play was dedicated by the author to Sja. Saratchandra Chatterji. On the occasion of his anniversary celebration it was intended to be staged in Calcutta but the idea was dropped in consideration of the situation created by Mahatmaji's fast.

It has now become a necessary item on their programme for the members of the Visva Bharati to organise musical performances in Calcutta in order to run some of the sections of the institution which have not yet been endowed. The musical performance "Varshamangal" was to have been produced in Calcutta at the end of September with this purpose. The authorities, however, decided to abandon the programme considering the tense atmosphere of the country.

Alumni News

Dr. Sashadhar Sinha B. Sc. Econ), Ph. D. (London) arrived in Calcutta on the 9th of September, having been abroad for a few years. He spent most of his time at the University of London, London School of Economics.

...

Sja. Kshemendramohan Sen was sentenced to four months' imprisonment in August in connection with the Civil Disobedience Movement.

Marriage :—Dr. Manilal Patel, Vidya-bhavana, Santiniketan to Sja. Kamala Rai at Mota Karala, Dt. Baroda on the 13th of May, 1932. Mrs. Patel is now studying at Santiniketan where her husband is one of the members of the staff.

Sja. M. C. De, Principal, Government School of Arts Calcutta to Sja. Bina Devi on the 27th September in Calcutta.

...

Birth :—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Manindra Bhusan Gupta, formerly of Kalabhavan, Santiniketan, this month.

...

The following have become life-members of the Ashramika-Sangha (Alumni Association) :—

Sja. Lila Roy.

Sja. Rama Kar.

Sja. Govinda C. Chaudhury.

Sja. Saroj R. Chaudhury.

Sja. Satyendra N. Bisi.

The old students and staff of Santiniketan



Jadupati Bose

and Sriniketan are eligible for the membership of the "Ashramika Sangha." Those who are interested in the mother institution are

requested to register themselves either as ordinary or as life-members, as early as possible. The general annual meeting of the Sangha will be held, at Santiniketan on the 22nd of December, 1932. Subscription for Life Members - Rs 20/. For Ordinary Members, Re. 1/ per annum.

We welcome Srimati Gouri Bhanja-Chaudhuri, who will be with us at Sriniketan, her husband Sj. Sontosh Bhanja-Chaudhury having been appointed in the craft section.

Sriniketan

Dr. D. N. Roy, Research Entomologist, School of Tropical Medicine, Calcutta, visited Sriniketan and made valuable suggestions regarding the malaria survey. He expects to return in December to remain for one month to assist further in the work.

Dr. J. K. Bhattacharya. M. B., D. P.H. has

joined the staff at Sriniketan and will assist Dr. Timbres in the Benuria Health Work.

Sjs. S. M. Banerji and P. Dasgupta have joined the medical staff here. They were specially trained as mosquito-dissectors by R. C. Strickland, School of Tropical Medicine, Calcutta, and will work in this capacity under Dr. Timbres. This is the most important part of the malaria survey in determining the carrier species of anopheline mosquitoes and their relative importance in the district. It is hoped that at least 20,000 mosquitoes will be dissected and examined before the end of this year.

The following has left :

Sj. Sachimohan Bhowmik.

And the following has joined :

Sj. Santosh Bhanja-Chaudhury.

Sriniketan closes on the 1st October and reopens on the 15th October for the Pujah Holidays.

Some Recent Works of Rabindranath Tagore

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Sanchayita—A collection of Poems	Rs. 4/8, 3/8	[1931
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Part II	Rs. 2/8, 3/-	[1931
Part III	Rs. 1/8/- 2/-	[1932
Parishesh—A Book of Poems	Re. 2/8/-	[1932
Kaler Yatra—A collection of Dramas	As. -/8/-, -/6/-	[1932
Punascha—A collection of Poems	Rs. 1/8/-	[1932

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== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



V. S. Masoji.

Volume I.

November, 1932

Number Five

MESSAGE ON MAHATMAJI'S BIRTHDAY

On this day of our rejoicing over our reconciliation with the depressed classes of India we still suffer from a bitter sense of disappointment for not being able to realise the confidence of our Mahomedan brethren which is so absolutely necessary for the fulfilment of our national life. We assure them that the great fight which has recently been taken up by our country against the iniquitous custom of untouchability has not made us forget the greater ordeal of purification through which India must pass in order to bring together the two great neighbours, Hindus and Mahomedans, in a perfect spirit of trust and co-operation. Both communities must be united in a bond of comradeship and stand side by side in the arduous adventure of India's freedom which to be real must come from within the heart of our common humanity and build on the basis of uncompromising honesty and love.

I appeal to our countrymen that they must never pause till the evils of disparity and discord are completely rooted out from the soil of India. Let us today take upon ourselves, all men and women of India, this great task which lies before us and dare meet the challenge which it has sent from one end of our country to the other.

Poona,
.28-9 32.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan

The "Samskara-Samiti" was started on the 23rd of September, 1932 with the object of removing the barriers of so-called 'untouchability'. The following are the honorary office-bearers :—

Patron—Rabindranath Tagore.

Chairman—Rai Sahib Jagadananda Ray.

General Secretary—Sujit Kumar Mukerji, Kavyatirtha.

The Samiti so far has collected locally about two hundred rupees for its work, through the dramatic performance of "Kaler Yatra" and individual subscriptions. The staff and the students of Santiniketan carried on propaganda work in the eight neighbouring villages, before the institution closed for the Puja Holidays.

...

Training Camp in Cardboard Work (Slojd system) :—The Puja-Vacation training camp in Handicrafts, which started at Santiniketan, on the 15th of October, under the direction of L. Sinha, concluded its work on the 1st of November. It was originally intended for six adult students, but being hard pressed L. Sinha had to make room for thirteen, three ladies and ten men, and was obliged to work in the morning, afternoon and evenings. Among the pupils were to be noted two Ceylonese Buddhist monks and an American lady. The finished products were exhibited on the 2nd November. L. Sinha is to be congratulated on the excellence of the work done.

...

The reconstruction of the part of the main road between Santiniketan and Sriniketan, which has already been started will remove one of the longfelt inconveniences in the easy communication between the two

branches of the institution. It is hoped the road will be open to traffic before this winter.

...

The Samsad has appointed Gourgopal Ghose, Nepal Chandra Ray, Surendranath Kar, and Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis as members of the Land Settlement Board. The Board met for the first time on the 6th November, made allotment of plots to members of the Visva-bharati desiring to build houses in the Santinibas.

...

During the Puja vacation Santiniketan was visited by two young artists from Europe Mon. Danielou of Paris and Mon. Raymond Burnier of Lausanne. They felt at home in the Asrama, and entertained the residents with exhibitions of dancing which were much appreciated. Messieurs Danielou and Raymond desire to start an organisation in Europe for creating interest in Visva-bharati.

...

Hemendralal Roy has been appointed as an *adhyapak* in the Music Department. H. Roy has completed his training in Music at Lucknow and will teach Indian classical music at Santiniketan.

...

Jatindranath Das has been selected to take charge of the Santiniketan Power House. He arrived on the 1st of November.

...

The Founder-President left at the end of the last month. He proposes to stay at Khardah for a few weeks.

...

We regret to announce the ill-health of C. C. Dutt, the Vice-President, who has been confined to his Calcutta residence for the last few months.

...

Kishorimohan Santra, the Assistant General Secretary, has taken leave at the beginning of this month. He is not well and may not be coming back before Christmas.

(Continued on Page 40)

The Asrama takes to Handicrafts

A Teacher-student.

Not that we did not have handicrafts before—indeed, Rabindranath has all along insisted on their being included in the Asrama activities—but lately, thanks to our friend Lakshmiswar Sinha, a new life has been put in the work of the hands. We must understand him in order to understand the nature and scope of the work now in hand.

L. Sinha was a student of Santiniketan and of Sriniketan from 1925 to 1928. Even in those days he had shown a remarkable aptitude for handicrafts of all kinds and in 1927 had his book on wood work published by the Visva bharati. In 1928, he went to Europe and during the three and half years he was there he travelled in several countries noted for the organization and output of home-made articles. He had carried with him artistic talents, as well as an initial training in working with the hands; in Europe he perfected these talents and added to them a clear understanding of the principles of organization—a feature so indispensable to the success of handicrafts.

His idea is to take in hand first a group of adults, preferably those who are in the teaching line, and thereby to increase the number of workers who would help in the spread of his technical cult. He wrote articles, he approached persons of influence; and it would be an injustice to say that he got no appreciation or response. Many people were interested, several made inquiries and some even came forward to learn, but no one came forth with adequate proposals for the establishment of a sufficiently well equipped training class. Partly on account of this and partly as a debt to his *alma mater*, “but chiefly because in Visva-bharati he found sympathisers who would do

their best in forwarding his plans,” he came over to Santiniketan as a teacher of handicrafts in July 1932.

It takes time to set up a handicraft class—no matter how humble the beginning is to be. And the first two or three months L. Sinha was impatient with the slowness of the response he met from the staff and the students. But today he is having so much response that he does not know how to cope with it. He had his hands full with students and teachers when the classes were open. But even in the Puja holidays his classes went on and more vigorously than during the school term. Several persons stayed over just to take an intensive course under him. Others came twice a day from Sriniketan. And from seven in the morning to almost nine at night, one would invariably find either a class going on in full swing or individuals putting in a few voluntary extra hours. Buddhist monks from Ceylon and even visitors from Calcutta who had come for a brief respite from work were inveigled into this tempting occupation.

Let us examine what this heterogeneous and intensively preoccupied class is doing. Most of the time it works so quietly that one outside hardly knows that a class is going on. At intervals there is a little conversation and perhaps laughter. At other times the teacher's voice can be heard humming or actually breaking out into snatches of a song. The other day when the atmosphere was dull with hanging clouds we actually practised a song while our hands were busy with cardboard and paste. It is work and pleasure combined and our teacher maintains discipline as well as interest.

This being the initial course, we are still engaged in what to the casual observer appears

to be kindergarten work. It is mainly with cardboard that we are working. Blotting pads, folders for letter paper and envelopes port folios, little cardboard boxes, and filing cases ; we are training our hands on these for the present. It appears simple at first but as we go on we learn a number of the little tricks and when we have finished an article we find that we have not only learnt and played, but also turned out something that will find a market. Working about four hours a day, we hope to turn out ten models in fifteen days and unless I am very much mistaken, they ought to be worth twenty rupees. And this while we are learning.

This work with cardboard will give us the initial technique. Later, we shall go on to woodwork, leatherwork and metal work. As we proceed, we shall find greater and greater scope for variety and usefulness in the objects we produce. One has only to look into the almirah containing various articles to see how simplicity, beauty and usefulness can be achieved in little things made by the hands and in our leisure hours. Paper-cutters, picture-frames, hanging lamps and wall lamps and table lamps, little cabinets and book-shelves and boxes, in fact, a myriad other

things according to the taste and needs and wherewithals of different individuals. Learning to make things like these will mean saving of money, occupation for leisure hours, a means of self-expression and pleasant satisfaction which generally accompanies the creation of something, however slightly original, and last but not the least, the promotion of home industries.

L. Sinha has a clear idea of exactly how he would develop his programme in intensity as well in extensiveness. Above all he wants to train teachers not only for Santiniketan and Sriniketan, but from all parts of India. For this and in order to do it well, he wants equipment worth altogether about five thousand rupees. Having this he will be able to train at least twenty teachers every year and these people will be able to carry his method far and wide. Along with this he wants to introduce many handicrafts among the households of the Asrama and organize a guild through which the articles will find market. And lastly, he wants to start—in fact has already started—the teaching of such work to boys of the surrounding villages through the Siksha-Satra of Sriniketan.

The Meeting.

Harry Timbres.

The meeting was called for three o'clock in the afternoon. It was to be on the open ground under a large banyan tree along-side the Cooperative Dispensary which serves four villages, Benuria, Islampur, Bahadurpur and Lohagar. The meeting had been called for discussing the building of a School near the Dispensary. It was to be a mass meeting of villagers and many important persons were expected.

By four o'clock the curious first-comers began to saunter in, singly and in small groups, sidling across the field bashfully and approaching the meeting place by degrees. The really important people would not come for another hour. Two and a half hours after the meeting had been called it might be expected to be in full swing. Meetings in India are like the monsoon rain, first nothing and then a few drops and then a deluge,—

and such a deluge. The time of the meeting had been purposely set at three o'clock so as to have everyone present by five-thirty at the latest.

What villager would have a time-piece anyway, or would abide by its decision if he had one? A watch is much too exact. The village detests exactness. Witness the census we took in the four villages above-mentioned. We started it in February. By March we were sure it was complete and were highly pleased with the progress of our work—a little conceited about it, in fact. Then all sorts of persons began to turn up whose existence we had never suspected. The stork had not fetched them recently either. The first census had been taken by going to the few headmen of the villages and recording the information they had given us. "Wonderful," we thought, "that a few persons know their village so well that they can carry a whole census in their heads. And so easy for us." At the end of the day our informants had assured us that that was positively all the people there were in the village. They meant that they had given us a short list of their immediate friends and relations, and by no means a complete one at that—but we made that discovery later when all the unrecorded persons began to turn up.

So we went to each house in the village and consulted the head of the house. We soon learned not to ask a person his name, but his several names. One he uses when company comes, the other he uses for everyday, and often, especially if he be a Mohammedan, he may have several everyday names. The names of children are very variable. Almost any child may be called "Khoka." Such a name as "Bakai" may give place to "Nokai" without notice. A young lady with the resounding name of "Nanda Rani Dasi" may be called "Ratnakar Dasi" on special occasions,

known only to her relatives. "Bimala," "Khandu," "Chinmayi" and "Nistarini" were found, after much agony to refer to one and the same small bundle of female personality who had scarcely seen three summers. Considering that alphabetization must be done according to first names, one may judge the degree of our agony in such a case. Before leaving a house it was always safe to ask the two parting questions at least five times each. "Have all of you given me all of your names?" and "Have you given the names of every person who lives in this house?" The answer invariably returned, "Yes, we have, we assure you," could safely be discounted 25%, as we learnt later.

For even after this thorough combing of the village, although we did not miss any houses, new members of several families turned up at the dispensary, some of them well along in years. If it were a child, and we asked the father, "Why did you not tell us of this child when we came to get the names of all the members of your family," he would reply, "Oh, he was out in the rice-field with his uncle, and so I didn't count him."

So we discovered that headmen did not carry whole census lists in their heads, nor could the father of even a moderately sized family be expected to remember every member of his family at one time nor even all of his childrens' or his own names. And from March until October the population grew most unnaturally until now we think the census is almost complete. But can one be sure of anything in India?

The diversion regarding the census has been timely. It has given the really important persons a chance to arrive and get seated on the mat on the ground. The headmen of several villages take their places according to their social rank, Brahmins in front, Cultivators further back, and Muslims together on one corner of the mat. Depressed classes? Well, they are in the crowd of curious first-comers who are standing. The ink of the Poona agreement is still wet. Give it a chance to dry before you begin to talk of its being taken seriously in the village. Two of the local landlords, Ali Sahib and The American Doctor Sahib from Sriniketan, who know a little of the theory and somewhat

less of the practice of Rural Reconstruction, occupy the centre of the mat.

The meeting opens. "Mr. Sinha," speaks up Ali Sahib, turning to one of the zemindars, "would you not like to take the chair (?) for the meeting?"

"Oh, No, I could not think of taking such an honour in the presence of my friend Mr. Pal," turning to the other zemindar, "but rather he should be the chairman."

"Not at all, not at all," Mr. Pal is eager to reply. "Ali Sahib is quite right. Mr. Sinha, you should be the chairman."

"No, No, No," protests Mr. Sinha, "the honour is too great, Mr. Pal must have it."

So the contest of wits goes on each one trying to put off on to the other a position which he does not want himself for fear of the responsibility and obligation for a contribution to the school project which the position is sure to entail. It ends by there being no chairman.

The discussion opens like a bombardment of heavy artillery, — in several places at once. A chairman would be superfluous and helpless.

Usually two and often three speakers claim the floor at once, and all hold it. This arrangement has several advantages. It gives the listeners a choice of several speakers and simultaneous and varied points of view. Lively comments are supplied from the crowd, more or less audibly. Here is a Hindu-Muslim, Intercaste Conference all in one, and in its natural state. No high flown political or social theories are discussed here. One of the Mohammedans wants the school if it will teach Urdu. People from one village declare they will have nothing to do with the school because it is too far away for their children, and besides they can build a school of their own. The Hindus and Mohammedans from another group of villages passionately plead for the school; they had even gone so far as to collect materials for it, but some mischievous persons stole them at night and used them for their own purpose. "But" declared one orator, "see this Co-operative Dispensary, built by four villages together. Everyone said they never would do it, but here it is before your eyes. If the Dispensary can be built, so can the School."

The discussion ebbs and flows. The sun

goes down and darkness sets in and the Mohammedans go apart to pray but return later to the meeting. No votes are taken, but the sense of the meeting is in favour of the school. The next thing is to find out how much favourable sentiment there will be in the district which the school will serve. Again the practical sense of the descendants of the Moghuls of India comes to the fore. "Let two men be chosen from each village," declares a Mohammedan. "These men will go to every house and solicit contributions for the school. They must leave no house until something, be it even a copper pice or a handful of rice, be given. In this way we can tell if the people in this district want the school." No sooner said than done. The representatives of each village make their choice of those who should beg.

Then who should be the treasurer?

"Who else," says Ali Sahib from Sriniketan. "but our honoured friend Mr. Pal."

"No, No, No," Mr. Pal hastens to say, "I could not think of accepting so great an honour in the presence of my esteemed friend Mr. Sinha. He should be the treasurer. Besides, my health is bad and I do not like to undertake any task which I cannot properly fulfil."

"Mr. Pal, how could you say such a thing?", asks Mr. Sinha. "The treasurership of so noble and altruistic an enterprise as the building of a school for the enlightenment of the young is no responsibility at all, but is nevertheless a great honour, far too great for me. And my health, think of how poorly I have been lately. I get no ease from the pain in my back. You are much better fitted for the task of treasurer than I."

It ends by having each village appoint its own treasurer who will turn in their contributions to the representatives of Sriniketan.

I believe I have attended a meeting like this once before. It was in New York City. It was for a School project. Everyone present agreed that the Chairmanship and Treasurership and all other positions involving responsibility were honours far too great for himself but exactly suiting the capacities and social distinctions of the person seated next to him. Rural Reconstruction,—Human Reconstruction. What a slow and interesting task it is. Here East and West are alike.

Visva-Bharati

Budget Estimates for 1932-33

General Fund.

INCOME	
I. From Earmarked Funds and Grants ...	Rs. 87,335/-
II. From Non earmarked Funds & Grants ...	16,830/-
III. From Expected Donations to make up the deficit ...	" 2,500/-
Total Rs...	1,06,665/-

EXPENDITURE.	
I. Santiniketan	Rs. 45,880/-
II. Sriniketan	Rs. 55,725/-
III. General Charges ...	" 5,060/-

Total Rs. ... 1,06,665/-

Santiniketan

INCOME	
I. Income from Earmarked Funds	Rs 31,610/-
II. Grant from General Fund ...	" 14,270/-
III. Local Receipts ..	" 47,890/-
Total Rs ..	93,770/-

EXPENDITURE.	
Under various heads ...	Rs. 93,770/-

Total Rs. 93,770/-

Sriniketan

INCOME	
I. Annual Grant from L. K. Elmhirst .	Rs. 54,600/-
II. Grant from C. F. Andrews for Health Work "	1,500/-
III. Income from other earmarked Funds & Grant "	1,125/-
IV. Local Receipts "	6,750/-
V. Expected Opening Balance on 1. 10. 32 "	16,000/-
Total Rs	79,975/-

EXPENDITURE.	
I Under various Heads ..	Rs. 68,750/-
II. Expected Closing Balance on 30/9/33	11,225/-

Total Rs .. 79,975/-

Publishing Department.

INCOME	
Publications etc.	Rs. 30,900/-
Total Rs	30,900/-

EXPENDITURE	
I. Under various Heads ..	Rs. 19,400/-
II Royalty credited to General Fund ...	" 7,500/-
III. Repayment of Loan ...	" 4,000/-

Total Rs ... 30,900/-

Santiniketan Press

INCOME	
From Printing & Binding ...	Rs. 5000/-
Total Rs.	5000/-

EXPENDITURE.	
Under various Heads ...	Rs. 4,500/-
Expected profit ...	" 500/-

Total Rs. 5,000/-

(Continued from page 34)

Sriniketan

The Imperial Council of Agricultural Research has sanctioned a grant of Rs. 18,000/- to the Visva-bharati for research in the development

**Binod Mukerjee.**

of Methodology in Rural Economic Research. Amir Ali will conduct this research work.

...

Kalimohan Ghose has recently returned from Southern India where he was touring to acquaint the public with the various activities of the Visva-bharati.

Dhirananda Rôy has returned from Madras where he was taking a course of training in physical culture and has resumed his work in the Village Welfare Department.

The Village Welfare Department has helped to start a dispensary at Ballavpur on a co-operative basis. It is expected two more of such co-operative health societies will be started soon in other villages. Dr. J. C. Chakravarty will visit these societies and render medical help to the members.

Alumni News

A. Chalamaya, an ex-student of Santiniketan is in charge of a Home for 'Pariah' boys, at Pithapuram, Southern India. He is appointed by the Maharajah of Pithapuram, who is a pioneer in the work among the 'depressed' classes. The Maharajah, who has also been one of the generous contributors to the Visva-bharati, bears the entire cost of boarding, lodging and educating nearly sixty Pariah boys in that institution.

Some Recent Works of Rabindranath Tagore

Banabani—A collection of Poems	Rs. 4/-	[1931]
Sanchayita—A collection of Poems	Rs. 4/8, 3/8	[1931]
Geeta-Bitan—Part I—A collection of songs	Rs. 2/8, 3/-	[1931]
" Part II "	Rs. 2/8, 3/-	[1931]
" Part III "	Rs. 1/8/- 2/-	[1932]
Parishesh—A Book of Poems	Rs. 2/8/-	[1932]
Kaler Yatra—A collection of Dramas	As. -/8/-, -/6/-	[1932]
Punaseha—A collection of Poems	Rs. 1/8/-	[1932]

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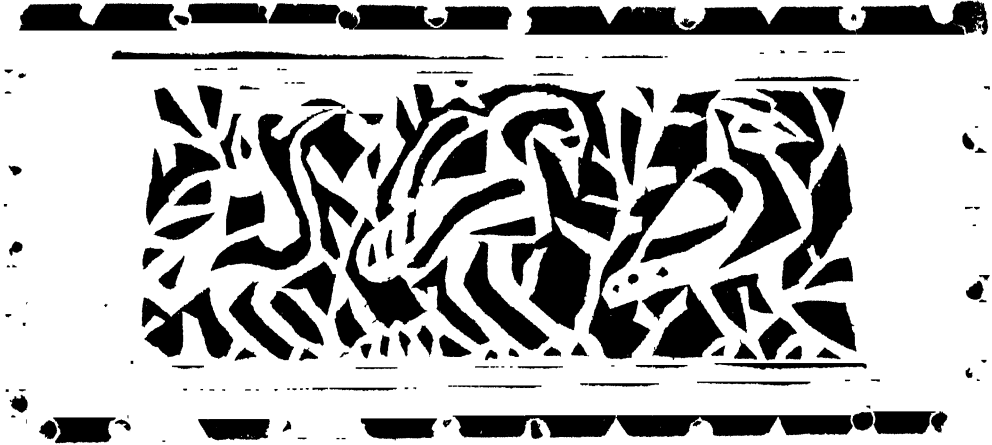
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Santiniketan, Bengal.

== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



Nivedita Ghosh

Volume I.

December, 1932

Number Six

FULFILMENT

The overflowing bounty of thy grace
comes down from the heaven
to seek my soul only in which it can contain itself
The light that is rained from the sun and stars
is fulfilled when it reaches my life,
The colour is like sleep that clings to the flower
which waits for the touch of my mind to be wakened.
The love that tunes the strings of existence
breaks out in music when my heart is won.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan.

The decoration of the walls of the Reception Room of Sreebhavan (Girls' Hostel) which began in the middle of the last session has just been completed. All the work has been done by the following girl students of Kalabhavana : Chitranibha Chaudhury, Annkana Das Gupta, Savitri Govind, Gita Ray, Mondira Gupta, Jamuna Bose, Rani De and Nivedita Ghose. The first five have left Kalabhavana on the completion of their studies.

...

✓ Ramkinkar Baij has joined the Modern School, Delhi, as a teacher. He was a graduate of Kalabhavana and has served the Visva-bharati as a member of the staff for a year. Modelling was his special subject.

Another graduate of Kalabhavana, Monimohan Ray Chaudhury has joined *Seva Kunj* Karachi, Sind, as an Art teacher.

...

We are glad to know that C. C. Dutt, the Vice-President, has almost recovered from his long protracted illness. He is convalescing at his Calcutta residence.

...

The President has appointed Dharendra-mohan Sen as the Principal of the Siksha-bhavana (College Department). The new Principal has taken charge on the 15th of November 1932.

...

The Santiniketan authorities are making strenuous efforts to reduce the fees of the students to meet the economic difficulties of the guardians.

...

Owing to unavoidable difficulties, the proposed new machinery in the power-house cannot be fitted up before next March. It

is hoped that the new plant will operate before the Summer Holidays.

...

Miss Ho, Si, one of our students from Japan has joined a monastery in Ceylon as a Buddhist nun. She expects to visit Santiniketan later on.

...

The following is the provisional programme of the coming Paus Utsav, the celebration of the Foundation Ceremony :—

7th Paus. (22nd December, 1932). Thursday.

Morning. 7. A. M. Upasana—Acharyadeb.

Afternoon 1. P. M. to 3. P. M. Sports.

Evening 7. P. M. Cinema.

" 9. P. M. Fire works.

8th Paus. (23rd December).

Morning. 8. A. M. The Annual General meeting of Asramika Sangha (Alumni Association).

Afternoon. 1. P. M. to 3 P. M. Sports

Evening. 7. P. M. Cinema.

" 9. P. M. Fire works.

" 11. P. M. Jatra

9th Paus (24th December).

Morning. 7. A. M. Commemoration Service.

" 8. A. M. The Annual Meeting of the Parishat.

...

✓ The Visva-bharati had the honour of receiving Pandit Madan Mohan Malavya as its guest on the 3rd December. Panditji arrived from Calcutta on the night of 2nd December and stayed at the Guest House.

The Founder-President and all the inmates of the Asrama gathered in the Mango Grove, early in the following morning to meet the distinguished guest.

The whole programme was in the traditional style of the institution. The Founder-President welcomed Panditji with a short speech.

(Continued on Page 46)

A Wednesday in Benuri.

A Village Worker.

Today is Wednesday—the weekly holiday in Santiniketan—if you please—and I am waiting for a batch of students that were to come out here for a picnic. I was informed that I should have firewood ready and some *moori* and *gur* to serve as early refreshments. Well, the fuel I couldn't get but *moori* and *gur* have been brought from the nearest of the four villages and another man has gone in search of firewood. But where are the picnickers ?

How beautiful life can be at times and what thrills one is capable of feeling ! Nature has conspired to make this one of those delightful moments when existence itself is sheer joy. The sun shines brightly and caressingly. I sit on the grassy bank sloping towards a wide sheet of water. Beyond, on the further side of this tank, the green rice-fields stretch away to the furthest horizon lined with palm and mango trees. To my right is the shady banyan tree with my shattered and torn yet imposing tent, and a little farther, stands the newly constructed mud-walled dispensary that has already assumed the serene appearance of maturity.

Today being Wednesday, the dispensary is closed but in the long verandah sits the village teacher with a group of youngsters loudly reading their lessons. I can hear the teacher dictating sums to the older boys. What a delight to see that little slip of a girl bobbing her head up and down, up and down earnestly engaged in her lessons ! How can children take such dull tasks so seriously.

Nine-thirty. Still no signs of the picnickers. Meanwhile the village teacher has released his pupils for their morning *jalkhabar*.

I must inquire if I could give them some of this *moori* and *gur*. No ; they have all brought their shares with them I believe. They are off to wash their hands and faces in the tank. Some of them have already sat down in little groups to eat their puffed rice. Others have spread some piece of cloth which they have washed. How merry they all are ! Their laughter, reaching me across the water, completes this picture of beauty. How beautiful life can be at times.

Nine-forty-five. There they are ! I can hear that oft repeated name, Arian-da, Ariam da, from half-a-dozen young voices. Asba Devi must be bringing up the rest of them. What a good thing these kids from the village had brought their own *moori* with them !

Ten-thirty. They have all settled down to different pastimes. Some are climbing the banyan tree. Others have already put up the wickets and have begun to play cricket. The cart with the provisions has also arrived and one batch is busy making vegetables and grinding the spices. From across the sheet of water already float the strains of vocal music. There are two voices singing. Can you recognise whose they are ? And those songs, so well known in Santiniketan ! How I wish I could feel for a few moments the ecstasy which the writer of those songs must have felt so often. !

Five o'clock. The picnic is over. The students and teachers must be on their way towards Sriniketan. From there on, the road is clear, so it does not matter even if it grows dark before they reach the Asrama. This place looks so deserted. Only a couple of village boys that would not join the great match

between the staff and the students are now kicking about the football brought over from the Siksha Satra, and Gopi's dog that had been chased away by a pair which accompanied the children, has returned in search of something to eat. Once again I sit alone on the bank while the western sky begins to show the ruddy glow of sunset.

That question which the newly arrived gentleman asked me turns in my head. "I shall be much obliged if you will tell me something of the work you are doing here" What a perplexing request! What *am* I doing here? I remember I fumbled for an answer, but after one or two trials, I had to say: "It is so difficult to tell you in a few words exactly what I am at least trying to do. You must come and spend a day with me sometime and I'll be glad to explain my work to you". But I am myself not satisfied with this statement. If I cannot put in a few words the nature of my work here it means I am not quite clear about it myself.

Let me see. What *am* I doing here? My duty is to carry on economic research in the villages and for the present I am studying the yields of different varieties of rice grown in this particular village. Such work has been done before, you say. I know it has been done. What I am trying to see is how the findings of the rice experts can be introduced in the villages to the greatest extent. Now, that answer ought to be as good as any other to anyone who asks. But am I satisfied with it? Is that *all* that I am trying to do? I almost wish it was, for then I could have been so easily satisfied. But it isn't all. What then? To put it generally, I suppose I am trying my hand at what is known as rural reconstruction. Ah! convenient words! What a multitude of vagaries those two words

can hide! All over India, young enthusiastic and educated men of the middle classes are taking up rural reconstruction. But have they ever stopped to ask themselves if at present these two words convey anything beyond the expression of a vague aspiration?

Yes, that's it. Then rural reconstruction projects are attempts at materialising vague aspirations towards a better rural India. How is that for a definition? What do you think then of rural reconstruction as a vocation? Do you think one can be honest with one's self in taking it up as a means of livelihood also? Or is it only as avocations that such attempts are justified? The task is so great and the achievements are so small that at times I feel quite pessimistic. But at other times, oh, how supremely happy I feel with the line of work I've taken.

Was it not Bernard Shaw who said some thing like this: You see things that are distasteful to you, but things that have always been: and you say to yourself: why, oh, why? And I dream of things that are good even if they have never been, and I say to myself, Why not?

Yes, why not? That is the essence of what we mean by rural reconstruction. We are not quite clear as to what we would have, nor exactly how we are to work towards it. Still to dream beautiful dreams as well as to work with all our power towards realising those dreams—to make mistakes, to be laughed at, to meet obstacles right and left, within and without—nevertheless to push on—progressing slowly, very slowly, retracing one's steps at times, yet always getting nearer and nearer—is not this a sufficient occupation to justify existence itself?

The light is fading and it has been a beautiful day.

Problems in Education.

T. N. Ghosh.

Of late residential institutions have been sought to be revived in India. They have, most of them, owed their origin to the attempts of individuals, very widely varied in types of personality. Some of them were started in the spirit of old forest schools and others have perhaps been more or less imbued with the 'public school' traditions. In any case, it is time to collect and compare their experiences with a view to giving them a more efficient mould.

The stimulus underlying this attempt at revival was the liberation of education from that artificial atmosphere where it was rushing headlong into the inane, considered as a thing apart, with no roots struck into life. The vision of seers came to the rescue and education was treated as a part and parcel of life itself. The child must not be taught, it must be allowed to grow. Educational institutions must be residential, where children can live, move and have their being among conditions which will make them develop their powers through agencies that would not detach them from their normal activities of free and entire life.

There have been many stumbling blocks in the way. Pre-eminent among them has been the lack of persons who really believe in education, both among the teachers and among the parents of children. Their vision leads but their nature, cast in another mould, retards at every step. They give the younger generation lessons which they themselves received in their own days, only to flout them, perhaps unwittingly, in life. What is worse, they sometimes condemn children to conditions of growth, which they know full well,

they themselves respect more in their breaches than in their observance. To our young friends, however, life is an integer, it is not life here and profession there. Thus, even in residential institutions, education reduces itself to nothing higher than a sublimated process of equipping impressionable minds with the art of quibbling in life. They learn at home and perhaps in the school as well, that the truth of life is other than the truth preached to them. Life being a deeper concern than learning, so crippled and distorted, education ere long is completely severed from life and lies trailed in the dust, not unlike so many other discarded fragments, buried and forgotten.

The other great handicap is the mighty and undesirable pull of the university examinations. It is a potent influence to deal with. Parents have been bewildered and ideals and principles have been dragged into its eddies, compelling compromises leading to rash adjustments or rather positive mal-adjustments, to the inevitable justification of the laws of *survival*. Preservation is certainly preferable to perdition. The vision encourages but the yawning chasm of the Present threatens existence. Thus room has to be made for teachers *par excellence* with all their orthodox paraphernalia. Adjustments to the requirements of other 'seats of learning' must be provided for, fed with alien aims and ideas as they are. Teachers and not influences or inspirations hold the ground, manufactures and not men are the products. This certainly is not encouraging—but still other things may not wait, education may wait—that is the national verdict.

To sum up, the education of children undertaken by bold pioneers at various centres as also undertaken at Santiniketan by Rabindranath, involves a study and systematic pursuit of interests as wide as life and hence the environment of such education should amply provide for the growth of children along all the channels leading up to that competence which will enable every one of them, when grown up, to face life with confidence and never feel a stranger. Teachers brought up

in other traditions, in spite of their good intentions, constantly alienate education from life. Lastly, conditions of life being too potent forces, mercenary motives prevail in the field of education. Lack of confidence in the possibilities of real education compels parents to pay homage, though unwilling in some cases, to old values. Thus the pace of progress has necessarily been slow and is bound to be so for years to come.

(Continued from page 42)

Then followed the greetings of the scholars of different countries, working in the Visva-bharati, in their various languages, notable among which were Chinese, Tibetan, Persian, Pali and Prakrit.

Panditji gave short a reply expressing his gratitude at the warm welcome given to him. He then went round the Asrama visiting the various departments at work.

At about 9.30. A. M. Panditji and his party proceeded to Sriniketan where they were cordially received by the inmates of Sriniketan and the representatives of the villages around. About one hundred and fifty Bratibalakas, chiefly from the so-called depressed classes formed the guard of honour. He addressed a large gathering of villagers on the question of untouchability. After the meeting he was shown round Sriniketan.

At 1 P. M. at the Guest House, Panditji met the members of the staff and then spent some time with Rabindranath. All the inmates of the Asrama gathered in front of the Guest House at 3 P. M. when Panditji left for Allahabad.

The Vishesha Parishat met at Santiniketan on the 4th of December, 1932, to consider some important amendments in the Statutes of the Visva-bharati, forwarded to it by the *Samsad*. Among the most important additions, is the constitution of the *Artha Samiti* (The Board of Trustees) and of the *Siksha-Samiti* (The Academic Council). The number of members in the *Samsad*, Santiniketan and Sriniketan *Samities* has been reduced.

...

Sriniketan.

The additions and alterations in the premises of Siksha-Satra will be to the great advantage of the school. Tarak Chandra Dhar will now be in residence there. The extension of the boundary on the east will allow the young boys ample space to move about freely near their hostel compound.

...

Through the cooperation of the Local Board, the Ruppur Union Board, the inhabitants of several other villages that use the road and Sriniketan, a stretch of half a-mile of the worst part of the road between the Benuri

Health Centre and Sriniketan, is undergoing repairs worth Rs 500/-.

...

Three Cooperative Dispensaries have been organized in Ballavpur, Goalpara and Bandgorah. Subscriptions amounting to Rs 200/ have been received for the purchase of an initial supply of drugs which will be replenished, when necessary, by the members participating. Dr. Chakravarty will visit each of these dispensaries twice a week.

...

Mrs. Timbres has been engaged during the last few weeks in compiling certain statistical data in connection with the Benuri Dispensary.

...

The Industries and Crafts Department has been reorganized during the last two months and is now being managed by Moni Sen and Santosh Bhanja Choudhury. Artistic leather work, cardboard work and jewellery have been introduced. Three ladies from the adjoining Surul village are attending regularly.

...

A large meeting in connection with the organisation of the 'depressed' classes was organised at Nanoor by Kalimohan Ghosh and others. It is to be followed with a more permanent organisation.

...

Alumni News.

(Miss) Hiranbala Sen is now in charge of the Female Hospital, Lahiria Sarai, Darbhanga. She belongs to one of oldest batches of women students of Santiniketan.

After graduating in medicine from the Calcutta University, Hiranbala Sen has served in aya and in Nepal before joining her present post.

...

Sujit Kumar Mukerji has been appointed by the Arya Samaj to work among the so called



Sultan Harappa.

depressed classes in East Bengal. At present the centre of his work is in Faridpur.

...

The general meeting of the 'Ashramika Sangha' (Alumni Association) will be held at Santiniketan, on the morning of 23rd Dec : 1932. All the members are invited to be present. The Secretary of the Sangha requests to be informed before-hand of the arrival of the members at Santiniketan, on the occasion.

The following have become Life members of "Ashramika Sangha"

1. Amita Sen, Dacca.
2. (Mrs). P. K. Sen Nagpur C. P.
3. Prabhat K. Sen, " "

didates. The latter is a young barrister, who has lately returned from England.

A. K. Chanda B. Sc. (London), has joined the staff of the college.

...

Pramathanath Bisi and Niharendu Dutta Majumder visited the Ashrama after a long time. The former has obtained the degree of Master of Arts, in Vernacular, Calcutta University, topping the list of first class can-

We regret to announce the untimely death of our young friend Sukumar Sarkar, which occurred on Nov. 7, 1932 at the Campbell Hospital, Calcutta. Sukumar was a student here in the College department from 1927 to 1929.

Some Recent Works of Rabindranath Tagore

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" Part III "	Rs. 1/8/- 2/-	[1932]
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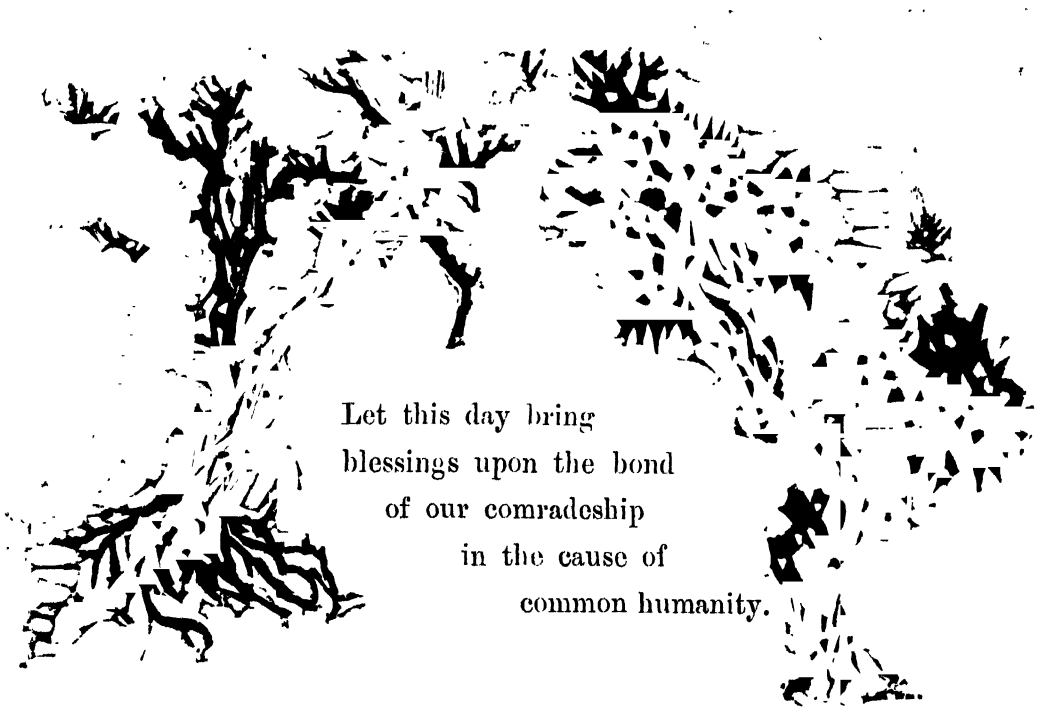
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January

Pous-Utsav Number

1933



Let this day bring
blessings upon the bond
of our comradeship
in the cause of
common humanity.

Rabindranath Tagore

An Address *

B. K. Mallik

I dare say you are expecting a speech from me wondering if I could have very much to say. I am sure you are right. I cannot, for the life of me, make out what I should say to you. You are so fabulously rich. You are reputed to have everything worth possessing—peace, beauty and strength. Not even philosophy is your need. Besides it is festival time, your home coming like the gathering of clans. It would be foolish to talk seriously to you or to try and remind you of the things of the spirit. You have just spent a whole year tidying up the little spaces allotted to your care ; and it is for you now to enjoy a well-earned rest. You really want to let yourselves go and make everybody feel that life is beautiful and a treasure. You want to dance with joy and sing the live-long day in praise of the giver of life. And where-else could one find such a home, a home like yours, a home truly dedicated to peace ? Where else could one find such a poet who built a home, so that it might be a spring tide of joy ? And if to day, in the midst of all this rejoicing and true gladness of heart, I still feel that we might sit together for a while and talk, it can be only to commune with our poet, the spirit of our home. For, after all, the home is ours for evermore, and the poet is ours, our very own. It is for us alone to protect our home, the gift of his love and to cherish the poet, the gift of God. And as, by an unkind Providence, the times are falling fast out of joint, there is even a call that we

should be on our guard. Keen winds are blowing, and any day our blossoms might wither unless we kept our poet warmly shrouded in our love. And when could we take stock of all that we ever had, and revive the memories of all that we ever cherished unless when we had come together to replenish our stores and drink deep in the greetings that we loved ? Shall we not then repeat the old, old question—"What is the light that goes out from here, this, our beloved land ? What do we take from her when we go abroad, so that we might share it with all those whom we might meet on the morrow ?"

* * * *

If you really want me to confide in you I may tell you out of the fullness of my heart that I love nothing more than to question the faiths and practices that we so glibly talk about. I am really tired of bearing the weight of false tradition on my head like so many others wandering in the world to-day. And I may even tell you at once if you do not mind that I am almost quite concerned about you. There is already almost a tradition fast growing up within your walls. You have at least a style of your own. You seem to be a class apart and would rather be glad to be known as such. People in the world outside call you by a name with approval at times and it would be stupid folly to deny that you have already done much to merit that name. But still I say with confidence that the main portion of your work remains to be done. As they say

* *President's address delivered at the annual meeting of the Ashramic Sangha on December 23, 1932.*

in common parlance your whole work is cut out for you. And why do I say this? Surely not to flatter myself, much less to wound your pride. Nor need you think that I am so unfamiliar with the main outlook of your life. Yours is more of a fellowship than a school. It is through mutual service and co-operative sympathy that you chose to grow. You set your face from the beginning against the gospel of individual gain and frankly accepted the corporate life or the communal in its radical sense to be the fuller and completer form. You chose therefore to be international in your attitude to life and built your home on a foundation where the differences were at a discount and the agreements ruled. And naturally freedom became the keynote of your existence and all traditions which raised walls were shunned. Nobody could ever come to visit you but was bound to be impressed with you, with the spirit of freedom that filled every nook and corner of your place. And yet you never forgot your pedigree, and the immemorial tradition of your race. You deliberately sought to cultivate your heritage, to study the meandering history of its course and to revive once again the ideals of life that it held. Naturally yours is prolific growth rich in scholarship, art and faith. If there is any place in the whole of our country where scholars from the different parts of the world could meet and discuss their ancient lores, it must be here, in the place of sustained research and free outpourings of soul. I need not mention names but never would the scholarly grace of your chiselled purity set if truth and beauty had a claim. If everything else fails to survive the ravages of time the poet's vision and this chiselled purity would shine like stars in the firmament of our race. But even such a brilliant record of good work done is not assuring enough for me; and I am still inclined to think that unless

you are even more active or creative again in the future that is imminent at your door you will have done almost nothing to fulfil the expectations you have raised. You will leave the world, your judge, disappointed and break the heart of the poet who has given his all to you.

In plain terms what you have to note and keep steadily in view is that the poet did not dream and talk of peace, freedom and fellowship to you only to make you feel as if the world was rolling in happiness and joy. There was deep distress in the human home and the wisdom of the ancients was missing. Freedom, service and peace were phantoms in a world bursting with the clash of steel and the deadlier venom of hate. If the poet cried for peace and goodwill amongst men with his whole soul uprising, it was to bring back order and beauty in our home. Like a true genius he saw how the parliaments of men were fast growing into the primitive citadels of strife, how even culture, science and faith were being daily harnessed to one diabolic end, the domination of the race by the group in titanic glee of lust. His heart broke with pain and if to-day the world seems to be divided at times in its attitude towards his view it is because he never scrupled to tell the truth, to let the imperious groups of Europe know that the way of the Imperialist was the way of madness, that even the Nationalist's claim that it has solved the problem of humanity was a fake, that it was all at bottom but a radical distrust of peace or your neighbour as you like.

And yet it was only jealous and concoited politics that sought unblushingly to scandalise the poet as if it was nothing but a facile review of the modern mind. It was even stupidly thought that this perverse review was deliberately staged to discredit the European age if only to usurp its place for the

time-haunted Eastern claim. But surely all this was only black malice in a gratuitous vein. There could possibly be no question about the ancestral pride of the poet : of all the facts about his career it was clearly the most patent and true. And incidentally it was amusing enough that recent scholarship in Oxford in sheer innocence should have held that his literary greatness was bound up with the achievements of the European mind. But why should his profound heritage be a bar to his making a sane or sober view of the European age supposed to be the most lucid we have hitherto struck ? Besides, even a casual reader of our literature knows how India could never have offered to the world at large a poet of Rabindranath's fame if he had not the privilege of drawing his inspiration directly on his ancestral stock. But how could that make his unflinchingly open criticism of the Nationalist's claim or the Imperialist's faith as only a facile and perverse review ? Lastly, it is, by no means, an exaggeration of truth to say that Rabindranath and the Eastern claim stand indissolubly bound and for good. But does that give one an excuse to be officious and plead that it was the poet's imagination that led him to stand against the judgment of the world at large ? It is obvious that nobody would be so foolish as to claim for the poet what one could legitimately expect from one who is, at least, a historian or chronicler of thought ; but why should it be necessary for a poet to miss what is after all so painfully obvious and significant about the European claim ? Besides, it is one thing to dispute the soundness of a claim, quite another to deny its profound significance. Even a lesser mind than the poet is expected to know how either Imperialism or Nationalism was inevitable as events and rose necessarily out of the course of history which had preceded their fateful dawn. It was not for nothing

that Europe staged the Imperial march, and no age in her history was given the quietus before it had run this dark horse with bated breath ; and even to-day one could almost hear the keen edge of Nationalism cutting down the ramparts of holy peace. If, still, the opinion of the poet went crashing through what is euphemistically called the worlds opinion, the chances are that their angles of vision were not the same. As a matter of fact, the question that the poet asked was not whether they are indispensable and necessary but whether they had any right to profess the ideas and principles on which they so honestly and unwittingly rested. Did they, in other words, bring about peace and order in the human home or did they only achieve results which enormously helped only some sections of it, to the eternal shame of the rest ? In any case, the poet could have no illusions about the immense prosperity which accrued from them to the European home ; and it is a fact familiar even to the man in the street that if Europe was so efficient, organised and self-conscious to-day, the secret of it all lay with these movements alone. If only we recalled to our mind even her recent past, we would see at once how the whole of her history was but an alternate rise and fall of these. The path of European history is at least straightforward and true ; it is either autocracy incarnate or democracy deified. The European has either staked his all in breaking down the Imperial claim to build up a democratic state or merged that state so arduously raised in a full-blooded empire again. Historians call it cycles of politics and philosophers lose their patience if any body hinted at a failure.

But what the poet might easily be supposed to have pointed out was that the record of European history was not exactly a record of the human family ; that what might have

served the European cause as a matter of accident or fate need not have been taken as a gospel for the human home. As a matter of fact, neither Imperialism nor Nationalism could ever touch the core of the human home problem precisely because the truly human and the European were assunder as the poles. Even if we conceded to the Imperial claim its best, it was but an attempt to regulate or discipline the affairs of men. There was even nobility in such an attempt ; and it is well-known what an enormous sacrifice it meant for those who surrendered to its dream. And those again who talk of the Imperialists as only grabber of men, money and land, seem to talk only in despair or shame. It is a fact that no other figure in history is half so arresting as that of the Imperialist as we find him marching on with a torch of light his own. He is literally of the same make as our Prophets or our pioneers among men ; and if the torch which he so scrupulously carries only deepens the surrounding gloom and the light fails mercilessly and inevitably, for good the blame of it ought to go to the universe which makes fools of us even while it assures us that we are gathering privileges for our kind. There is a destiny, a cruel Providence which half the time, rules over the affairs of men. And it is this Providence that made so much of honest and furious effort of the Imperial mind literally end in smoke. He failed to bring about discipline and order in the human home in perfect tune with its freedom. He could not preserve the unique, the individual and the varied forms of life. They withered as he systematised and regulated human interests in the name of discipline, order and the State. With him it was the State that was supreme while the citizen, the neighbour or the stranger was left as a handicap by the road side, a mere creature of circumstances, the

acme of unreason, a detail of some high-blown principle or even as an occasion for the State on which to exercise its wisdom. And by the time his glory had risen high and touched the meridian, nothing was left but a frame of steel in a land of devastated life, a state bursting with statutes and fulminating Bulls a drama of life enacted in the silence, as it were, of the grave. Could even demons call this panorama of dumb, inarticulate peace by the name of human home ? Is there anything human about it and if it be still to be called 'home', could we not put the devils workshop by its side ?

And yet you might think this an over-drawn picture, rather dark and honestly lacks the lyrical grace. It might even be held that reality is much less grim : and it was only our clouded sense that made of the Imperial move so mercilessly hard. But I would rather hasten to remind you that we have no time to argue ; that, still, the human home stands in the same disreputable state as it did when the Imperialists after enormous efforts had left it by the road side like a heap of ruins. And unless you are tired of me feebly commenting on history, why should I not ask a straight question again, and this time about the Nationalist or the Democrat as you please who is supposed to have brought not only the Imperialist to his knees but the millenium to the human home. How is it that the whole of the civilised world seems to be breaking to pieces even after the Nationalist had so energetically claimed his message for human deliverance to be nothing short of the religious faith ? Why should we have been made to profess and fight his jealous creed if as the result of it all we have to face a crisis in our home again ? Not that the Holy Roman Empire survived all that deadly call for freedom ; it seemed, at times, as if the sky itself would break in twain, so in-

cessant and loud were the shouts for Equality, Liberty and Love. And it is only a sad comment on history to record the young, warm blood that was so profusely shed in the name of human dignity and peace. But was it merely the collapse of an Empire, however holy that we were so expectantly looking for? What good was it to us if fifty such Empires were broken to pieces if at the end of it all we had only the nemesis again in the shape of what has been known as the Bourgeoisie Rule? And yet it was not a mere version of pax Romana or some Holy judgment "on peace and good-will to men on earth" that were promised. We were assured of a political dream, with an economic Heaven to boot which stooped to serve the man in the street or the group irrespective of caste or creed. How then is it that we are groaning in misery again? What happened to all that dream, keen assurances and faiths for which even bloodred revolutions were staged? What was wrong with the Nationalist's creed? Where was the canker in it?

Again we have to seek the aid of that cruel Providence which spoils our chances as a matter of whim. There was nothing wrong with the Nationalist's dream, nothing even crude about the promises and assurances he had made. He was honestly and sincerely anxious to see any people or the individuals to be free. But there was a dark plot being hatched in the heavens; and the Nationalist failed to make good his promises if only because the human home wanted not merely freedom but "satisfaction" as well. Whether we deal with the group as a group or with the individuals constituting the group there are at least two distinct needs to deal with:—

- (1) The need for freedom, equality and sanctity of men and groups;
- (2) The need for order, discipline and

regulation of the interests which the individuals or groups represented.

And it so happened that the principle of freedom which the Nationalists preached had nothing in it to indicate the way in which the interests could be related as well. The principle in its logical mood appeared even to be hostile to the other need, the need of modifying or modulating the interests. In technical terms, while the problem of equality was solved by the break up of the Imperial sway, the problem of equalisation was not. In other words, while the Nationalist was ready to recognise in principle, the right of the individual or the group to be free and to determine its own affairs as it liked, he did not know how to equalise the opportunities or capacities as well. So that, so long as the people of Europe fought hard and together against the Holy Empire, they lived and worked without even the need of equalisation at all; but as soon as the horizon was cleared of the common foe, the hegemony broke down on the problem of equalisation alone. By a cruel irony the Nationalist States became imperial in their attitude and mood especially as they suddenly grew prosperous and distant horizons raised hopes for fresh markets for their surplus goods. This is not the place to go into the detail of history; but the point I would like to make to you is that whatever differences Nationalism might have made to the European houses it did not serve the human home any more or any less than its rival claim, the Empire; and this I feel convinced is exactly what the poet could have possibly meant to say. Neither the Nationalist nor the Imperialist had any idea truly of the living, concrete reality called the human home. At the very best they were but theorists, speculators in the practical field using humanity only as a device for domestic peace.

Do not think that I am not alive to what

is called progress in the European scheme during the periods the Nationalist and the Imperialist ruled. I am aware of what is called an "overhaul of the social order," the decline and fall of the feudal age with its disabilities discomforts and crude amenities of life. Another day we might sit together and get a proper perspective of these. It might even do me good if you allow me to judge the enormous scientific claim and its deliberate aim to supplant the religious creed. I find it difficult to hold that the scientist has done any better than the philosopher as yet, much less the theologian who are both confused. The world is different today : there are more comforts and possibilities for economic peace than ever before. We know at least about the transparent universe ever so much more than our fathers ; but I am still in grave doubts whether all this is to the good entirely ; whether they really lay the foundation of the human home more securely than ever. One thing at any rate is obvious and that is that while the State in Europe was gradually moulded to suit the social needs, it never ceased to grow militant as well. Even while the spirit of Internationalism was growing capital clashed furiously with labour. There was no change in the relations among men, no trust or confidence in their dealings and no fresh idea as to how to deal with the inevitable clashes of interests. There was only a redistribution of goods and reformation of the grades and classes in the social scheme of life. If the Feudal claims have to be kept back for good, the face of that system must change permanently and for good. The age-owned disabilities must go ; and there must be more comfort, health and even peace which money can buy and science can make. And as there was bounteous fortune there must be even charity or benevolence to do penance for the human soul. Let the histo-

rian of the future record how very prosperous generous and happy the Europeans were when Capitalism came to rule and Feudalism was spent.

But nothing really happened to make the relations between the new classes more secure : nothing passed in the shape of real power or authority from the ruler to the ruled. Money kept its firm grip on power ; and franchise was soon a mere sport or plaything for the efficient and the strong. The one persistent fact was competition which either menaced to be warlike or actually precipitated the war. 'The world at large' was depleted and "monopoly" had almost lost its virus or strength. Either a fresh gamble for a renewal of strength or a steady downward collapse of power. This was the mood before the war and we all know what the war meant and left as a legacy to the world. Another day to discuss its claim ; but how should we rate all the claims for progress that the Europeans have made ever since they preached and practised the Imperial or the Nationalistic faith ? Should we call it progress at all when the main secret of life, that which lends trust and confidence into the relations among men still eluded the grasp of the European mind ? When they literally failed to make the State, the boast of centuries upright and firm, when they have to seek arbitration every time their interests clashed, when they could not make even finance and trade secure in Europe and lastly when they sailed promiscuously to placate the enemy with resources covering the wide leagued seas, would it be fair and just to the European mind to call this age progressive ? Besides, there is still so much of settlement to be made with almost every nation and people outside the European zone. And it need not be at all superfluous to add that if this universe has any bottom to it it is inconceivable how Europe could avoid clearing and her credit and conscience by

paying for her indebtedness to the world. Even exploitation may have a value all its own ; at any rate it brings the world together and deepens the differences among men. But in so far as it is free-lancing and despoils the work of nature and man under a heavy illusion of pride it is bound to create obligations in its trail. After all no nation is so helpless as it seems, exactly as no State is really so powerful as it sounds. Even while what we call "force" wins and bespatters the neighbourhood with mud, it is only a pawn in the hands of fate which makes fools of us when we think we are God's select omnipotents in grace. The most fatal thing for 'power' or authority to know if it is in harness, is that there is always a "future" to reckon with ; that there is no means of ever making sure that we have really laid the enemy low, for good and all. And unless we choose to return to our brute ancestors we cannot simply shut our eyes to that "future" or to the prospects of those we were living behind.

The sad fact is that the millennium is yet to come even though Europe is so resolutely changing her plans again. I need not detain you with what is being done in Rome again. The Fascist is only a reformer in an autocratic mood, a puritan without a god, a Crusader without a faith, somewhere between a Caesar and a Prophet doing hack work for the scientific age. But when we come to the more virile and wide-reaching scheme on the Russian soil, we are no longer witnessing a mere stand for "freedom" or "State" or even a diluted amalgam of both. Most certainly, the Bolshevik is a socialist to the core whose creed honestly is to equalise men, to make all individuals and groups equally efficient and good. In no sense is he a theorist who lives by preaching and cant ; it is solid work that he wants, drastic and thorough. There is nothing of the sentimental about him ; he is

sure of himself and original. It is mass production that he wants and not mass management with a faith about the freedom of action which nobody had dreamt of before. Naturally by his main creed he takes for granted that there is such a thing as community of men with its interests relatively fixed. So that a State could easily survive on them if only it managed to cast its thought towards the economic need. Equally does he hold that the state of nature is not what the English philosopher took it to be—a state of warfare or clash. On the contrary it was the French man who was right. If we are in chains to-day it is because of the civilisation our forefathers created for us and foisted it on Nature in her placid calm. There was nothing dark or sinister in nature before man had put corruption in its path. The law of the universe was freedom to judge by its primitive bent ; and human mind was deliberately meant to take control of the affairs of men. We cannot even make an excuse to-day to postpone that charge especially as we are in the scientific age. What we should try and do at once is to write off the bad debts of tradition, the class war and feudal heavens. We have literally to kill the primitive in us, the religious quest and moralities that either starved the human race or surrendered the human home to dark caprices of fate. Let us form the 'State' once again, let us treat the individual as such, nothing more nor less than a member of the State. Let profiteering go to the four winds of heaven and the Pseudo-economics of the *Lessez-faire*. It must be the "team-spirit" that must work, from now it is the community as one compact body that must go to work.

But here again is a faith that refuses to count its chances. If human interests were really and truly economic in the main and if they agreed and coalesced as a matter of fact,

where should we put the mistrust of men and the failure of centuries to provide the economic need? If the community never ceased to exist like the living sun, why did history arise with its motto of war or the ideal of authority and power? And how shall we ever know that our sciences will not fail us again or that our power which we are holding to-day will not cease or that plenty itself will not breed its own demise? It is not that we should follow only the light of history or repeat the blunders of our race; but could we simply deny the past and run up a scheme without taking thought of the morrow? Mass production is good in many ways; economic need is one of the paramount needs and team-spirit is also good and abundantly useful. But can we ever control the genesis of our needs? Even if the economic need is assumed to be the only need that we may have, can you anticipate its variation and growth? Is there any chance of getting control over the affairs of life in any shape or form? And why should we forget that human beings whether Bolshevik or not are limited by their nature, that there are laws of the universe which account even for their growth? What then is the point in assuming that any one need is paramount or there is a static community like the "Kingdom of God" on earth or the Stoic's Law of Nature? And does it really stand to reason that the community did not work till to-day even though it has been in existence for ever, that millions of centuries had to elapse before we could even discover our paramount need, that the human race was so imbecile that it had deliberately refused to choose its own salva-

tion by working out his economic need? The point is that even in the Bolshevik scheme there is no sign yet of a permanent state, a stable finance and trade, not to speak of the placated enemy or foe. It will show the world no doubt what massive production can do, what values of life go with such a scheme and how it lightens the burden of economic pressure more than ever, but it will not prevent warfare or a collapse of the very state it is working with.

And if you will forgive me for saying so, we ourselves in India have equally failed to placate the enemy in spite of our resolute stand against "force". Ours no doubt is a different mode with a technique all its own, more social in its texture than frankly public, but it produces only power and not peace, a sense of confidence no doubt but not true humility. Perhaps it is necessary and good; at least not less good than what its rivals have been preaching. But no Prophet ever taught us yet what true humility meant as none of them embraced the enemy as his good or confessed to him about his equal share in all that ever cursed and humiliated the race.

I take leave of you now with one concluding remark and that is that your whole work must be really cut out for you when, as we have just now seen the world at large is neither happy nor in peace. And so long as the human home is not restored to its golden age, our poet will be like a voice crying in the wilderness or wandering over the four corners of the earth like the wind which blew and blew but never rested.

To The Ex-students

Rabindranath Tagore

It gives me great delight to find you all gathered here, you who have once been students of our Ashrama.

The external aspect of Santiniketan with its houses and halls of residence does not reveal its character. Its true history lies deep in its inner being to which you have contributed with your own lives, your efforts and aspirations, making them one with its growth. The richest treasure of our Ashrama are these strata of living soil which have formed an abiding part of its very foundation. The continuous stream of life in this Ashrama derives impetus from the thoughts and activities of those of you who have dwelt intimately in the heart of our community and left to it the precious legacy of your love. Your names may not separately remain here but whatever was real in your relationship with the Ashrama will persist. Rules and regulations of our institution are for our staff to organize and apply, its management is in the hands of those who have undertaken responsibility for it, but it is your concern as ex students to minister to the inmost life of its ideal. It pleases me to hope that your devotion to it will ensure its wellbeing in the future.

When I first started this institution students from various districts of Bengal, especially of East Bengal, joined us. I have observed that they have never allowed distance or time to affect their kinship with the Ashrama. Frequently they have revisited it, senior members of our staff they have addressed as 'Dada', their own elder brother; whenever they have met outside the Ashrama genuine spirit of fellowship has prevailed.

My fond hope has been that with this institution as the centre a living network of kinship would be spread all over Bengal, that Santiniketan would win an intimate place in the heart of our province. From a small beginning our institution has spread out into an educational colony with a wide range of activities but the central ideal of unity has never changed. It has never been our purpose merely to confer upon our students degrees and diplomas, to stamp them with pass marks. Not being a mechanist, it has never been my desire to perpetuate in this place a machinery for turning out under hydraulic pressure standardized bales of humanity. I have no enthusiasm for activities devoid of the principle of life, for all that does not serve the wholeness of our personality. I am not concerned to increase the number of students, my hope has been so to enrich the life of this place that those who come here may imbibe the creative urge of an ideal, and carry it into their work outside, that in our Ashrama the spirit of world humanity may be manifest. My heart would then be fulfilled.

On you rests the responsibility of truly interpreting the ideal which we seek to realize here—the ideal of developing the human personality in an atmosphere of freedom and fellowship, through impulses of a life lived in nature and in close touch with varied creative activities of the human mind. We have taken up the task of discovering the fundamental unities of our culture, of bringing our peoples together on the abiding basis of all that is essential in our civilization. We are here to offer humanity the deepest and divinest in India's cultural heritage with

unflinching faith in the spiritual unity of Man. If you have imbibed something of this spirit which is at the heart of all our endeavours you will also have accepted the responsibility of serving it. Our institution will not be judged by the number of students who have successfully negotiated their examinations, or later on attained wealth and prosperity. We shall be measured by the degree of your devotion to our inner ideals and you too shall be judged thereby.

For over thirty years through much suffering and sacrifice I have borne the burden of our responsibility to the best of my power. I have never spared myself, nor counted any cost too great for the purpose. I can therefore claim of you an active allegiance to our work.

From our students we do not merely demand fees, we demand your sacrifice, your resolve to fulfil our mission in your daily lives undeflected by circumstance. The immediate sphere of your work may lie far away from our place but you must know that on your selfgiving in truth depends the very existence of our Ashrama's inmost ideal. I never desired any return for what I myself have given throughout my life. Let the Ashrama be compensated by your devotion to its essential being which dwells above its codes and methods of study. May you be spiritually united with us by your acceptance of the great task which the Ashrama has taken upon itself.

Telegram from Rabindranath Tagore
to George Bernard Shaw.

SANTINIKETAN,
January 10, 1933.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
S. S. Empress of Britain,
BOMBAY.

Welcome to India. Our cordial invitation to Santiniketan. Shall feel deeply happy if you come. Warmest regards to you both.—
Rabindranath Tagore.

Reply from G. B. Shaw

10th January, 1933.

R. M. S. THE EMPRESS OF BRITAIN.

My dear Rabindranath Tagore,

Unfortunately I am not really visiting India; but the ship in which I am going

round the world to get a little rest and do a little work has to put in at Bombay and Colombo to replenish her tanks; and on such occasions I stop ashore for a few hours and wander about the streets and such temples as are open to European untouchables.

The organizers of the tour urge me to see India by spending five days and nights in a crowded railway carriage and being let out for a few minutes occasionally to lunch at a hotel and see the Tajmahal; but I am too old a traveller to be taken by such baits, and too old a man (76½) to endure such hardships without expiring.

My only regret is that I shall be unable to visit you. My consolation is that the present situation in India will not bear being talked about. I understand it only too well.

Faithfully,
(Sd.) G. BERNARD SHAW.

বিশ্বভারতী বার্ষিক পরিষদসভা

৯ই পৌষ, ১৩৩৯

আচার্য্যদেবেন্দ্র অভিতাম্রণ

আমার মধ্য বয়সে আমি এই শান্তিনিকেতনে মানবজীবনের সমগ্র আদর্শকে জ্ঞানে ও কন্মে পূর্ণ করে বালকদের নিয়ে এক বিদ্যালয় স্থাপন করতে ইচ্ছা উপলব্ধি করাই শিক্ষার উদ্দেশ্য।

করি। মনে তখন আশঙ্কা ও উদ্বেগ ছিল কারণ কন্মে অভিজ্ঞতা ছিল না। জীবনের অভ্যাস ও তত্পরযোগী শিক্ষার অভাব, অধ্যাপনা কন্মে নিপুণতার অভাব সত্ত্বেও আমার সংকল্প দৃঢ় হয়ে উঠল। কারণ চিন্তা করে দেখলেম যে আমাদের দেশে এক সময়ে যে শিক্ষাদান প্রথা বর্তমান ছিল, তার পুনঃপ্রবর্তন বিশেষ প্রয়োজন। সেই প্রথাই যে পৃথিবীর মধ্যে সর্বশ্রেষ্ঠ এমন অক্ষপক্ষপাত আমার মনে ছিল না, কিন্তু এই কথা আমার মনকে অধিকার করে, যে, মানুষ বিশ্বপ্রকৃতি ও মানবসংসার এই দুইয়ের মধ্যেই জন্মগ্রহণ করেছে, অতএব এই দুইকে একত্র সমাবেশ করে বালকদের শিক্ষায়তন গড়লে তবেই শিক্ষার পূর্ণতা ও মানবজীবনের সমগ্রতা হয়। বিশ্বপ্রকৃতির যে আত্মান, তার থেকে বিচ্ছিন্ন করে পৃথিগত বিদ্যা দিয়ে জোর করে শিক্ষার আয়োজন করলে শুধু শিক্ষাবস্তুকেই জমানো হয়, যে-মন তাকে গ্রহণ করবে তার অবস্থা হয় ভারবাহী জন্তুর মতো। শিক্ষার উদ্দেশ্য তাতে ব্যর্থ হয়।

আমার বাল্যকালের অভিজ্ঞতা তুলিনি। আমার বালকমনে প্রকৃতির প্রতি সহজ অনুরাগ ছিল, তার থেকে নির্বাসিত করে বিদ্যালয়ের নীরস শিক্ষাবিধিতে যখন আমার মনকে যন্ত্রের মতো পেঁপেণ করা হয়, তখন কঠিন যন্ত্রণা পেয়েছি। এ ভাবে মনকে ক্লিষ্ট করলে, এই কঠিনতায় বালকমনকে অভ্যস্ত করলে তা মানসিক স্বাস্থ্যের অক্ষুণ্ণ হতে পারে না। শিক্ষার আদর্শকেই আমরা তুলে গেছি। শিক্ষা তো শুধু সংবাদ বিতরণ নয়, মানুষ সংবাদ-বহন করতে জন্মায় নি, জীবনের মূলে যে লক্ষ্য আছে তাকেই গ্রহণ করা চাই।

আমার মনে হয়েছিল জীবনের কী লক্ষ্য এই প্রশ্নের মীমাংসা যেন শিক্ষার মধ্যে পেতে পারি। আমাদের দেশের পুরাতন শিক্ষাপ্রণালীতে তার আভাস পাওয়া যায়। তপোবনের নিভৃত তপস্রা ও অধ্যাপনার মধ্যে যে শিক্ষানাদনা আছে তাকে আশ্রয় করে শিক্ষক ও ছাত্র জীবনের পূর্ণতা লাভ করেছিলেন। শুধু পরা বিদ্যা নয়, শিক্ষাকল্প ব্যাকরণ নিরুক্তছন্দজ্যোতিষ প্রভৃতি অপরাবিচার অহুশীলনেও যেমন প্রাচীনকালে গুরুশিষ্য একই সাধনক্ষেত্রে মিলিত হয়েছিলেন, তেমনি সহযোগিতার সাধনা যদি এখানে হয় তবেই শিক্ষার পূর্ণতা হবে।

বর্তমানে সেই সাধনা আমরা কতদূর গ্রহণ করতে পারি তা বলা কঠিন। আজ আমাদের চিত্তবিক্ষেপের অভাব নেই। কিন্তু এই যে প্রাচীনকালের শিক্ষা-সমবায়, এ কোনো বিশেষ কাল ও সম্প্রদায়ের অভিমত নয়। মানব-চিত্তবৃত্তির মূলে সেই এক কথা আছে, মানুষ বিচ্ছিন্ন প্রাণী নয়, সব মানুষের সঙ্গে যোগে সে যুক্ত, তাতেই তার জীবনের পূর্ণতা, মানুষের এই ধর্ম। তাই যে দেশেই যে কালেই মানুষ যে বিদ্যা ও কর্ম উৎপন্ন করবে সে সব-কিছুতে সর্বমানবের অধিকার আছে। বিদ্যায় কোনো জাতিবর্ণের ভেদ নেই। মানুষ সর্বমানবের সৃষ্ট ও উদ্ভূত সম্পদের অধিকারী, তার জীবনের মূলে এই সত্য আছে। মানুষ জন্মগ্রহণ সূত্রে যে শিক্ষার মধ্যে এসেছে তা এক জাতির দান নয়। কালে কালে নিখিলমানবের কর্ম-শিক্ষার ধারা প্রবাহিত হয়ে একই চিত্তসমুদ্রে মিলিত হয়েছে, সেই চিত্তসাগর-তীরে মানুষ জন্মলাভ করে, তারই আত্মানন্দ দিকে দিকে ঘোষিত।

আদিকালের মানুষ একদিন আগুনের রহস্য ভেদ করল, তাকে ব্যবহারে লাগাল। আগুনের সত্য কোনো বিশেষ কালে আবদ্ধ রইল না, সর্বমানব এই আশ্চর্য্য রহস্যের অধিকারী হল। তেমনি পরিধেয় বস্ত্র ভূকর্ষণ প্রভৃতি প্রথম যুগের আবিষ্কার থেকে শুরু করে মানুষের সর্বত্র চেষ্টা ও সাধনার মধ্য দিয়ে যে জ্ঞানসম্পদ আমরা পেলেম তা কোনো বিশেষ জাতির বা কালের নয়। এই কথা আমরা সম্যক উপলব্ধি করি না। আমাদের তেমনি দান চাই যা সর্বমানব গ্রহণ করতে পারে।

সর্বমানবের ত্যাগের ক্ষেত্রে আমরা জন্মেচি। ব্রহ্ম যিনি, সৃষ্টির মধ্যোই আপনাকে উৎসর্গ করে তাঁর আনন্দ, তাঁর সেই ত্যাগের ক্ষেত্রে জীব সকল জীবিত থাকে, এবং তাঁরই মধ্যে প্রবেশ করে ও বিলীন হয়। এ যেমন অধ্যাত্মলোকের কথা, তেমনি চিত্তলোকেও মানুষ মহা-মানবের ত্যাগের লোকে জন্মলাভ করেছে ও সংরক্ষণ করেছে এই কথা উপলব্ধি করতে হবে। তবেই আত্ম-যজ্ঞিক শিক্ষাকে আমরা পূর্ণতা ও সর্বাদীনতা দান করতে পারব।

আমার তাই সংকল্প ছিল যে, চিত্তকে বিশেষ জাতি ও ব্যক্তির মধ্যে আবদ্ধ না করে শিক্ষার ব্যবস্থা করব। দেশের কঠিন বাধা ও অঙ্কসংস্কার সত্ত্বেও এখানে সর্ব-দেশের মানবচিত্তের সহযোগিতায় সর্বকর্মযোগে শিক্ষা সত্র স্থাপন করব। শুধু ইতিহাস ভূগোল সাহিত্য পাঠে নয়, কিন্তু সর্বশিক্ষার মিলনের দ্বারা এই সত্যসাধনা করব। এ অত্যন্ত কঠিন সাধনা, কারণ চারিদিকে দেশে এর প্রতিকূলতা আছে। দেশবাসীর যে আত্মাভিমান ও জাতি-অভিমানের সংকীর্ণতা তার সঙ্গে সংগ্রাম করতে হবে।

আমরা যে এখানে পূর্ণ সফলতা লাভ করেচি, তা বলতে পারি না, কিন্তু এই প্রতিষ্ঠানের অস্তিত্বহিত সেই সংকল্পটি আছে, তা স্মরণ করতে হবে। শুধু কেবল আত্মযজ্ঞিক কর্মপদ্ধতি নিয়ে ব্যস্ত থাকলে তার জটিল জাল বিস্তৃত করে বাহ্যিক শৃঙ্খলা পারিপাট্যের সাধন সম্ভব হতে পারে, কিন্তু আদর্শের থরুতা হবে।

প্রথম যখন অল্প বালক নিয়ে এখানে শিক্ষায়তন খুলি তখনও ফললাভের প্রতি প্রলোভন ছিল না। তখন সহায়ক হিসাবে কয়েকজন কর্মীকে পাই, যেমন ব্রহ্ম-বান্ধব উপাধায়, কবি সতীশচন্দ্র, জগদানন্দ—এরা তখন একটি ভাবের ঐক্যে মিলিত ছিলেন। তখনকার হাওয়া ছিল অন্তরূপ। কেবলমাত্র বিধিনিষেধের জালে জড়িত হয়ে থাকতেম না, অল্প ছাত্র নিয়ে তাদের সকলের সঙ্গে ঘনিষ্ঠ যোগে আমাদের প্রাত্যহিক জীবন সত্য হয়ে উঠত। তাদের সেবাব মধ্যে আমরা একটি গভীর আনন্দ, একটি চরম সার্থকতা উপলব্ধি করতেম। তখন অধ্যাপকদের মধ্যে অসীম ধৈর্য্য দেখেচি। মনে পড়ে যে সব বালক ছুরছুরনায় দুঃখ দিয়েচে তাদের বিদায় দিই নি, বা অশ্রুভাবে পীড়া দিই নি। যতদিন আমার নিজের হাতে এর ভার ছিল ততদিন বার বার তাদের ক্ষমা করেচি, অধ্যাপকদের ক্ষমা করেচি। সেই সকল ছাত্র পরে কৃতিত্বলাভ করেছে।

তখন বাহ্যিক ফললাভের চিন্তা ছিল না, পরীক্ষার মার্ক-মারা করে দেবার ব্যস্ততা ছিল না, সকল ছাত্রকে আপন করবার চেষ্টা করেচি। তখন বিদ্যালয় বিশ্ব-বিদ্যালয়ের সম্পর্কিত ছিল না, তার থেকে নির্লিপ্ত ছিল। তখনকার ছাত্রদের মনে এই অন্তর্ধানের প্রতি স্নগভীর নিষ্ঠা লক্ষ্য করেচি।

এই ভাবে বিদ্যালয় অনেক দিন চলেছিল—এর অনেক পরে এর পরিধির বিস্তার হয়। সৌভাগ্য ক্রমে তখন স্বদেশবাসীর সহায়তা পাই নি, তাদের অহৈতুক বিরুদ্ধতা ও অকারণ বিদ্বেষ একে আঘাত করেছে কিন্তু তার প্রতি দৃকপাত করি নি, এবং এই যে কাজ শুরু করলেম তার প্রচারেরও চেষ্টা করি নি। মনে আছে আমার বন্ধুবর মোহিত সেন এই বিদ্যালয়ের বিবরণ পেয়ে আকৃষ্ট হন, আমাদের আদর্শ তাঁর মনকে গভীরভাবে নাড়া দেয়। তিনি বলেন, “আমি কিছু করতে পারলেম না, বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের চাকুরী আমার জীবিকা—এখানে এসে কাজ করতে পারলে দৃঢ় হতাম। তা হোলো না। এবার পরীক্ষায় কিছু অর্জন করেচি তার থেকে কিছু দেব এই ইচ্ছা।” এই বলে তিনি এক হাজার টাকার

একটি নোট আমাকে দেন।—বোধ হয় আমার প্রদেশ-বাসীর এই প্রথম ও শেষ সহানুভূতি। এই সঙ্গেই উল্লেখ করতে হবে আমার প্রতি প্রীতিপরায়ণ ত্রিপুরাধিপতির আনুকূল্য, আজও তাঁর বংশে তা প্রবাহিত হয়ে আসচে।

মোহিতবাবু অনেকদিন এই অস্থিষ্ঠানের সঙ্গে আন্তরিক ভাবে যুক্ত ছিলেন এবং আমার কী প্রয়োজন তার সন্ধান নিতেন। তিনি অন্তমতি চাইলেন এই বিজ্ঞালয়ের বিষয়ে কিছু কাগজে লেখেন। আমি তাতে আপত্তি জানাই। বল্লেম, “গুটিকতক ছেলে নিয়ে গাছপালার মধ্যে বসেচি, কোনো বড়ো ঘরবাড়ি নেই, বাইরের দৃষ্টদীন, সর্বসাধারণ একে ভুল বুঝবে।”

—এই অল্প অধ্যাপক ও ছাত্র নিয়ে আমি বহুকষ্টে আর্থিক দুর্বস্থা ও দুর্গতির চরমসীমায় উপস্থিত হয়ে যেভাবে এই বিজ্ঞালয় চালিয়েচি তার ইতিহাস রক্ষিত হয়নি। কঠিন চেষ্টার দ্বারা ঋণ করে প্রতিদিনের প্রয়োজন জোগাতে সর্বস্বাস্থ্য হয়ে দিন কাটিয়েচি কিন্তু পরিতাপ ছিল না। কারণ গভীর সত্য ছিল এই দৈন্ত দশার অন্তরালে। যাক এ আলোচনা বৃথা। কষ্টের যে ফল তা বাইরের বিধানে দেখানো যায় না, প্রাণশক্তির যে রসসঞ্চার তা গোপন গূঢ়, তা ডেকে দেখাবার জিনিষ নয়। সেই গভীর কাজ সকলপ্রকার বিরুদ্ধতার মধ্যেও এখানে চলেছিল।

এই নিশ্চয় বিরুদ্ধতার উপকারিতা আছে। যেমন জমির অতুর্করতা কঠিন প্রযত্নের দ্বারা দূর করে তবে ফসল ফলাতে হয়, তবেই তার উৎপাদনী শক্তি হয়, তার রসসঞ্চার হয়। দুঃখের বিষয় বাংলার চিন্তক্ষেত্র অতুর্কর, কোনো প্রতিষ্ঠানকে স্থায়ী করবার পক্ষে তা অতুর্কুল নয়। বিনাকারণে বিদ্রোহের দ্বারা পীড়া দেয় যে দুর্ভিক্ষ, তা গড়া জিনিষকে ভাঙে, সংকল্পকে আবাত করে, অন্ধার সঙ্গে কিছুকে গ্রহণ করে না। এখানকার এই যে প্রচেষ্টা রক্ষিত হয়েছে, তা কঠিনতাকে প্রতিহত করেই বেঁচেছে। অর্থবর্ষণের প্রভ্রম পেলে হয়তো এর আত্মসত্য রক্ষা করা দুর্ভূত হত, অনেক জিনিষ আসত খ্যাতির দ্বারা আকৃষ্ট হয়ে, যা বাঞ্ছনীয় নয়। তাই এই অগ্যাতির মধ্য দিয়ে এই বিজ্ঞালয় বেঁচে উঠেছে।

এক সময় এল যখন এর পরিধি বাড়বার দিকে গেল। বিধুশেখর শাস্ত্রী মহাশয় বলেন, দেশের যে টোল চতুষ্পাঠী আছে তা সংকীর্ণ, তা একালের উপযোগী নয় তাকে বিস্তৃত করে পাশ্চাত্য শিক্ষার সঙ্গে যুক্ত করে দেশের শিক্ষাপ্রণালীকে কালোপযোগী করতে হবে। আমারও এই কথাটা মনে লেগেছিল। আমার তখনকার বিজ্ঞালয় শুধু বালকদের শিক্ষায়তন ছিল, এত বড়ো বৃহৎ অস্থিষ্ঠানের কথা মনে হয়নি এবং তাতে সফলকাম হব বলেও ভাবি নি। শাস্ত্রীমশায় তখন কালীতে সংস্কৃত মাসিকপত্রের সম্পাদক ও সাহিত্যচর্চা করছিলেন। তিনি এখানে এসে জুটলেন। তখন পালিভাষা ও শাস্ত্রে তিনি প্রবীণ ছিলেন না, প্রথম আমার অনুরোধেই তিনি এই শাস্ত্রে জ্ঞানলাভ করতে ত্রতী হলেন।

ধীরে ধীরে এখানকার কাজ আরম্ভ হল। আমার মনে হল, যে, দেশের শিক্ষাপ্রণালীর ব্যাপকতাসাধন করতে হবে। তখন এমন কোনো বিশ্ববিজ্ঞালয় ছিল না যেখানে সর্বদেশের বিজ্ঞাকে গৌরবের স্থান দেওয়া হয়েছে। সব যুনিভার্সিটিতে শুধু পরীক্ষাপাশের জটাই পাঠ্যবিধি হয়েছে, সেই শিক্ষাব্যবস্থা স্বার্থসাধনের দীনতায় পীড়িত, বিজ্ঞাকে অন্ধার সঙ্গে গ্রহণের কোনো চেষ্টা নেই। তাই মনে হল এখানে মুক্তভাবে বিশ্ববিজ্ঞালয়ের শাসনের বাইরে এমন প্রতিষ্ঠান গড়ে তুলব যেখানে সর্ববিজ্ঞার মিলনক্ষেত্র হবে। সেই সাধনার ভার ঋণ গ্রহণ করলেন ধীরে ধীরে তাঁরা এসে জুটলেন।

আমার শিশু-বিজ্ঞালয়ের বিস্তৃতি সাধন হল,—সভা-সমিতি মন্ত্রণাসভা ডেকে নয়, অল্প পরিসর প্রারম্ভ থেকে ধীরে ধীরে এর বৃদ্ধি হল। তার পর কালক্রমে কী করে এর কর্ম পরিধি ব্যাপ্ত হল তা সকলে জানেন।

আমাদের কাজ যে কিছু সফল হয়েছে আমাদের কর্মীদের চোখে তার স্পষ্ট প্রতিরূপ ধরা পড়ে না, তারা সন্দিগ্ধ হয়, বাহ্যিক ফলে অসন্তোষ প্রকাশ করে। তাই এক একবার আমাদের কর্মের সার্থকতা কোথায় তা দেখতে ইচ্ছা হয়, নইলে পরিতুষ্টি হয় না। এবার কলকাতা থেকে আসার পর নিকটবর্তী গ্রামের লোকেরা আমায় নিয়ে গেল—তাদের মধ্যে বড়ো আনন্দ হল,

মনে হল এই তো ফললাভ হয়েছে; এই জায়গায় শক্তি প্রসারিত হল; হৃদয়ে হৃদয়ে তা বিস্তৃত হল। পরীক্ষার ফল ছোটো কথা, এই তো ফললাভ, আমরা মানুষের মনকে জাগাতে পেরেছি। মানুষ বুঝেছে আমরা তাদের আপন। গ্রামবাসীদের সরল হৃদয়ে এখানকার প্রভাব সঞ্চারিত হল, তাদের আত্মশক্তির উদ্বোধন হল।

আমার মরবার আগে এই ব্যাপার দেখে খুঁসি হয়েছি। এই যে এরা ভালোবেসে ডাকল এরা আমাদের কাছে থেকে শ্রদ্ধা ও শক্তি পেয়েছে। এ জনতা ডেকে 'মহতীসভা' করা নয়, খবরের কাগজের লক্ষ্যগোচর কিছু ব্যাপার নয়। কিন্তু এই গ্রামবাসীর ডাক এ আমার হৃদয়ে স্পর্শ করল। মনে হল দীপ জ্বলেছে, হৃদয়ে হৃদয়ে তার শিখা প্রদীপ্ত হল, মানুষের শক্তির আলোক হৃদয়ে হৃদয়ে উদ্ভাসিত হল।

এই যে হল, এ কোনো একজনের কৃতিত্ব নয়, সকল কর্মীর চেষ্টা চিন্তা ও ত্যাগের দ্বারা, সকলের মিলিত কর্ম এই সমগ্রকে পুষ্ট করেছে। তাই ভরসার কথা এ কৃত্রিম উপায়ে হয়নি। কোনো ব্যক্তিবিশেষকে আশ্রয় করে এ কাজ হয়নি। ভয় নেই, প্রাণশক্তির সঞ্চার হয়েছে, আমাদের অবর্তমানে এই অল্পটান জীর্ণ ও লক্ষ্যভ্রষ্ট হবে না।

আমরা জনসাধারণকে আপন সংকল্পের অন্তর্গত করতে পেরেছি,—এই প্রতিষ্ঠান তার অভিমুখে চলেছে। অল্প পরিমাণে এক জায়গাতেই আমরা ভারতের সমস্তার সমাধান করব। রাজনীতির ঔদ্ধত্য নয়, সহজভাবে দেশবাসীদের আত্মীয়রূপে বরণ করে তাদের নিয়ে এখানে কাজ করব। তাদের ভোটাধিকার নিয়ে বিশ্ববিজয়ী হতে না পারি, তাদের সঙ্গে চিন্তের আদান প্রদান হবে, তাদের সেবায় নিযুক্ত হবে। তারাও দেবে, আমাদের কাছ থেকে নেবে এই সর্ব ভারতের কাজ এখানে হবে।

একসময়ে আমার কাছে প্রশ্ন আসে, তৎকালীন স্বদেশী আন্দোলনে কেন যোগ দিচ্ছি না? আমি বলি, সকলের মধ্যে যে উদ্বেজনা আমার কাজকে তা অগ্রসর করবে না। শুধু একটি বিশেষ প্রণালীর দ্বারাই যে সত্যসাধনা হয় আমি তা মনে করি না। তাই আমি

বলি যে, এই প্রশ্নের উত্তর যখন এখানে পূর্ণ হ'য়ে উঠবে তখন একদিন তা সকলের গোচর হবে। যা আমি সত্য বলে মনে করেছি সে উত্তরের জোগান হয়তো এখান থেকেই হবে।

সেই অপেক্ষায় ছিলাম। সত্যের মধ্যে সন্ধীর্ণতা নেই। সকল বিভাগে মনুষ্যত্বের সাধনা প্রসারিত। দল বাড়াবার সন্ধীর্ণ চেষ্টার মধ্যে সেই সত্যের থরথরতা হয়।

আধুনিক কালের মানুষের ধারণা যে, বিজ্ঞাপনের দ্বারা সংকল্পের ঘোষণা করতে হয়। দেখি যে আজকাল কখনো কখনো বিশ্বভারতীর কর্ম নিয়ে পত্রলেখকেরা সংবাদপত্রে লিখে থাকেন। এতে ভয় পাই, এদিকে লক্ষ্য হলে সত্যের চেয়ে খ্যাতিকে বড়ো করা হয়। সত্য স্বল্পকে অবজ্ঞা করে না, অবাস্তবকে ভয় করে, তাই খ্যাতির কোলাহলকে আশ্রয় করতে সে কুণ্ঠিত। কিন্তু আধুনিককালের ধর্ম ব্যাপ্তির দ্বারা কাজকে বিচার করা, গভীরতার দ্বারা নয়। তার পরিণাম হয়, গাছের ডাল-পালার পরিব্যাপ্তির মতো, তাতে ফল হয় কম।

আমি একসময়ে নিভৃত ছুঃখ পেয়েছি অনেক, কিন্তু তাতে শাস্তি ছিল। আমি খ্যাতি চাই নি পাই নি বরং অখ্যাতিই ছিল। মনুষ্য বলেচেন—সম্মানকে বিষের মতো জানবে। অনেককাল কর্মের পুরস্কার স্বরূপে সম্মানের দাবী করি নি। একলা আপনার কাজ করেছি, সহ-যোগিতার আশা ছেড়েই দিয়েছি। আশা করলে পাবার সম্ভাবনা ছিল না। তেমন স্থলে বাহ্যিকভাবে না পাওয়াই স্বাভাবিক।

বিশ্বভারতীর এই প্রতিষ্ঠান যে যুগে যুগে সার্থক হতেই থাকবে তা বলে নিজেই ভুলিয়ে কী হবে। মোহমুক্তমনে নিরাশী হয়েই যথাসাধ্য কাজ করে যেতে পারি যেন। বিধাতা আমাদের কাছে কাজ দানী করেন কিন্তু আমরা তাঁর কাছে ফল দাবী করলে তিনি তার হিসাব গোপনে রাখেন, নগদ মজুরী চুকিয়ে দিয়ে আমাদের প্রয়াসের অবমাননা করেন না। তা ছাড়া আজ আমরা যে সংকল্প করেছি আগামী কালেও যে অবিকল তারই পুনরাবৃত্তি চলবে কালের সে ধর্ম নয়।

ভাবী কালের দিকে আমরা পথ তৈরি করে দিতে পারি কিন্তু গম্য স্থানকে আমার আজকের দিনের কুচি ও বুদ্ধি দিয়ে একেবারে পাকা কবে দেব এ হতেই পারে না। যদি অন্ধ মমতায় তাই করে দিই তাহলে সে আমাদের মৃত সঙ্কল্পের সমাধিস্থান হবে। আমাদের যে চেষ্টা বর্তমানে জন্ম গ্রহণ করে, সময় উপস্থিত হলে তার অস্ত্যাপ্তি

সংকার হবে, তার দ্বারা সত্যের দেহ-মুক্তি হবে কিন্তু তার পরে নবজন্মে তার নব দেহ ধারণের আহ্বান আসবে এই কথা মনে রেখে—

নাভিনন্দেত মরণং নাভিনন্দেত জীবিতম্
কালমেব প্রতীক্ষেত নিদেহং ভূতকো যথা। *

প্রাক্তন ছাত্রছাত্রীদের প্রতি

[৮ই পৌষ সকালে আশ্রমিক-সংঘের অধিবেশনের পর প্রাক্তন ছাত্রছাত্রীরা ‘আমাদের শান্তিনিকেতন’ এই গানটি গাহিতে গাহিতে গুরুদেবের গৃহে প্রণাম নিবেদন করিতে যায়, সে সময়ে তিনি তাহাদের সম্বোধন করিয়া যাহা বলেন তাহার অনুলিপি নীচে উদ্ধৃত হইল।]

আজকের দিনে তোমরা আশ্রমের প্রাক্তন ছাত্র-ছাত্রীরা এই যে মিলিত হয়েছ, এ বিশেষ আনন্দের কথা। শান্তিনিকেতনের যে বাহু-প্রকৃতির রূপ—ঘরবাড়ি, সেটি এর বড়ো পরিচয় নয়, তোমরা এখানকার অধিবাসীরা তোমাদের যে প্রাণের অংশ এখানে দিয়ে গেছ, এর ইতিহাসে সেইটিই সব চেয়ে বড়ো কথা। প্রতিক্ষেপে এখানে যে প্রাণের প্রবাহ চলেছে, এখানকার স্তরে স্তরে যে প্রাণের পলি পড়েছে তাই এখানকার ইতিহাসে রয়ে গেছে, সেটি এর শ্রেষ্ঠ সম্পদ। তোমাদের যে প্রত্যেকের নাম এখানে গাঁথা হয়ে রইল তা নয়, কিন্তু শান্তিনিকেতনের সঙ্গে তোমাদের যতটুকু যথার্থ সত্য সম্বন্ধ হল ততটুকু তোমরা এখানে দান করে গেলে। এখানকার যে বাইরের বিধিবিধান, তার ভার অধ্যাপকদের উপর, এর পরিচালনার দ্বারা কোনো একভাবে চলবেই, কিন্তু এখানের যে প্রাণের ঐক্যধারা তার ভার তোমাদের প্রাক্তনদের উপর। ভবিষ্যতে তোমাদের অন্তরের প্রীতি

এই অন্তর্ধানকে গঠিত করবে এই কথা ভাবতে আমি ভালোবাসি।

আমি যখন প্রথম এই অন্তর্ধান স্থাপন করি তখন বাংলা দেশের নানা জেলা থেকে ছাত্র এখানে এসেছিল; বিশেষতঃ পূর্ববঙ্গের। আমি প্রতিদিন দেখেছি, তারা আমাদের আত্মীয়তার সম্বন্ধটি ভোলে নি; আশ্রম থেকে দূরে গেলেও তাদের এই যোগ ছিল হবার নয়, তাদের মনের মধ্যে এই ভাবটি আমি লক্ষ্য করেছি। তপনকার ছাত্ররা বার, বার ফিরে ফিরে এখানে এসেছে, পরবর্তী ছাত্রদের আত্মীয় বলে দেখেছে, বড়োদের ‘দাদা’ বলে স্নেহের সম্পর্ক জানিয়েছে; আশ্রমের বাইরে যেখানেই তারা মিলিত হয়েছে পরম আত্মীয়তার যোগে যুক্ত হয়েছে।

আশ্রমের এই প্রীতির ধারাটি লক্ষ্য করে আমার বিশেষ আনন্দ হয়েছিল। মনে হয়েছিল এই অন্তর্ধানকে অবলম্বন করে বঙ্গদেশবাসীরা এক পরম আত্মীয়তার যোগ স্থাপিত হবে, বাংলার নাড়ির সঙ্গে শান্তিনিকেতনের গভীর যোগ হবে। তার পর সৌভাগ্যক্রমে এই আশ্রমের সঙ্গে নানা দেশবিদেশের যোগ হল, এর পরিধির বিস্তার হল। কিন্তু সেই মূল আদর্শটি এখানে রয়ে গেছে। এখানকার ছাত্ররা উপাধি নিয়ে চলে যাবে,

পরীক্ষাপাশের মস্ত্রের মার্কামারা হয়ে বেরোবে, এর জন্ত এখানে আমি আমার শক্তি নিয়োগ করিনি। আমি তো যান্ত্রিক নই, হাইড্রলিক প্রেসের চাপে যেমন কারখানার মাল তৈরী হয়, তেমনি দাগা দেবার যন্ত্র এখানে পাকা হয়ে থাকবে, এ আমার সংকল্প নয়। যাতে প্রাণের ধ্বংস নেই তেমন বিচায়তনে আমার উৎসাহ নেই। আমি ছাত্র-সখ্যার বৃদ্ধির দাবী রাখি নে, যদি হৃদয়ের প্রেমের সূত্রে ভক্তি ও প্রীতির দ্বারা এই আশ্রম দূরে দূরে ভারতের সীকল মানুষকে বাঁধতে পাবে, যদি এই আশ্রমে বিশ্বপ্রাণের রূপটি ব্যক্ত হয় তবেই যথার্থ সফলতা লাভ হবে।

আশ্রমের সেই প্রাণের রূপের পরিচয় সাধনের ভার তোমাদের উপর রয়েছে। ভারতবর্ষের মধ্যে এখানে এমন একটি কেন্দ্র হোক যেখানে সর্বভারতের সঙ্গে প্রাণের যোগসূত্র গ্রথিত হবে, যেখানে মানব হৃদয়ের একটি মিলনক্ষেত্র হবে। তোমরা প্রাক্তন ছাত্রছাত্রীরা এখানে ফিরে ফিরে এসে এই প্রতিষ্ঠানের মূলগত সেই একান্ত অকৃত্রিম প্রীতিকে ব্যক্ত করেছ। যদি এই আশ্রমের সঙ্গে ছাত্রদের আধ্যাত্মিক সম্বন্ধ প্রবল হয়, সত্য হয়, তবেই এখানকার ভাবটি দেশে দেশে বিস্তীর্ণ হবে এবং আমার জীবনব্যাপী চেষ্টা ও ত্যাগের সাংকত হবে।

তোমরা কখনো মনে কোরো না যে পরীক্ষায় বেশী মার্ক পেলো বা কন্মজীবনে বেশী খ্যাতি লাভ করলে এর দ্বারা আশ্রমকে যথার্থ বিচার করবে। তোমরা জানো, এই অস্থানকে অনেক নিন্দা ও বিরুদ্ধতা সহ করতে হয়েছে। কারণ বাঙালীর ধর্মই নিন্দাবাদ করা, দেশবাসীর স্বভাব সর্বকক্ষে অহৈতুকী প্রতিকূলতা করা, চিত্তদৈন্তবশতঃ তারা সকল প্রচেষ্টাকে ছোটো করতে চায়। তোমাদের

এই প্রীতি ও নিষ্ঠার সহযোগিতা তাই একে বাঁচাবে। তোমরা সকলে সংসারক্ষেত্রে সম্মান না পেতে পারো কিন্তু আশ্রমের প্রতি তোমাদের এই প্রীতি এখানকার ইতিহাসের পৃষ্ঠায় লেখা থাকবে, এর ইতিবৃত্তে তোমরা বড়ো স্থান নেবে।

ভারতের এই একটি কেন্দ্রে বিজ্ঞা ও প্রাণের সঙ্গে গভীর যোগ সাধনের চেষ্টা হয়েছে, আমি আশ্রমের ভিতরকার এই লক্ষ্যটি কখনো ক্ষুণ্ণ হতে দিই নি। ৩০ বছরের উর্দ্ধকাল যে দুঃখ দিয়ে এর আদর্শকে বহন করেছি তার ইতিহাস কোথাও লিপিবদ্ধ থাকবে না, তা তোমরা কেউ জানবে না, অল্প লোকের সঙ্গেই তার পরিচয় আছে। আমার এই দীর্ঘজীবনের প্রয়াস সার্থক হবে, যদি তোমরা এর অন্তর্নিহিত সত্যটিকে উপলব্ধি করো। শুধু বিধিবিধানের মধ্য দিয়ে নয়, কিন্তু তোমরা জীবনের যে ছাপ এখান থেকে পেলো তার চিহ্ন দিয়ে তোমাদের শুদ্ধ প্রীতি নিষ্ঠা ও ত্যাগের দ্বারা একে রক্ষা করতে হবে। অল্প বিদ্যালয় শুধু মাইনের দাবী রাখে, এই আশ্রম এখানকার ছাত্রদের কাছে ত্যাগের দাবী করে। তোমাদের সেই কল্যাণকামনা ও ত্যাগের দ্বারা এর সত্যটিকে পরিপুষ্ট করতে হবে। দূরে নিকটে যে অবস্থায় থাকো, মনে রেখো, তোমাদের আত্মদানের উপর আশ্রমের আদর্শ নির্ভর করছে।

আমি নিজের জীবনের যা দিয়েছি তার প্রতিদান চাইনি। এই আশ্রমে যে তুর্ল্ল্য সত্য কাজ করছে—এখানকার পাঠ ও শিক্ষাপ্রণালীর উর্দ্ধে যে সত্তা আছে,—তোমরা প্রাক্তন ছাত্রছাত্রীরা তা গ্রহণের দ্বারা এই আশ্রমের সঙ্গে যুক্ত হও, তোমরা আশ্রমকে এই প্রতিদান করো। *

অবসান হোলো রাত্তি ।
 নিবাইয়া ফেলো কালিমামলিন
 ঘরের কোণের বাতি ।
 নিখিলের আলো পূর্ব আকাশে
 জ্বলিল পুণ্যদিনে—
 এক পথে যারা চলিবে তাহারা
 সকলেরে নিক চিনে ।

The night has ended.

Put all the light of the lamp
 of thine own corner smudged with smoke.
 The great morning appears for all
 in the Eastern sky.
 Let its light reveal to each others
 those who walk on the same path.

—Rabindranath.

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VISVA-BHARATI NEWS



Volume I.

February, 1933

Number Eight

Yes, it is my own wish that my seeking
 may never come to its end.
I desire not final fruits
 for they become a burden when gained.
They arrive in their own time,
 they drop to the dust,
 then comes the chance for my flowers to blossom anew.
Let me not fear the struggle of endeavour
 and be sure of the giving that is endless
 and the delight of receiving
 in constant recurrence.

December, 1932

Rabindranath Tagore

Visva-Bharati

Members of the Samsad (Governing body), 1933.

Office-bearers for 1932-33.

Acharya (Founder-President) : Rabindranath Tagore.

Upacharya (Vice-President) ; Charu Chandra Dutt.

Artha-Sachiva (Treasurer) : Debendra Mohan Bose.

Karma-Sachiva (General Secretary) :—
Rathindranath Tagore.

Asst. Karma-Sachiva : Kishorimohan Santra.

Sriniketan-Sachiva (Local Secretary, Sriniketan) : Gourgopal Ghosh.

Secretary, Publishing Board : Charuchandra Bhattacharya.

Members of the Samsad for 1933-34.

Pramathanath Banerjee, Suniti Kumar Chatterjee, Kshitimohan Sen, Kalidas Nag, Sudhir Kumar Lahiri, Surendranath Tagore, Amiya Chandra Chakravarty, Kishorimohan Santra, Anil Home, Dhirendranath Mitra, Hiralal Ray, Nihar Ranjan Ray, Bijay Bihari Mukherjee, Atul Prosad Sen, M. R. Jayakar, D. J. Irani, L. K. Elmhirst, Jitendramohan Sen, Sushobhan Chandra Sarkar, Pramoda Ranjan Ghosh, E. W. Ariam, Hembala Sen, Probbhat Kumar Mukherjee, Vidhushekhara Bhattacharya, Nepalchandra Ray, Asha Adhikari, Kalimohan Ghosh, P. C. Lal, P. C. Mahalanobis, Hiron Kumar Sanyal, Surendra Nath Kar, Dhirendramohan Sen, and the representative of the Ashramika Sangha, to be announced later.

Alumni News

The Annual meeting of the Ashramika Sangha was held at Santiniketan on the 23rd

December, 1932. Pradyotkumar Sen presided. The secretary read his minutes and submitted the annual accounts, which were accepted. On the resignation of the last year's office bearers the following were elected for the year 1933—34, as the members of the executive committee :—

Rathindranath Tagore—Treasurer.

Dhirendramohan Sen—Secretary.

Saroj Ranjan Choudhury—Asst. Secretary
Gouri Bhanja Choudhury } Members
Kshemendramohan Sen }

The Executive Committee was empowered to elect the representative to the Samsad. Of the items of the meeting these may be noted. The life membership fund has reached only the sum Rs. 500/ and the secretary appealed to all the members of the Sangha to collect twenty-five life members, to put the Sangha in a financially safe position. The debt on account of the construction of the Ashramika-Sangha Cottage has almost been cleared and it is certain that by the end of this year the debt will be paid up. The General Secretary, Visva-Bharati, has agreed to consider the question of lending a room at 210, Cornwallis St., Calcutta, to the Calcutta branch of the Sangha, to be used as a Reading Room in the evening. It is hoped that the arrangement for the reading room will be completed this month.

...

The Ashramika Sangha has collected a small fund to help deserving students at Santiniketan. About six stipends of five rupees each will be awarded this year.

...

Marriage : Rama Mukherjee, formerly a student at Sikshabhavana, to A. B. Chakravarty of Bhagalpur, on the 18th Jan., 1933.

—Savitri Govind, formerly a student of Kalabhavana, to B. Muddukrishna, on the 23rd Dec., 1932.

Welcome Address to Prof. Davoud.

To Aga Poure—Davoud,

We welcome you who have come as a messenger of the great Persian civilization to our land ; we welcome you on behalf of Santiniketan and of India.

In different chapters of our history India has communed with your culture ; through art and literature and philosophy we have built up a comradeship of civilization. Those were the golden days of Asia's self-expression, when inspite of barriers of language and distance her neighbouring continents carried on a commerce of the spirit, rich in the wealth of realization, of wisdom garnered from many fields of effort and achievement.

Centuries of oblivion have intervened, the dust of time has covered up relics of India's kinship with Iran. But the memory of that ancient union still runs in our blood, and in this great Age of Asia's awakening we are once more discovering our affinities, we are rescuing from the debris of vanished ages the undying memorials of our co-operation.

You have come to us with that message of Asia's awakening. Once more we are to light our lamps which ages ago Iran and India placed together on the altar of Asia's common culture. The hymns we then sung in languages closely allied will yet again reverberate

under Asia's sky ; we shall unite our hearts and our minds in quest of the inmost truths of our soul.

We of Asia are profoundly grateful to your great Monarch who with his indomitable personality and far-reaching creative vision has ushered in a new age in Persia and inspired the neighbouring countries with a spirit of self-reliance and hope. We take this occasion to offer him our deep appreciation of his gracious friendliness in having invited me to his kingdom and given me a taste of Persia's magnanimous hospitality, and in thus lending your services to our Visva-bharati in Santiniketan. No more wonderful manner of expressing his cordial fellowship could be chosen than thus sending to us one of the noblest emissaries of Persia's culture.

Great is our joy today that we welcome you, our friend from Iran, to this Ashrama of Santiniketan, where we have taken up the task of revealing the deepest mind of Asia. May our collaboration bind Persia and India close together in ties of intimate comradeship, uniting us once again in the responsibility jointly shared of restoring to the modern age the great gift which Asia has to offer to humanity.

January 9, 1933.

Rabindranath Tagore

Reply by Prof. Davoud.

After the return of your revered Dr. Tagore and Dinshaw Irani from Iran in June last, my friend Dinshaw wrote to me at Berlin in July last and informed me to my great delight that the Persian Government had decided to establish a Chair of Iranian Culture at the Visva-Bharati University and that the Government had done me the honour by offering to me the occupancy of the Chair as its first Professor.

There were many difficulties in my way which need not be recounted here, and which made me think at one time that I may be forced to refuse the honour. However, my love for India, the country of the second half of our great Indo-Aryan race, and my still greater love for your revered President Dr. Rabindranath Tagore's ideal, and the idea and ideal with which my country's Government were moved, made me brush aside all difficulties, irrespective of their results, and thus today I find myself amongst you.

My first sojourn in India had lasted for two years and six months, from November 1925 to May 1926. I had not then the happiness of seeing the poet of the East and its message-bearer to the West, and in consequence, always a feeling of want had been left in my heart. The force of circumstances prevented me from fulfilling all my wishes. In Europe too, with expectant heart, I was wanting to see him in Berlin, but your President was not able to make a diversion to that city in 1930. And specially when in 1932, I heard of the poet's visit to Persia, my heart ached to realise that when all my colleagues and friends there would have the happiness of meeting the great poet-philosopher of India, I was singled out by

an unkind fate to remain outside, and satisfied myself by reading merely the accounts of the visit with my hungry and jealous eyes.

I was utterly ignorant however, that the fate was very kind to me and was reserving for me a much better lot. For lo, not only in the holy land of Tagore himself, but in his very home and in the centre of the University founded by him, I have the happiness to be in his company for a length of time, and as our Persian poet says :—"The ball is within the loop of my bat, to carry it to the goal of victorious desire."

In my first journey, side by side with the work which was entrusted to me, I tried my very best to increase the knowledge of the ancient religion of Persia, which I was successful in doing by my studies here and by coming into contact with the Parsi scholars of Bombay. This journey too, I have undertaken more in the spirit of a humble student, than of a proud professor. I am quite sure, whilst giving to you my friends, a picture of the civilisation and culture of my own beloved and sacred country, I will at the same time receive from you, as a student, more and more knowledge about the civilisation, culture and the philosophy of the great branch of my own Aryan race, who have made this country their own. I hope therefore, not only to be able to give my share in placing before the thinkers of this great country, some aspects of the great Iranian culture, but I hope to gather and store sufficient material to be able in future to supplement and complete my own studies of the ancient culture of this country, and place the result before my own countrymen in Persia of today.

I know and realise that many and many have preceded me in the path which I am now taking. India, our neighbour,—India with a nation, claiming the same descent as ours have always been in the closest of contacts with Iran, although because of the vicissitudes of time, we had allowed through neglect, the old ties to be sundered. Just as a poet had grieved about the result of a famine in Damascus when he said :—

“Such a year of famine overtook the city of Damascus.

That friends forgot to bear love for friends.” We too, intimate neighbours, have practically become like strangers to each other. We are waking up, however, from our sleep of indifference and are going to resume our ancient friendship and re-tie the knots that were unloosened by neglect. And this we must do, unless we too wish to let go from our hands our great spiritual inheritance—the Aryan wisdom, and become soul-less and Godless machines of efficiency as in the west.

I am very happy therefore, that after years and years, I am the first person to be officially sent by Iran to India and I hope that like my predecessor, the famous Albiruni (1100 A. D.) whose achievements I may only try to copy, I may try to learn and understand the culture of India too, and write a book for my own country in consequence.

The journey of Dr. Tagore to Persia, very particularly drew the attention of the Persians to India, and just as my dear country is anxious to place before you its culture, ancient and modern, so is it anxious to know about your culture too.....In conclusion therefore, I repeat that I have come not only to lecture before you in my humble way about the culture of Iran, but I have come in the spirit of a student, to make a comparative study of the sister cultures of Iran and India ; for, as students we meet best in the University of the world, and help in spreading the ideal for which the Visva Bharati was founded by its great founder, and for which it stands today.

Poure-Davoud.

Address to the Indo-Japanese Association *

Some years ago I had the real meeting with Japan when a great original mind, from these shores came in our midst. He was our guest for a long time and he had immense inspiration for the young generation of Bengal in those days which immediately preceded a period of a sudden ebullition of national self-assertion in our country. The voice of the East came from him to our young men. That was a significant fact, a memorable one in my own life. And he asked them to make

it their mission in life to give some great expression of the human spirit worthy of the East. It is the responsibility which every nation has, to reveal itself before the world, Obscurity should be considered almost as a national crime, it is worse than death and is never forgiven by the history of man. The people must bring out the best in them which belongs to the magnanimity of their soul which is their wealth that exceeds their immediate and exclusive needs and recognizes

* Address delivered on the 15th of May, 1929, at the Kogyu Kurbu (Industrial Club Tokyo).

its responsibility to send cultural and spiritual invitation to the rest of the world. He asked our young men to cherish in their heart a strong faith and a deep pride in their past where they enshrine the vision of the noblest ideals of heroism ; of devotion to truth and freedom, devotion to the eternal laws of righteousness and this, not as a critical scholar, laboriously picking up evidences of actual facts, but as a devotee lovingly conscious of the ideals incarnated in ancient legends, in epics, in mythological creations. He said that if they could maintain a simple attitude of worshipful mind towards a great eternal idea which is the East, they would be able to summon up the strength to suffer martyrdom in their aspiration for a glorious future. He mentioned as an instance of this truth the writing of the great history of Japan in which has been treasured the inspiration of the best ideals of this country for the coming generations of her children, not a critical history of facts but of truth which is deep in the memory of the people. My friend, of whom I have spoken, was a true Japanese and I am sure that because of this abundant truth in him he could deeply understand the other Eastern peoples. And a great opportunity it was for us to see with what natural ease he could share the life of our own people, and inspire in their heart an aspiration not only for the good of their own country but for all humanity. He was one of those who had the gift of sympathetic insight which could discover some abiding human truth from all obscure corners, and detect significant meanings from the most insignificant facts, which are often overlooked. And it was this gift through which he had helped our young generation to know better their own land, to discover the treasure of culture which lies hidden in the national mind for the people, and they had wonderful days of ecstasy and enthusiasm so

long as he was in their midst. With an eager love he identified himself with the youngmen of those days, and they still remember him. The movements to which he gave impetus are still working in our province, and one of those was the art movement in Bengal, which he had helped with his sympathy, understanding, and imagination, his instinct and experience about principles of art. Those youngmen who sat near him and listened to his words day after day are still reaping the benefit of that fruitful opportunity in the morning of their youth. Well, that was a very real meeting which happened in our country,—meeting with Japan. And I assure you, my friends, that this meeting had the effect of drawing the heart of our people in Bengal towards your country more than any other fact that has happened since then, or before that time. It was that personal relationship, personal influence, in which he represented the best of Japan. I say best, because it transcended all local and temporary interests of Japan in its love and sympathy ; and he worked, worked day and night among a people whose language he hardly understood, and this very fact was an education for us. I remember when I used to accompany him to some of our village fairs and other places outside the town, what subtle sensitiveness he displayed for things that had some permanent value which was not evident to those who were familiar with them. He would often buy some very cheap things, like simple clay oil pots that peasants use, with ecstasy of admiration ; some things in which we had failed to realise the instinct for beauty which these unsophisticated villagers possessed without their knowing its merit. And then, after over six months in India, he left our country ; but his experience, the sentiment which was evoked in his mind, he has given expression to in a very remarkable book full of suggestive

beauty, and a part of which is named, "Ideals of the East". Then I had the privilege of meeting him once again in America, in Boston, when he was the Curator of the Boston Museum, Oriental Department, and I found what profound admiration he inspired among those cultured Americans of Boston who came into contact with him. On this occasion of our last meeting he was almost mortally ill and intending to come back to his native soil. He asked me to visit China, promised that he would take me over that country himself personally and show me the real China which is not quite evident to the shallow curiosity of the ordinary tourist mind. He expressed very profound respect for China. That also revealed his great personality to me. His deep sympathy for India did touch us very greatly ; but then I found that it was nothing which was special in its limit ; it was only one of the manifestations of his understanding mind, his generous human sympathy. It enhanced my respect for him to know that he had almost a feeling of reverence for the neighbouring country of his, for which very often your people have not their full measure of sympathy and appreciation. He was far above those local and petty prejudices which blind our vision to all that is great in races to which we do not belong ourselves. According to him, China was a great country with endless possibilities ; that the genius which her past history revealed, leaving its innumerable memorials scattered everywhere in that land, still lived in the heart of the people. It was his wish that I should know and acknowledge this ; and that was another good help which he rendered me. It at once strengthened my interest for that ancient land, my faith in her future, because I could trust him when

he expressed his admiration for those people who are to day living in comparative obscurity, whose lamps of culture are not completely lit up, but who were according to him, waiting for another opportunity to have the fullness of illumination, shedding fresh glory upon the history of Asia. When I first met him I neither knew Japan nor had I any experience of China. I came to know both of these countries from the personal relationship with this great man whom I had the good fortune to meet and accept as one of my intimate friends. He was followed by three of your most renowned artists, one of whom is still living and I am sure has a universal reputation among his own countrymen, Yokoyama Taikwan ; and another young artist, who I believe is no longer living, Hishida ; and also another of them Katsuda. And they worked there, they lived with our students who were struggling to help their own instincts, find their inspiration from their own traditions and surroundings. Your artists from Japan were intimate with these young spirits of great promise and the memorial of that co-operation is still alive in the modern Art movement started in Bengal. I am glad to confess to you at this meeting that one of the influences which acted towards the awakening of spirit in Bengal flowed from the heart of that great man, Okakura, and I am specially grateful that through him one of the most fruitful periods of our modern history had its association with Japan. And if this association of culture and sympathy is allowed to grow then, someday, will be developed, not merely national cultures, national minds, but a continental mind of Asia, greatly needed and long waiting to be revealed.

(to be continued)

• Visva-bharati Extension Lectures, Winter Term.

LECTURER	SUBJECT	LANGUAGE	HOURS	DAYS
1. Rabindranath Tagore	The Religion of Man	Bengali	6-30 P. M.	Thursdays
2. Rathindranath Tagore	Evolution in Scientific Thought	English & Bengali	6-30 P. M.	Saturdays †
3. Anilkumar Chanda	Modern Political Theories	English	6-30 P. M.	Saturdays †
4. Nandalal Bose	On Art	Bengali	6-30 P. M.	Fridays
5. Prof. Pouré Davoud	On Persian Culture	English	6-30 P. M.	Sundays
6. G. D. Mullik	The Mystics of Sind	English	6-30 P. M.	Mondays
*7. Kshitimohan Sen	Literature of Rabindranath	Bengali	3 P. M.	Thurs. Sat. Mon.
8. G. Sahai	Economic Problems of Rural India	English	3 P. M.	Fridays
9. P. C. Lal	Trends in Modern Educ.	English	3 P. M.	Tuesdays
10. Kali Mohan Ghose	My Experiences in Rural Work	Bengali	3 P. M.	Sundays
*11. Amiyachandra Chakravarty	English Poetry	English	10 A. M.	Saturdays

* Not Public : Permission for attendance must be obtained from the lecturer.

† Fortnightly.

N. B. No lectures on full-moon and Utsava days. The dates of lectures cannot be altered ; undelivered lectures will be given on subsequent week-days. Alteration in hours is subject to general alteration in the time-table of the institution.

SANTINIKETAN,
18.1.33.

R. N. Tagore
Karma-Sachiva.

TALKS IN CHINA

BY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A collection of lectures delivered in China during the Far Eastern Tour of the Poet
in May and June, 1924.

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== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



By Nandalal Bose

Volume I.

March, 1933

Number Nine

There has been related in one of our Bengali epics the legend of a merchant who was a devout worshipper of Shiva the Good, the Pure,—Shiva who represents the principle of renunciation and the power of self-control. This man was perpetually persecuted by a deity, the fierce Snake-goddess, who in order to divert his allegiance to herself inflicted the endless power of her malignance upon her victim. Through a series of failures, deaths and disasters he was at last compelled to acknowledge the superior merit of the divinity of frightfulness. The tragedy does not lie in the external fact of the transfer of homage from one shrine to the other, but in the moral defeat implied in the ascribing of a higher value of truth to the goddess of success,—the personification of unscrupulous egotism,—rather than to the god of moral perfection.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan

The waterworks at Santiniketan was opened by the Hon'ble Bijoy Prasad Singh Roy on the 11th Feb. at 8 A. M. Many distinguished visitors and the President attended the ceremony.

...

We regret to announce the death of Dr. C. H. Collins, at Adyar. Dr. Collins was engaged in research work from 1925 to 1931 at the Vidya-bhavana. He was invited by the Director General, Archaeological Survey of India in connection with his work on the Indus Seal. At Santiniketan, in addition to his research work Dr. Collins acted as a lecturer on Indo Iranian philology.

...

We record, also, with deep regret the sad death of Srimati Asoka Bose who was a student in the school department from 1927 to 1929. We offer our sincere condolence to the bereaved parents.

...

Asha Adhikari resigned her office as Rector on the 15th Feb, 1933, on grounds of health. Dhirendramohan Sen has been appointed in her place. It appears, from now onward, it will be the policy of the institution to run the college and the school as one unit as far as practicable.

...

Alumni News

The following will constitute the committee to award Ashramika-Sangha stipends at Santiniketan:—Rathindranath Tagore Satyendranath Bisi and Dhirendramohan Sen.

Marriage—Srimati Lila Roy, formerly an *Adhyapak* to Dr. S. K. Mazumdar in Calcutta on the 19th Feb., 1933.

Sriniketan

The following was the programme of the Anniversary of Sriniketan, the Institute of Rural Reconstruction:—

5th Feb Sunday:

Brati-balaka Rally 8 30 A. M.

Distribution of prizes and the General Meeting of Brati-balakas.

President: Dr. Bidhanchandra Ray 11 A. M.

Musical Entertainment,

Kavi etc. 4 P. M. onward

6th Feb. Monday:

The Annual Meeting of Sriniketan

Address by Rabindranath 8 A. M.

The 'Depressed Class' Conference

and *Nagara Kirtan*

President—Mr. Satcowripati Roy 1 P. M.

Musical Entertainment—

Yatra, Baul etc 6 P. M. onward

7th Feb. Tuesday:

The Annual Meeting of Visva bharati

Central Co-operative Bank 1 P. M.

Cattle Show. 4 30 P. M.

Musical Entertainment 6 P. M. onward

The Brati-balakas and their leaders are to be congratulated on their excellent performance in their rally this year. The boys of Siksha-Satra fought hard to retain their championship and they retained it with 33 points to their credit. The Brati balakas of Laldaha deserve a special mention for their excellent collection and their handicraft. On the 6th Feb. the arrival of the delegates to the "Depressed Class" Conference, could not fail to impress the onlookers with their enthusiasm and the organisers of the conference must have felt gratified that the pains they had taken were certainly rewarded.

Rammohan Roy

Rabindranath Tagore.

It takes time to understand and appreciate any rare personality who comes at an age when his country has lost itself and contradicts its own majesty. His voice sounds painfully discordant only because the people have allowed the strings of their own instrument to slacken and fail to make them harmonise with the music of truth which once originated in the sublime height of their nature.

Rammohan Roy was one such man who had been rudely rejected by his country which refused to be reminded of the responsibility of its great inheritance while clinging with desperate infatuation to its degeneracy. But the occasion was urgent and therefore his appearance in the midst of an angry annoyance was inevitable. He came to represent the change of season which must follow the long indigence of drought and bring the wealth of shower which inspires in the heart of a parched up bareness a magnificence of life. It seems like a bewildering surprise, such a shifting of scene, and its fulness of meaning must wait to be unfolded till the harvest ripens and the reapers no longer hesitate to acknowledge it. Rammohan came to his countrymen as an unwelcome accident stupendously out of proportion to his surroundings, and yet he was the man for whom our history has been watching through the night, the man who is to represent in his life the complete significance of the spirit and mission of the land to which he belonged. It was a lonely life, but it had for its comrades the noble path-seekers who preceded him in India,

whose courage was supreme in their adventure of truth.

It is a matter of infinite wonder that at an obscure age of narrow provincialism Rammohan should be able to bring as a gift to his people who did not understand him, the mind that in its generous sympathy and understanding comprehended the best aspiration of the East and West, the mind that opened to itself the confluence of cultures on which have ever come sailing great epochs of civilisation. The vision of the modern age with its multitude of claim and activities shone clear before his mind's eye and it was he who truly introduced it to his country before that age itself completely found its own mind.

We in India, have occasions bitterly to blame our destiny, we have reasons to deplore our past and despair of our future but at the same time we have the right to hope for the best when we know that Rammohan has been born to us. Such a marvellous fact has to be fully realised by us through series of years, and great as is the glory that it carries in itself, great will be our shame in proportion if we fail in the least to offer him our best recognition even after a century of his death. Let us be worthy to own him by our capacity to understand him and willingness to dedicate to him our proud homage of gratitude. For a long time we have kept him aloof from us as an alien and thus proved ourselves small, but the opportunity has come today when we can show that the country that produces great messengers of truth know how greatly to receive them.

Address to the Indo-Japanese Association

Rabindranath Tagore

(Continued from page 73)

My friends, you all know what a great force it is in Europe that these western peoples have such a thing as the continental concert of minds. It is a very real power, this cultural co-operation and bond of intellectual fellowship. It is a very great fact in human history. All the several countries of that continent contribute to a common coffer their individual wealth of mind and intellectual treasure has been accumulating for centuries in the West. The important fact which we have to keep in mind is that they do not all have one language. There was a time in the Middle Ages when Latin was the common language of culture but that was not the most glorious period of European civilization. There is no doubt that this classical language was the seedplot in which all the scholars of Europe had done their part of sowing the seeds. But then, when the shoots came up, the transplantation had to be done in different soils of languages that were living, and that was the great opportunity that Europe has had. And now, though the different European countries have different languages and also to some extent different temperaments, different kinds of gifts, still they have this marvellous illumination of a combined culture which now dominates the whole of the world because of a great power that has been generated with this intellectual and spiritual co-operation of minds. I believe that such good fortune has never occurred to any other continent, never such great truth of humanity revealed. It proved that when human minds with their respective capacities work together, a very great potent power is generated that has in it immortal life ; and this in the highest lesson

which we can accept from European civilization. When we talk about European civilization we use a term which is real in its meaning, it is an undoubted fact. But when they glibly talk of the Oriental mind and culture, they do not realize that we have not yet been able to develop a universal mind, a great background of Oriental cultures. Our cultures are too scattered. They yet have not any possibility of interconnection and owing to that they have their provincialism, something which is peculiar to each people with their idiosyncrasy and mannerism that generally has the character of stammering in them.

Peculiarity is not a thing of which we can be proud. Uniqueness of the individuals is great because that uniqueness has in it the essential element of universality. What is narrow in its range of expression, is exclusive, and therefore it does not give us a permanent strength of truth. There are certain qualities in your civilization, the gifts which Japan has, that are unique. They are most admirable, not because they are peculiar to Japan, but because, in their uniqueness, they carry a universal aspect which can be gladly accepted and proudly owned by other people, also if they have the opportunity and wisdom to do so. For instance, it should give us real delight when we find some perfect artistic expression in your soil, finding its way to India and to Europe. It is a narrow mind, void of light, that cannot feel the pride of it, pride for all humanity to be able to know that these things of eternal value have been produced in the history of man. And we can meet on this ground of culture, which, though unique in each individual race, has

its inexhaustible human appeal. Japan has offered her invitation to all time and to all parts of the world, in whatever is of immortal value in her work of self expression, in her art, in her traditions, that express some sensitive qualities of heart, her courtesy, and power of self control, great dignity of behaviour, which I have daily had the opportunity to admire, and deeply wished that our people also could receive inspiration from them without feeling the least sense of humiliation. Men are great borrowers, for when we borrow things of lasting merit from other people, we can claim our birthright to possess them. All real great things belong to all countries, and men of great genius cannot be confined in a classification to any one particular race or country. Such great geniuses have been born in all parts of the world spreading the brotherhood of men. These great hearts, who are like mountain peaks overtopping in their altitude, rise far above the soil that supports them and from that height, which is in the heart of the eternal, they can scan the distant horizons and realize the fundamental unity in all differences around them. You have, I am sure, such great minds in your country, who have their feet on the soil of this land and their minds in the sky,—the universal realm of visions—the visions which rise from great souls from all parts of the world and hover and mingle in a translucent atmosphere. I have had the great good fortune to know such individuals in the west and in the east, who have their pride in humanity who radiate influences round them which are for saving human races from race jealousy and suspicions bred of irrational prejudices. It is all the more needed in these dark days of dissensions, of cults of lies, messages from the height that rise above the dust and the mist of the baser passions of man. The voice from the calm of truth, the truth of human unity

and the hope of a dawn, when with the advent of height we shall be able to recognise in the faces of each other, the friends, the kindred. My friends, I feel certain that those of you who are listening to me today, know and have met such individuals among yourselves. It may be that they still live in obscurity; it may be that their names will never appear in history, but they are always disseminating light around them and are silently building up the salvation of man. I appeal to you who belong to Japan, who have shown indomitable courage and fortitude in the modern struggle of race, accepted the responsibility of the present age of progress and have taken your honoured place in the comity of nations. I appeal to you, be not content with the exclusive possession of what you have received from the hands of fortune. This is a time for you to be generous in your hospitality, the merit of which virtue is acknowledged by all peoples of the East. Hospitality to distant race should be an expression of patriotism for one's own country. Whenever I come to Japan I realise this in her atmosphere not only in evident acts and words but in all subtle shades of expression, in all your things of beauty. We that come from outside accept this call with gratitude. And at the same time, I must confess that because I feel almost a personal pride in this building up of your modern history, pride as an Asiatic, therefore, I often feel misgivings at any thing that casts dark shadows upon the course of your progress. I have sometimes suffered the pain of such doubts; haven't I seen in the West manifestations of the national pride which gloats on the humiliation of its neighbours and fellow-beings without knowing that such humiliation comes back to itself? I have seen in the West the immense, monstrous pride in some glory that they exclusively claim and want to

preserve for their own nation. Unfortunately in the wake of some other evils these germs from the diseased hearts of the nation have come to us floating from the West and our treatment of alien races in the East is beginning to show signs of that supercilious contempt and want of consideration which in the West is justified in the name of patriotism.

A great problem has come to you, my friends of Japan. Now you have something you never had in your history, you have a dependency. You have also a neighbouring nation which is not equal to you in its strength of arms. And you have to deal with these races, these neighbours to whom it is so dangerously easy for you to be unjust with impunity. May I be frank with you and say that when I chance to hear of some instances of ill-treatment to Koreans and to others who are less fortunate than yourselves, it hurts me very deeply causing keen disappointment? I have ever wished that Japan, on behalf of all Eastern peoples, will reveal an aspect of civilization which is generally ignored in other parts of the world. It should be greatly rich in the wealth of human relationship, even in its politics. The generosity in human relationship I claim as something special to the East. We do not acknowledge our human responsibilities to our neighbours, to our dependents, to all those who are related to us and this personal element in our civilization is something which we cannot afford to lose. Science impersonal, and scientific diplomacy and scientific organizations of all kinds are developing this aspect of impersonal dealings with human beings which, even if not always painful, is always humiliating. Certainly it is owing to this that industrial class wars are now being waged everywhere. The conflict between man and woman, between master and dependent, between neighbours, has become uncontrollable, because the bonds of human relationship have snapped

or become loose. Everything is ordered with a precision which is perfect, but mechanically perfect, which has callously divested itself of all elements of human sentiment, ignored all injunctions of the codes of honour that ever refused meanly to cling to calculating utility. More than once I have had opportunities to talk to the Koreans who brought their problems to me. I explained to them my views and said that with the changed conditions in the present age no small countries can expect protection in their geographical barriers, solely through their own small resources and imperfect training and education. And such helplessness has rendered all the weak spots of the human world danger-centres of political storms like areas of rarified air inevitably inviting a heavier host of wind to a turbulent rush of cyclone. No great nation, for the sake of self-preservation, can allow such weak spots in its neighbourhood to remain out of its control, for that is sure to afford vantage grounds to its enemies; and neither is it safe for the weaker people themselves to be left alone. And therefore the problems before the Koreans is to cultivate the moral strength which will enable them establish a mutual relationship, honourable for both sides. The moral danger is no less great for the people who unfortunately have the evil opportunity of exercising absolute power upon a weaker race, and for the sake of keeping up a high standard of national character which after all is the only source of permanent strength for the people it is imperatively necessary for the ruling nation to allow the subject race to find in themselves enough strength to be able to remind their rulers that they have to be just, honest, sympathetic and respectful. It is meet for the victors to maintain the pride of their righteousness by allowing rights to those who cannot forcibly wrench it away from them and those who as human beings, have their

inalienable claim upon human sympathy. You can establish your lasting kingdom, if you can help your subjects to greatness and to self-government by training them up into self-confidence and bringing out into light all latent power of self-expression. You must know that the day comes when the defeated have their chance for revenge; that people have long memories and wrongs rankle deep in their heart; times of trouble are sure to come to all nations when the weak can bring fatal disaster to the stronger. The warnings of Providence are often silent and politicians do not heed to them. They have not the far-sighted vision; they live in the dusky den of the immediate present. And therefore I appeal

to you as representatives of your people, win their love when you can be foolish enough to bully into a sullen subjection, make them trustworthy by trusting them and by respecting them, train them into self respect which is for your own good. Let the best mission of statesmanship be carried on in an atmosphere of sympathy and understanding in the grateful heart of a people, the best of all backgrounds for the creation of the national genius. And before I leave, let me hope that I have not hurt the susceptibilities of my audience, when in a genuine spirit of sympathy I have offered them my message, thereby offering the best homage that I can render them

SANTINIKETAN,
August 2, 1933.

Dear Charlie,

I have read your book on Christ. It made me think. The mode of self-expression in a Christian life is in love which works, in that of a Hindu it is in love which contemplates, enjoys the spiritual emotion as an end in itself. The attitude of mind that realises the super-human in a human setting has rendered a great service to civilization, just as its perversion has been the cause of an awful and widespread mischief. You know, how all through my life, my idea of the divine has concentrated in Man the Eternal and I find that in your own religious experience. You have the same idea centred in a concrete historic personality. Evidently it strongly helps you in the realisation of perfection in your life and it must be a source of unfailing

consolation to you to be able to feel in your constant love a divine comradeship in Christ. The mental and physical energy stored up for ages in your western constitution urges you to activities that are saved from aberration when they are related to a living centre of Truth. Instances of heroic devotion and unselfish sacrifice springing from that source are most valuable for us in order to keep us firm in the faith in the abiding truth in the immortal. And I know you have been of help to your fellow beings not merely for some individual benefits that you may have rendered them but for a direct inspiration that gives us certainly of the ultimate greatness of Man.

With love,

Ever yours,
Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan Water-Works. *

The Hon'ble B. P. Sinha-Roy.

Dear Poet & friends,

I deem it a great honour that I have had this opportunity of joining you in your festivity. This Santiniketan is a place of pilgrimage to us. A visit to this place reminds one that this secluded corner of the country was once the seat of meditation of one of our great Rishis. Gradually it has grown into the sphere of activities of one of the greatest poets of the world. The activities of a poet doesn't it sound like a contradiction in terms? And yet our Poet has actually entangled himself in a world of intensive realities which have dragged himself out of the realm of poetic creations. He is on the one hand a living monument of Indian culture and on the other he has combined in himself all that is best in the East and in the West. The expectant world today awaits his message.

He has built up this Ashrama anew with

a view to infusing new life into the decadent culture of India. This Visva-bharati has evolved itself out of a modest beginning of a few simple huts. It is no longer the small institution that it was in its inception. The Visva-bharati has now grown into a pretty little garden-city. Hence for the last few years water supply has been one of its problems. Persistent efforts on your part have at last solved the problem. It is indeed a matter of great joy that an Indian Engineering concern has been able to remove this longfelt want, where many eminent engineers have failed. I have much pleasure today in opening this water-works. I hope it will remove your scarcity of water and the neighbouring villages will be benefited by it. With the blessings of the Poet with us let me now declare the water-works open.

* Translation of the address delivered, in Bengali, at Santiniketan on the 11th Feb on the occasion of opening the the water-works of the institution

TALKS IN CHINA

BY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A collection of lectures delivered in China during the Far Eastern Tour of the Poet in May and June, 1924.

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== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



By Nandalal Bose

Volume I.

April, 1933

Number Ten

THE MEETING

The lamp had gone out in the desolate house
when the traveller from the far land burst open the door
and in the dark laid his burden upon the sleeper's breast.

Through the dumb hours she dreamt
that it was the burden of her own fate
and despaired of the sunrise
and gladness of uncumbered life.

The day dawns at last ; she struggles to raise up her head,
for she hears the song of the soaring wings, and cries :
"Thou who hast helped me in the agony of my awakening,
O stranger, be my friend, and help me in the freedom of my limbs ;
let me join thee in a common road of pilgrimage."

Rabindranath Tagore.

Santiniketan

Invited by Rai Bahadur Rajeswar Bali, the Secretary of the Annual Musical conference organised under the auspices of the Marris College of Music, Lucknow, a party of students had been to Lucknow early this month (March) and gave performance of the Poet's lyrical dramas "Nabina", for one night and "Sap-Mochana for two nights in connection with the above celebrations. The language difficulty as also other anticipated inconveniences, owing to the short notice before the performance, were happily overcome, and the performances were highly appreciated by the audience including many distinguished officials and the *elite* of the city. Our special thanks are due to Rai Bahadur Rajeswar Bali, who inspite of his multifarious pre-occupations gave every attention to the party. We are also grateful to our friends Sjts. Asit-Kumar Haldar, Atulprasad Sen, Dhurjati prosad Mukherji, Nirmalkumar Siddhanta and many others who helped the party.

✓ Surendranath Kar, of Kala-Bhavana, has been commissioned by the Theosophical Society, Benares, to prepare a plan for the buildings to be constructed by that Society for the Montessori School and other kindred educational institutions in Benares.

✓ *Dooi Bon*, A new novel by Rabindranath Tagore has just been published. Price Re 1.

The following Vidyabhavana Research Memoirs have been published :—

- (1) Modern Movements in Islam.
by Dr. J. Germanus. Rs. 4.
- (2) Brahma Sutras of Badarayana
By Kapileswar Mishra. Rs. 3.

The Visvabharati has lost one of its loyal supporters in the recent death of I. B. Sen which occurred in Paris.

Mr. Sen was a life-member of the Visva-Bharati, a member of the Samsad and Karma-Samiti for a number of years, and Artha-Sachiva (Treasurer) for two years. He resigned the office of Artha-Sachiva in Feb., 1932 on the eve of his departure for a world tour. He also served Visva-Bharati as its legal adviser.

We offer the bereaved family our sincere condolences.

...

Sriniketan

The Visva-Bharati Institute of Rural Reconstruction has taken up the very useful work of rendering medical service to the villages. It is needless to emphasise that certain forms of pestilence cruelly crush the villages in India and rob them of the joy which was once all their own. Any scheme for the well-being of the village should therefore always include the necessary item of organising medical help in a manner commensurate with the economic condition of the villagers. The Village Welfare Department of the Institute of Rural Reconstruction undertook this work some months ago, and has by this time a remarkable record to its credit. Besides its social and economic activities for the all-round improvement of the village life, it has very successfully helped in starting Co-operative Health Societies acting under instructions of competent medical experts of the Institute whose services are available to the villages whenever necessary. The spirit of co-operation is thus cemented through an effective channel with the result that the movement is rapidly gaining ground over wider areas winning the confidence and sympathy

(Continued on Page 90)

High Culture of The Sindhi Fakir

By Wayfarer

It is from the village and from the wayside that the people in India have always heard the heart-gladdening truth that there exists Light, which shines even in our darkness. The mendicant-minstrel has sung of it to the dwellers in the city as well as to the tillers of the soil. But it is only the seemingly passive peasant who often succeeds in crossing the frontiers of the finite and touching with the wing of song or story the heights of the infinite. Why? Because our cousin, the townsman, believes that he will be able to see the light while he sits in the dark dungeon, which he is ever building with bricks of breathless hurry and hunger-begotten worry. He forgets that this material is opaque and that he might wait till eternity, if he lives within doors, for the kiss of light. Against this, "our poor relation", who works far away from the maddening crowd, who watches the stars coming out every night with rhythmic slowness; who observes the flowers in the field growing to their fulfilment in a leisurely fashion, holds that the wealth of the Spirit is amassed in a haste-free atmosphere. The roads in our cities are paved with the skulls and skeletons of those who have been crushed in the machine, but the far-off bye paths are carpeted with the fragrance of spiritual freedom. Let me quote here a snatch from one of the songs of a village mystic of Bengal :—

"Oh cruel man of urgent need, must you scorch with fire the mind which is still in a bud? You will burst it into bits, destroy its perfume in your impatience. Do you not see that my lord, the Supreme Teacher, takes ages to perfect the flower and never is in a fury of haste?"

The above observations fitted across my mind when, not long ago,—thanks to the courtesy of my friend, the manager of the *Young Builder* of Karachi, I had the rare pleasure of looking through the unpublished collections of Sindhi folk-songs and folk lore of the late Dr. Motiram of Hyderabad, Sindh. He had, I am told, a passion for meeting the so-called madcaps, minstrels and mendicants and drawing them out in an engaging conversation. Whenever he asked them their names invariably he got the reply, "I know not except that they call me mad." Thus was his begging bowl filled slowly and steadily with grains of gold. I shall now share some of these with the readers of the *Visva-bharati News* :—

When the sinner was summoned before the Lord he was told, "Were your sins recounted within the hearing of other men, the mob might stone you to death".

"Beware", was the sinner's reply, "If I started recounting your favours I would enlist more sympathy on my side".

"Villain, hold your tongue; I have done with you", and He dismissed the sinner.

— --

A Sufi left his kinsfolk and having lodged himself underneath a tree, the proud *pipal* of the wilderness, spent there his days when some rare straggler entertained him on crumbs of bread or broken fruit.

Years after, riding a caparisoned Arab, a well-attired magnificent looking person came galloping to the oasis.

The hermit immediately knew him for he belonged to the same brotherhood. He, in very strong terms, condemned the luxurious

life that ill accorded with the tenets of his creed.

The other smiled and counseled "I am not blind to the potentialities of renunciation to which you seem just now pledged ; but, child, you are sure to moderate your tone when you begin to realise what it means to renounce the renunciation".

The fearless Mansur, pending the pronouncement of his sentence, was consigned to a dungeon, dark and dingy. At eve, the guard noticed that he had spread his carpet to engage in prayer.

"Why worship if it be true, as you say, 'He am I' ?" queried the sentinel.

"Who else can render unto Him what is due to Him ?" came the answer.

Guru Gobindsingh would enshrine in the Golden Temple, the holy Granth committed to his care.

Thousands, rich as well as poor, were pouring in to lay their offerings at the feet of their Master.

A figure, half nude, famished, conscious of his plenty, stood aside to let others pass. He had with him a few coppers, for which he had parted with his loin-cloth.

The Master received him warmly and expressed his gratitude for his bit.

The disciples felt nettled at the display of so much warmth.

The Master explained, adding, "The foundation stone of the edifice shall now be truly laid".

Sheikh Shibli had been ill for some time.

The physician-in-chief to His Majesty the King was ordered to attend on the sick Sufi.

Signs and symptoms were noted and dose and diet prescribed.

Sheikh Shibli, when the physician was about to take leave, opened his eyes and enquired of the learned doctor if he believed in the Divine Dispensation.

The physician nodded in the affirmative.

"Then, why," whispered the sage, "assume to dispense what has been already assured ?"

"What I had of you, and what I have regarded as my own," Shah Abdul Latif was heard addressing his followers, "have been written against me, as items of illegitimate satisfaction."

In his boyhood Shah Abdul Latif disappeared from the home of his parents.

Months after he was discovered in a desert place, buried in the sands, covered right up to the neck. The parents were overjoyed to learn that their missing treasure had been unearthed.

"O Child," endearingly enquired the weeping parent, "of all places, what made you seek such an one ?"

"Father," replied the impenitent boy, "I so much longed for the embrace of the Mother Earth."

Zanoon was returning from Jerusalem.

On the way he met an old, venerable dame, bent double, clad in raiment, patched and threadbare, hobbling, in the direction of the Holy City.

"Whence comes thou, mother mine ?"

"From God."

"Whither bound".

"To the Lord."

Zanoon, ere he wished her good-bye, offered a piece of gold to the old lady.

The dame declined it with thanks, and added, with a smile, "No such toll is collected at the gate."

Sheikh Shibli, torch in hand bent his steps in the direction of the holy place.

"State your purpose," was demanded of him at the gate.

"To set the temple on fire."

"Avaunt ! you infidel, if you value your life," growled the other,

"The edifice shall be razed for He always hides behind its walls."

• Bula Shah was humming to himself :

So apt to forget that the grave is the goal.

Why raise such hue and cry, when the traveller, tired of the inn, prepared to resume his march ?

The shrine and the temple hide many a thief, many a rogue.

The prayer heard is not the prayer uttered within those walls.

Shall a Hindu or a Moslem ever settle the right to bury or to burn ?

But Bula Shah dare not disclose the Truth to make it current coin.

Half famished, with his bones almost bare, he lingered to gaze at the bust of a pretty damsel.

"Provision for the unborn," he sighed and moved on.

"Thy whereabouts, my friend ?" was demanded of the vagrant.

"Never thought of that," was the calm, cool reply.

The Khalifa of Sehwan, dressed in a robe, patched and begrimed, was seated, as usual on his threadbare carpet, under a thatched

roof, from which were suspended perches and pots, for the cooing pigeon and the chirrupy sparrow.

A grandchild came running to tell his sire that, on the morrow, the prince was honouring their house with his presence. "You must change your clothes and we must decorate the house."

"Nay", growled the old man, "to adorn or embellish is unmanly".

The errand-boy daily returned with the emptied plate. He would enquire, "Sure, you delivered the fruit to Ranjhu". "Madam," he would answer, "how may I know ? There are several of them, and they all look so alike." One morning she attached a slip that read, "Acknowledge the gift." The messenger returned with the covered plate. On removing the cover, she saw an ounce of human flesh. She brightened, "Surely my Ranjhu is one of them."

Watayo summoned his disciples in the village, in which he was born, and announced his intention to depart.

Hindus and Moslems—for he was worshipped both by the infidel and the faithful—were busy making preparations for the funeral rites.

Quarrel arose over the right to bury or to burn and the parties came to blows.

Watayo, hearing of the scuffle, issued out of his hermitage, and addressed his followers.

"Disciples you seem divided even while I live. I go to seek another spot, where my remains can create no contention."

And Watayo disappeared.

Malaria Mosquitoes

By Harry G. Timbres, M. D., D. T. M.

SRINIKETAN, BENGAL

When Ronald Ross began his great work in fixing the evidence on the mosquito as being solely responsible for the transmission of malaria he knew of no rigid differentiation between the species of mosquitoes.

Since then an enormous amount of work has been done in all parts of the world in the differentiation and classification of mosquito species. It has not been many years since malarialogists have made the discovery that the ability to transmit malaria is confined to a comparatively few species of anopheline mosquitoes. In India there are perhaps 140 different species of anopheline mosquitoes known. One or two new species are being discovered every year, and other mosquitoes, that were formerly regarded as local varieties of already known species, are being found to be really separate species. But of the 140 odd species now known to exist, perhaps not more than a dozen have been definitely incriminated in the transmission of malaria.

The most common carriers of malaria in India are *Anopheles culicifacies*, *A. funestus* (includes *A. minimus* and *A. listoni*, of a more recent classification), *A. stephensi*, *A. superpictus* and possibly *A. philippinensis*. Other species, such as *A. fuliginosus*, *A. pallidus* and *A. vagus* have been incriminated as temporary carriers under special conditions, but so far they have not been regarded as playing a permanently important role in malaria in India. *A. hyrcanus* (*sinensis*) and *A. subpictus* (*rossi*) have been proved to be carriers in Burma and Malaya respectively, but have never been found infected in nature in India. A much larger number of species of anophelines have been shown to be capable of being infected under experimental conditions, but most of these experimentally infectable species have not been found infected when captured wild.

It is interesting to note the relative numbers in which anopheline mosquitoes can be captured in their natural state. It is only seldom that the carrier species exist in numbers greater than the non-carrier species. *A. hyrcanus*, *A. vagus*, *A. subpictus* and *A. fuliginosus* are, perhaps, the most widely distributed anophelines in India, and, at least

during the malaria season, can be found in great numbers. But they do not play an important, if any, role in malaria transmission. On the other hand, the carrier species, such as *A. culicifacies*, *A. minimus* and *A. stephensi* may be found only with considerable and careful search even in those regions in which they are the chief carriers. The non-carrier species can usually be captured at any time in houses or in cow-sheds, during the day or night. There are certain carrier species, however, such as *A. minimus*, which are found usually only in houses and only at night, and even then in comparatively small numbers. During the day they take shelter either in some obscure corner of the dwelling or outside among grasses or bushes. *A. culicifacies* (so called because of its resemblance to a culex mosquito), the most widely distributed carrier in India, is an exception to this rule, as it can usually be captured in the day as well as at night, even in cow-sheds.

Certain carrier species are suspected of preferring human to animal blood, and this is said to account for the fact that those species are found most frequently in houses.

The breeding places of carrier species are usually very carefully chosen. Whereas such species as *A. hyrcanus*, *A. vagus* or *A. subpictus* can apparently breed in any kind of water, even the dirtiest; carrier species such as *A. culicifacies* or *A. minimus*, are found only in clean water, and even this must have other special conditions, such as proper proportion of light and shade, vegetation, temperature, etc. So that in one locality which may be very highly malarious, and in which there are many collections of water, only a comparatively few of these collections may be responsible for transmitting the disease. This is one of the reasons why anti-mosquito measures, undertaken with a view to controlling malaria should be preceded by a survey of the locality which is to be protected, in order to ascertain what species are responsible for carrying the disease and where their breeding places are. If an anti-mosquito campaign, especially one which is directed against larvæ and breeding places, as by the use of oil or Paris green, is undertaken with-

out this knowledge, a great deal of effort and money may be wasted, and even then the breeding places of the actual carriers may be overlooked.

The sporozoite rate, or the percentage of carrier species which, caught wild, show sporozoites in the salivary glands, is often surprisingly low even in highly malarious regions. A rate of 5 per cent is considered to be average in such regions. Certain species show a sporozoite rate of less than 1 per cent, and in one region in India (Mysore) as many as 15,000 specimens of *A. culicifacies* were dissected throughout a malaria season without there being found a single specimen with infected salivary glands. There seems to be other factors controlling the sporozoite rate besides the malariousness of any given region. Temperature, humidity, elevation, and other meteorological and topographical conditions seem to play a part. As a matter of fact, no one has yet been able to work out a clear picture of all of the factors which influence the sporozoite rate. Once this has been done, the effectiveness and economy of control measures will be greatly enhanced.

S. P. James of England, has advanced a theory to the effect that malaria is essentially a house disease, because, he says, only a very few individuals of the carrier anophelines become infected, and these few spend their lives lurking in houses. His theory is by no means generally accepted by malarialogists; but it is very suggestive and probably fits the facts in many instances. At least it emphasizes the value of screening, of destroying mosquitoes in houses by means of sprays, and of personal protection against bites. When one considers how great, apparently, are the chances against an anopheline's becoming infected with sporozoites, one is not surprised at the low sporozoite rates, and much favour is given to James' theory. In the first place the carrier anopheline is usually a small, rare and shy mosquito. In order to propagate its kind it must have a favourable breeding place within easy flying distance of the place in which it gets its infected blood meal. The blood meal must be taken from a person who has a sufficient number of gametocytes in his

blood so that in the small amount removed by the mosquito there will be both a male and a female gametocyte. A sudden evacuation of part of the blood meal through the anus may cast out one or both of these gametocytes. The zygote resulting from the union of the male and female gametes must penetrate the stomach wall before the contents are evacuated, and the oocyst which then forms in the muscle of the stomach wall must resist destruction, as it does not always do. Then for a week or ten days the infected mosquito must avoid losing its life by rain, wind, dragonflies, spiders, birds, bats, swatters and Flit, in order that the sporozoites may form the oocyst and come to the salivary glands. And all this time the mosquito must get a daily meal of blood, or, according to James, the malaria parasite will die for lack of proper nourishment. Only after it has survived all of these vicissitudes, is it a source of danger to man. But once it becomes infective it remains so for the rest of its life. But even then its life under natural conditions probably does not exceed one month. If the picture thus drawn represents the true state of affairs it becomes easy to understand why a carrier species, such as *A. stephensi*, which can be infected in as high as 90 per cent. of cases under good experimental conditions is rarely found infected in nature more than in 5 to 10 per cent. of cases. It is also easy to understand how one mosquito, once infective, can give malaria to many persons.

All of which is very comforting, for, even though a district may not be able to have a malaria survey or extensive antimosquito measures at least we can carry on education for the use of mosquito nets, screens, swatters and lethal sprays, with fair assurance that we are preaching an anti-malarial measure of no mean effectiveness. In fact, next to the systematic and well organized use of oil or Paris green coupled with the elimination of gametocyte carriers by controlled distribution of plasmoquine, the regular destruction of individual anopheline mosquitoes in houses and the use of screens and mosquito nets is probably the most effective anti-malaria measure that there is.

(Continued from page 84)

of all. Primary schools, popular lectures on public health, industrial and health exhibitions, *dharma gola* (co-operative paddy store), co-operative dispensaries are organised with the active co-operation of the villagers whose growing enthusiasm is evinced in the fact that they are now beginning to work for their own uplift independent of any help from outside. The bulk of the expenses for running such organisations have hitherto been derived from small subscriptions and other nominal payments in exchange for

services rendered, but it has now been decided that instead of cash, such contributions will be accepted in kind such as paddy or any such staple crop which it would be easier for the villagers to subscribe. A very simple plan of work has been mapped out; and efficient workers of the Village Organisation Department are at present engaged in propagating in the villages the need of adopting that plan based on co-operative method for the reconstruction of the village life and for the revival of the old ties of love and fellowship—the bed-rock of national progress.

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== VISV.A-BHARATI NEWS ==



By Ramen Chakravarty

Volume I.

May, 1933.

Number Eleven

Do not insult thyself by yielding to diffidence
Be not downcast at the menace of danger.
Be free from fear,
Rouse thine own power to conquer all peril.

Protect the weak, resist the evil doer.
Never own thyself to be poor in spirit and helpless.
Be free from fear.
And keep firm thy trust in thine own strength.

When duty sends her call to thee,
silently and humbly offer thine all.
Be free from fear
and prove thy manhood in difficult endeavour.

Indranath Tagore

Santiniketan

The School, College and Kalabhavana close on the 27th April for the summer holidays and will re-open on the 29th June. Vidyabhavana, the research department closes at the same time but resumes work a fortnight later than the other departments.

The College department will re-open on the 29th June for fresh admission. Students desiring admission are to apply formally to the Secretary, Santiniketan, with a fee of Rs. 2/- which on admission will be credited to the student's account. There are only sixty available seats in this department for boys and girls. Admission into the school department will also be allowed at the same time. Applications will be received during the holidays.

The College department is preparing to fit up the Physics Laboratory up to the Intermediate standard. The laboratories and the manual training section will be shifted to the four spacious halls adjoining the Power House. It is proposed to open the Physics classes from next July.

The services of the following members of the Visva-Bharati will undoubtedly add to the efficiency of the College section from the next session:—Dr. Hashem Amir Ali B.A. M.Sc. (Chicago) Ph. D. (Cornell), Dr. Premchand Lal, Dip. Ed. (Leeds) Ph. D. (Columbia), Santiprya Bose B.Sc. (Wales) Anil Kumar Chanda, B. Com, B. Sc. (Lond.), Krishna Kripalani, B. A. Bar-at-Law, Ajit Chandra Chakravarty M. A.

We are glad to announce the recovery of C. C. Dutt, Vice-President, from his long-

protracted illness. He has been able to spend a part of the last term at Santiniketan.

Lakshmishwar Sinha, Slojd specialist, is proceeding to Sweden on Study leave next month.

Marriage: E. W. Aryanayakam to Asha Adhikari on the 14th March, 1933. The married couple will visit Ceylon during the Summer Holidays.

Rabindranath's latest drama "Lalater Likhan" was read by the author at Santiniketan on the 23rd April. It is hoped that the drama would be staged during the Rain Term.

The authorities have set up a Publicity Bureau to keep the interested public informed of the activities of the Visva Bharati. Dr. Premchand Lal Ph. D. (Columbia) is to serve the bureau as its honorary secretary.

Adhyapaka Haricharan Banerji has completed the Bengali Dictionary through years of hard and patient work. It is being published monthly, in parts. Those who desire to have this expensive dictionary may do so by registering themselves as subscribers who are to pay six rupees annually and receive a volume every month.

The following have been awarded the Visva Bharati Diploma in March, 1933.

K. Shridharani,

K. Kalatilakam.

Sufism and Poetry

K. R. Kripalani

This term has been happy in providing us with a course of "extension lectures" by Mullikjee on the Sufis of Sind. * The lectures have been so valuable and so beautiful that it argues bad taste to comment upon them ; an impertinence to try to supplement them. When Mullikjee speaks the lecture hall is sublimated into a temple : and in a temple it behooves us to be humble.

And yet there was one question which arose out of the lectures, and which Mullikjee could not touch upon, no doubt owing to the limitation of time, and yet the answering of which seems necessary to the clear understanding of the subject of Sufism in Sind, or for that matter, of Sufism in general. The listeners might have wondered why it was that almost all the great Sufis mentioned in the lectures were poets as well. Was it a mere coincidence or is there any intimate relationship between the poet's mood and the Sufi's vision ? Again, if the summits of Sufistic philosophy are so transcendental that their cloud-capped peaks seem to mingle with, and disappear with, the peaks of Vedantism, beyond the range of normal human vision, how is it that Sufism makes such a strong appeal to the simple, rustic villagers of Sind, when its philosophy might well baffle the intellectual comprehension of many western philosophers ?

I might put the same question in a more personal way by enquiring as to why I felt hurt when in his third, and otherwise very valuable, lecture on Shah Latif, Mullikjee dealt with the greatest Sufi poet of Sind almost as though he were only a saint and a yogi. Mullikjee raised him so high above us that he seemed lost to us, simple human

beings. It is like reducing Rabindranath to a mere *rishi*. Shah Latif was undoubtedly a great sage. But he was something else too—something that makes him dear to every one in Sind, be he an orthodox villager or be he an intellectual atheist. Whatever else Shah Latif was, he was first and foremost a poet : that is, whatever else he knew or realised, he had felt his heart flutter ; whatever else he preaches or declares, he sets our hearts a-flutter.

In that sense he was a true Sufi. And in that sense every Sufi is something of a poet. Because in so far as Sufism recognises a truth left unrecognised by other religions, it is this that man has a heart ; and that it is through the heart that reality is to be approached and felt ; that reality is to be realised, that is, made real to the individual, not so much by understanding, nor by self-discipline, but by the intuitive embrace of love. This simple truth has been dignified into a philosophic doctrine ; but its real root is in the simple need of our human nature.

It is for this reason that Sufism, wherever it may have historically originated, took root in Persia and not in Arabia. It is inextricably bound up with the Persian temperament and Persian history. So long as we explain religions as pure revelations without reference to the psychology and the circumstances of the people who evolved them, we shall understand neither psychology nor religion. It was the need of the Persian temperament for love, song, and joy, that changed Islam to Sufism. In fact, Sufism was the best revenge that the Persian could take upon the Arab for forcing his characteristic product upon the flower-garden of Persia.

* Five fortnightly lectures on "Sufism in Sind" by Gurudayal Mullik.

The Persian Sufistic poetry is healthy, joyous and playful. It expresses the need of joy more than of anything else : so much so that when the Persian poet sings of the sorrows of separation and the bleakness of loneliness, an element of artificiality creeps in his mood, and his poetry is touched with unreality and sophistication. But in the Sufism of Sind this element of joy, as of health, is absent. The bleak and barren desert of Sind has cast its shadow of sadness and desolation over our Sufi poetry. Our poetry is never so real as when it wails over the loss of the beloved in the infinite loneliness of individual life. It is one long lament for the lost mate. We can hear in it the thirsty wail of a soul lost in the desert and crying for the liquid of life.

One day Prof. Poure-Davoud told me that in his opinion the essence of Sufism was free-thinking. If that were so, where would be the difference between the Persian or Sindhi Sufism and, say, the Deism of Voltaire ? Who would dare the opinion that the religion of Voltaire was the same as that of Hafiz or Shah ? Nor is Sufism the same as the intellectual transcendentalism of Emerson, although Emerson was obviously influenced by Persian poetry, even as he was influenced by Vedantism. Need of love is the essence of Sufism. Indeed such is the Sufi's need of loving that *nirvanic* bliss leaves him cold. In a beautiful couplet, Shah Latif says : What I got through separation, I missed in the union ; then come back, O separation, for the union is stifling me.

That is why Sufism should be of particular interest to the Bengali, for Bengal is, par excellence, the land of Vaishnavism. The essence of both is the same ; the need of loving—indeed, loving with all the senses. It might be argued that nothing is farther from Vaishnavism than Sufism, because a

Sufi sneers at image-worship. The Sufi may sneer at Vaishnavism, but when he himself talks of God, he invariably turns God into a woman and himself remains a man, or vice versa. Between the calls of Mira Bai to Krishna and the addresses of Hafiz to his Divine Mistress there is no fundamental difference. Mira wants to feel God as a man, and Hafiz as a woman ; and the phraseology of both indicates as though they would like to enjoy their Beloved through their senses. Our Shah also invariably turns himself a village girl carrying on a forbidden love.

Of course, as compared to the sentimental Vaishnava, the Sufi, whether Persian or Sindhi, is a free-thinker. His attitude is at once more healthy and more intellectual. As an example, I cannot do better than quote the one cited by Havelock Ellis in his "Impressions and Comments". A band of Sufis in India, headed by their *Murshid* or Master, were just rising from sleep in the morning, when there was heard the cry of the muezzin for the morning prayers. "Verily, this is the voice of God", exclaimed one of the disciples. From a disciple, who had yet only half risen from sleep, there broke a natural sound, "Verily, this also is the voice of God," said the great Master. The disciples were of course, scandalised ; as will no doubt be some of the readers.

"I have thought since," writes Havelock Ellis, "of that profound utterance, so rich with symbolic meaning of the wise old Moslem Teacher of India. Men hear the Voice of God from the lofty towers where the muezzin stands. But as the mystic vision pierces deeper into the mystery of the world, it is seen that the Divine is more truly manifested in the falsely so-called humble human things ; the winds and the waters of the world are all passed through the human form and cannot be less admirable for their association with

that exquisite mechanism. So it is, we see, that to the Mystic the Human becomes Divine, and the voice of winds and streams, here as elsewhere, is the Voice of God."

But though as compared to the Vaishnava, the Sufi is something of a free thinker, we must not forget that both the Sufi and the Vaishnava have their root in the need of the human heart for love. Whether Krishna had lived at Brindaban or not, the Indian temperament would have created him because Krishna's Flute is merely the concentrated and deified echo of the flute that millions of Indian hearts have heard and are still hearing. That is why we all enjoy a Vaishnava song or a Sufi Kafi or a Ghazal whether we believe in esoteric experiences or not. When a genuine Sufi sees a village girl waiting in the shadow of a bush for her lover, he feels nearer to her than to the priest or to the philosopher. Sufism and Vaishnavism may be considered the greatest tributes that have ever been paid to the validity of the human heart, however much they may be distorted by their modern followers.

When the human heart flutters in love, the Sufi feels in the fluttering a promise that the soul will one day grow wings; and when the

soul grows wings, who knows where it may not soar one day!

There is a little lyric in Shah Latif which gives us a measure of the tender appeal that simple human love had for his heart. A village girl has come out clandestinely to meet her lover in the evening. The Sind plains have no groves or arbours to hide the lovers. Their only friend and protection is the dark night. When, therefore, the moon comes out on the horizon, the simple village girl implores it to go back and not to mar their bliss by exposing it to the watchful village folk. I have made a free rendering of the girl's apostrophe to the moon for the interest of the readers.

To the Moon

Oh thou jealous eye of nocturnal light,
Intruding on the privacy of night,
Wouldst thou expose to common vulgar sight
The lovers locked—ah, so blissfully tight!
Spurn them a while thy jealous ray!

Thou knowest thou couldst well afford to wait;
No loss is thine if thou to day art late;
O feel for the throb of the mate for mate;
And know the play of love is ever chaste!
For love's dear sake then hide away!

The Benuri Mela

Sriniketan

On March 10th and 11th, a Mela was held at the Benuri Health Centre. This was arranged by the four villages Islampur, Bahadurpur, Lohagar, and Benuri in co-operation with several Departments at Sriniketan.

The exhibits were arranged around the verandahs of the Dispensary and in booths which were constructed as extensions of the

verandahs. Mr. Profulla Sinha of Ruppur who has been engaged for several years in village uplift work on his own land brought a very good exhibit of the products of his weaving and lacquer school, and also a hand-turned centrifugal machine for the manufacture of sugar from *gur*. The Health Exhibit consisted of the usual posters and models, and

had in addition a model village house and compound designed to be no more expensive than the average village house but at the same time constructed on hygienic principles with proper lighting, ventilation and drainage. It attracted considerable interest among the villagers.

Mrs. Timbres and Dr. Bhattacharya arranged one end of the Dispensary as a model village birth-room having in it only those things which are easily available in the village but showing the proper methods for maintaining cleanliness.

There was an exhibit of varieties of rice and sugar-cane collected by the Research Department. The Industries Department and the Ballavpur Centre had a good exhibit of their weaving.

The collection of village handicrafts exhibited the greatest variety of this kind of work that has been seen at Melas in this district. It was very revealing of the great skill that exists among the villagers particularly among the women. Ksitimohan Sen who is a connoisseur in such matters spoke very highly of the showing. It was collected from not more than six or seven villages chiefly through the energy and perseverance of Dr. Bhattacharya and two young men from Islampur.

Three troops of Boy Scouts from neighbouring villages made camps at the Mela and were a great help in keeping things clean and in order, rounding up the village boys for games and standing guard.

The Mela was opened on the afternoon of March 10th by Ksitimohan Sen whose address full of apt and humorous illustrations from village life and folk-lore was much appreciated by the 300 people who assembled to hear him. After dusk the Cinema began. This was arranged with the Department of Public Health who sent films, projector and Demonstrator to make the explanations of

the pictures. On the first night a film on Cooperation was shown. More than 2000 villagers had collected before it was finished.

On March 11th, in the morning there was a meeting of village school teachers called together by Dr. Lal and Kalimohan Ghose. Twenty were present, including the sub-Inspector of Schools of Bolpur. The discussion centred around the plan of Dr. Lal to have weekly meetings of teachers at Sriniketan on Sundays where in conjunction with the Siksha-Satra School and the Girls School, practical instruction in methods of education might be given.

The afternoon of March 11th was devoted to the village ladies and a Baby Show. In spite of the fact that only nominal concessions were made to purdah, more than 500 village women assembled by 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Among these were many Mohammedans from Lohagar, Kendanga, and Mohidapur. Several ladies from Sriniketan, and Mrs. Sudhamayi Mukerji and Asha Devi from Santiniketan assisted at the function. Mrs. Timbres gave a lecture on the elements of cleanliness in the birthroom and then gave demonstrations to groups of women in the model birth-room set up in the Dispensary. Mrs. Mukerji was her able translator and helper in this difficult work.

The Baby Show produced more "Bonnie Babies" than one would have suspected to be in these fever-infested villages. The women were very eager to show their babies, especially if they were sons, and they felt much hurt if by accident one or two children were overlooked in the scramble. The children were divided into three classes, those below one year, those between one and two years and those between two and three years. Prizes of mosquito nets, highly coloured, were given to the two best babies in each class.

In the evening two more films were shown,

one on Cholera and one on Maternity and Child Welfare. The latter was especially well received by the villagers, many of whom had seen it before when the films were shown in January. Repetition is all to the good in health films in villages. Recitations of folk and epic poetry held the villagers until the "wee sma" hours, as they had done the previous night also. Probably more than 3000 persons saw the films,—including at least 1000 women.

A letter to Rathindranath Tagore Esq.

Santiniketan, Bengal.

Dear Mr. Tagore,

After a very interesting journey in Java and South India, we have been back one and half month in Paris. I already saw several important people about the Visva Bharati and found everywhere the greatest interest and sympathy. I saw Andre Gide, and also Romain Rolland in Switzerland, and they thought my ideas to be very good. So I am starting a movement to have the different Governments of Europe send, at their cost, a permanent teacher and several students to Santiniketan, as being the most interesting intellectual centre of India. Of course those governments should have built the houses for those teachers and students. Besides I will start here an association of Tagore's friends and if possible, get some important donation, which shall always be welcome.

We both have kept marvellous souvenirs of the short time we passed in Santiniketan. Paris seems so sad and artificial after the East, but we expect to go to India by motor car, in October.

The work we want to do for you here will be, I think, rather easy (may be, you saw that my father was in the new cabinet). Of course it will take some time, but I am sure we shall come to a result which will take all the weight from the Poet's mind, and from yours

Dated Feb: 22, 33

Sincerely yours,
Alain Danielon

P. S. The permanent address for ourselves and for Tagore's friends will be : 9 Rue de Montsouris, PARIS 14.

Alumni News

The first meeting of the Calcutta branch of the Asramika Sangha was held in the City College Common Room, under the presidency of Sarat Kumar Roy, on the 4th February, 1933. Nearly forty members were present : The following is the elected committee of the executives :

Kanailal Sarkar : Secretary.

Ajit Kumar Roy }
Jyotsnalekha Basu } Asst. Secretaries.

Kshemendra Mohan Sen }
Pulin Behari Sen }
Dr. Sudhansu Sarkar } Members.
Kalipada Roy }

There have been a few more meetings since.

...

Sudhirranjan Khastgir, formerly a student of Kalabhavana, has been awarded a scholarship

by the Deutsche Akademie. At present he is in Poona and he intends to sail for Germany soon.

helping the Sangha in building up its small scholarship fund at Santiniketan :—Satyendra Bisi, Lila Mazumder, Himadri Bisi and another.

...

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== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



By Ramen Chakravarty

Volume I.

June, 1933.

Number Twelve

EXTENSION LECTURES

RAIN TERM, July—September, 1933.

LECTURER	SUBJECT	LANGUAGE	PLACE	HOURS	DAYS	REMARKS
1. Rabindranath Tagore	On Literature	Bengali	Uttarayan	6-45 P. M.	Thursdays	
2. Nandalal Bose	On Art	Bengali	Kalabhavana	6-45 P. M.	Fridays	
3. Aga Pouré-Davoud	On Persian Culture	English	Reading Room	6-45 P. M.	Sundays	
4. Kshiti Mohan Sen	Literature of Rabindranath	Bengali	Amra Kunja	3 P. M.	Thus; Sat; Mondays	
5. Rathindranath Tagore	Evolution in Scientific Thought	English	Reading Room	6-45 P. M.	Saturdays	Fortnightly
6. Harry Timbres	Biographies of Eminent Scientists	English	Reading Room	6-45 P. M.	Saturdays	Fortnightly
7. Amiya C. Chakravarty	English Poetry	English	Reading Room	10 A. M.	Saturdays	
8. Hashem Amir Ali	Social Change	English	Reading Room	6-45 P. M.	Mondays	Fortnightly
9. Boyd Tucker	International Relation	English	Reading Room	6-45 P. M.	Mondays	Fortnightly
10. Rama Kar (with others)	Rain-Songs of Rabindranath	Bengali	Singha-Sadan	6-45 P. M.	Tuesdays	

N. B. No lectures on full-moon and Utsava days. The dates of lectures cannot be altered; undelivered lectures will be given on subsequent week-days. Alteration in hours is subject to general alteration in the time-table of the institution. Lectures are not public. Permission for attendance must be obtained from the lecturer.

SANTINIKETAN,
1st June, '33.

R. N. Tagore
Karma-Sachiva.

Santiniketan

The school, college and Kalabhavana will re-open on the 29th June, 1933, when fresh admission will be made. Lectures in the first and third year college classes will commence on the 7th July:

...

So far the summer at Santiniketan has not been unpleasant. With occasional showers it has on the whole been fairly cool. The meadows, unlike in other years, look green suggesting as if the monsoon had already set in.

...

The fresco-painting on the front wall of the Library building is nearing its completion—the moist days have helped the steady progress of the work. The painted topics are from the life and environment of Santiniketan.

...

The house of Nandalal Bose on the Sriniketan-Santiniketan road will probably be completed before the summer recess is over. This is the third residential house built by *Adhyapakas*, the last ones being those of Jagadananda Ray and Surendranath Kar which were built before the summer term. The gradual growth of the colony at Santiniketan will undoubtedly have a steady influence on the life of the institution in general.

...

Rabindranath has gone to Darjeeling for the summer recess. He is expected back with the opening of the institution.

...

Amiya Chandra Chakraborty has been in Poona with Mahatma Gandhi during his three weeks' fast. He has been keeping Rabindranath informed of Mahatmajī's health.

Alumni News

Here is an extract from the Alumni News of an educational institution which may be of interest to the Alumni of Visva Bharati:—
Nine ways for Alumni to help the Mother Institution.

(1) Sending the Alumni Association news of yourself, your family or other Alumni with photographs.

(2) Securing the best students for the Mother Institution.

(3) Placing the Alumni wherever business or professional positions are open.

(4) Talking favourably about the Mother Institution, and utilising every opportunity of securing favourable publicity for it.

(5) Contributing to the Alumni Fund and urging every other Alumnus to do likewise.

(6) Supporting your Alumni Association by paying your membership dues annually.

(7) Interesting wealthy people in the needs of the Mother Institution.

(8) Calling the attention of trust officers, attorneys, and all who are instrumental in managing estates to the institution's humanitarian services.

(9) Recommending to the Alumni Association the names of outstanding Alumni who are engaged in fruitful work for the country.

Marriage:—Tapasi Das, formerly of school and college departments to S. K. Sen at Calcutta, on the 19th May, 1933. The marriage of Hiren Mallik also took place early in that month.

...

The following have passed the Intermediate examination of the Calcutta University and been placed in the first division:—

Niranjan Sarker

Samaresh Sinha (interned.).

Some Problems of Santiniketan

By An Inmate

In one of the previous issues of this journal we had an occasion to notice just one or two of the broadest issues of education in a residential institution of India. The present essay is, for all purposes, a continuation of the same, the treatment being confined to the experiences of Santiniketan. Some of the problems taken up have been discussed in the light of one of the fundamental ideals of the institution, and others in connection with certain varied circumstances. A short prelude is necessary to introduce the theme proposed.

There was a time when the school at Santiniketan was the centre of all interests. All the activities,—the dramatic and musical performances, the seasonal festivals and the readings of new poems, stories and essays given by Rabindranath—centred round the group of boys in the school. Gradually there was expansion. The idea of a University, of a seat of international culture, of the moulding of character developed in an atmosphere of essentially human considerations, inspired the author of the institution and stimulated the imagination of its workers. The vision of a grand edifice consisting of chambers lured the builders. The call came for organisation and constitutions followed in its wake. The *asrama* was yoked with the newfangled university. The traditions of the one could not be readily adapted to the needs of the other. The vision of the Founder-President of the Visva-bharati had, for obvious reasons, to wait for its realisation through a gradual process of understanding and synthesis. Thus when in his vision the Founder sought to harmonise the demands of organisation with the freedom of the individual, he naturally conceived of an atmosphere that would evolve

a type of persons who could promote the interests of freedom within elected spheres of responsibility, to whom constitutions and regulations would not be super-impositions but self-imposed limitations calculated to bring about a serene state of harmony which alone is freedom.

This brings us right into the heart of our problems at Santiniketan as an educational undertaking. 'Freedom' has been the watchword of our educational policy. But not unlike in other spheres of human endeavour, this freedom has given rise to all sorts of complications. However people might differ in their estimate of Santiniketan, it cannot be gainsaid that in the last thirty years and more the *asrama* has evolved about it an atmosphere, congenial to a free expression of life, which is not merely attractive to its sworn enemies (and their number is not small) as long, at any rate, as they are in it, but, what is far more important, such atmosphere has been conducive to the creative expressions of not a few, who inspite of all its frailties love it dearly and cherish it tenderly in the secluded sanctuary of their most jealously guarded sentiments and convictions. This atmosphere is a positive experience.

What then about the complications? If a life of free expressions is here within the range of possibilities, what is there to fret about? The genial experience mentioned above is still confined to a very limited number. They are constantly made to feel that they are only a minority and are tolerated on sufferance. By far the largest number of the community, consciously or unconsciously, want license masquerading in the name of freedom. Thus it has happened from time to time that

persons, who before they came here never had the privilege of expressing opinions because never so called upon, suddenly, within a short time of their arrival here, became so hyper-sensitive about their elementary rights being trampled upon, that their sense of injured feelings alienated them entirely, till at last their connection with the institution had to be severed in painful circumstances. People abroad may not imagine how freedom born of the irresponsible mercenary impulses of some might result in many others' faith in freedom being shaken forever. Such highstrung freedom is so exclusive that it would not accommodate others enjoying it as well. This is a statement which requires to be substantiated with reference to existing conditions.

Let us consider first the administrative aspect. The mistaken sense of freedom is not infrequently responsible for the lack of a united policy of executive control. The very word 'control' stinks in our nostrils. The right of free-thinking, and what is worse, of free, thoughtless act, is exercised not so much in the interests of the institution as to preserve the so-called liberty of the individual, conceived ever so narrowly and parochially. This naturally delays the acceptance and execution of measures, well thought out and carefully planned. Persons of understanding and fairly liberal sympathies have sometime or other bungled plain issues, carried away by highflown advocacy of the cause of liberty. The sanctity of individual judgment has many a time been respected at the expense of the progress of the cause itself. All for freedom! Quick decision, prompt execution and quiet sustained work are often delayed and disturbed.

Next is the freedom of the students. After what has been said of maturer personalities, it is no wonder that youthful hearts should be so sensitive about the dearest of all their privileges. Discipline, maintained as it is through

their own agencies and interpreted as it is in the most liberal of spirits, is looked upon as a nasty contrivance to impede free growth. The real problem in this case is not that the young should protest or even revolt but that they should love ease, fear hardship, seek intrigues and banish dreams. Being in a residential institution, their life and work are both in the care of their teachers. But the number of teachers who by choice, and by their habits and sympathies would stimulate and inspire the young has been very limited. When the school was the only institution, discipline was not a problem; freedom was so perfect that it easily merged itself in the necessary conditions of discipline.

Before proceeding further I should point out that these conditions, affecting as they do, some very basic laws of growth, are responsible for such a large portion of our defects that most of the other problems might very well be traced to them.

Now to a few more problems. It is unfortunate that most of the parents sending boys to Santiniketan, especially to the school, look upon it as a sort of a reformatory. Thus the majority of the fresh arrivals every term are a source of anxiety and demand more than the normal share of attention. When they arrive, they are hardened already. The lack of sympathetic treatment at home has already so much alienated them from the paraphernalia of educational enterprise that it takes a long time to make them feel at home and take kindly to their occupations. This is a condition that accounts for the fact of our having failed to do justice to another type of students, however limited their number might have been. It seems there are very few among the well-off and educated parents who appreciate the value of the efforts being made here. Of two sons, the one that has been a failure already is reserved for

Santiniketan and with what insistent demands of rapid progress in English, Mathematics, History, Geography and Grammar! The progress in health, sports, drawing, music, dramatics and qualities that make for the building up of a social character, is all very well as secondary care! This is the sort of encouraging circumstance in which education must progress—Progressive Education! There is another type of students who are brought up in traditions foreign to aspirations in the domain of letters—sons of well-to-do parents, incapable of attaching any value to things or ideals other than in terms of quick returns in gold or silver. There is yet another class which is almost co-extensive with the entire school population, that hails from homes innocent of and supremely indifferent to all sense of discipline. To make them amenable to the most elementary requirements of discipline in a dormitory where life must be organised to a great extent, is a performance well worthy of the bravest of hearts and the most resourceful of brains. Just imagine, any two or three of such a lot had perhaps deserved to engage the entire attention of the parents at home and naturally, the stock of that commodity being rather limited, they were compelled to send them away. A whole house full of such urchins, undesirables at home, strangers to cleanliness, tidiness, method, courtesy, consideration and many other social qualities, is a nerve racking charge fit to engross the undivided attention of a whole host of caretakers. And yet such is the precious gift that the country has cared to make to Santiniketan! The institution does not regret such recruits, it only wishes that it had more resources adequately to cope with them—for, after all,

such materials are capable of greater achievements than others too delicate and namby-pamby to be moulded into any shape or character. Our point is not that we receive them at all but that we do *not*, in sufficient numbers, receive others, who by possessing other tendencies, not anti-social, might counteract and contribute to a more healthy, more balanced growth of the institution.

These are just a few among many of the problems. They have merely been stated. The manner in which they may be tackled is more than I know. I would much rather state some more, of no less importance, in some future issue and be conveniently confirmed in the belief that forces unsuspected and least expected may have been working in strange quarters and the cause of education may very well be entrusted to such.

Before concluding, it is advisable to invite the attention of all those who are genuinely interested in educational attempts, to the unflinching devotion of a few, who feel that all the heavy odds notwithstanding, the institution has been able to turn out young people, untrammelled by rusty, antiquated conventions; courageous enough to shake off all allegiance to old values that no longer hold; and with vision undimmed, to discriminate and discard before receiving impressions, unsifted and untested. It is hardly believable that fresh, young minds, however impervious and perverse, could fail, after a few years of stay here, to breathe unawares into their system that spirit of toleration in true freedom which pervades the atmosphere of Santiniketan. Such of them as hurt must also invariably love, unrevealed as the depths of such love may be, to the curious and the petulant.

The Tenth of Moharrum

By

Hashem Amir Ali

The month of May, inspite of the summer and its accompanying holidays, has been full of tense excitement. Ever since the eighth, when Mahatmaji began his three weeks' fast, the whole country has been seething with a suppressed desire for self analysis. In the inner-most recesses of our hearts we seem to be asking ourselves :- "Is it possible that even in our degenerate days, there are values and principles for the upholding of which men can jeopardize life and expose themselves to a slow death? And is it possible that, while we have so far overlooked them, we may, in the light of sympathy emanating from the Mahatma, get glimpses of those values?"

That, I think, has been the prevailing feeling ever since the fast began; but the beginning coincided with several other events as well. That same day, being the 25th. of Baisakh, was the Seventy second birthday of Rabindranath Tagore, which was celebrated in Santiniketan. The next day, the ninth of May, was the Full Moon and also the birth anniversary of Lord Buddha. We attended a beautiful ceremony in the Kala Bhavana and were reminded of the life and teachings of that great being. Just two days earlier, there had passed by what is known as the "Moharrum Festival". We had been made aware of it by two parties from the Surul village—uncouth young men who carried a red flag, made an unearthly noise with their tom-toms and gumbolled about with blunt swords. Quite naturally, we did not stop to ask, what it was that they were celebrating. And it will perhaps surprise us to learn that the event, these stupidities are meant to commemorate, is perhaps as important to humanity as the birth of Lord Buddha, or the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

On the tenth of Moharrum some thirteen hundred years ago, Hossain made the supreme sacrifice. Like Buddha who renounced a

princely world to bring peace to mankind like Jesus who knowingly allowed himself to be crucified for human salvation; like Gandhi, who resolved to fast unto death, to prevent the perpetuation of a great schism in the Hindu fold; even so Hossain laid down his life, so that truth may conquer over falsehood. Only, the suffering endured was far greater; for, Hossain not only consented to endure a painful death himself, but clung to the truth even at the expense of his nearest and dearest. His friends, his cousins and nephews, his brothers, his sons, all of these valiantly laid down their lives, and Hossain alone was left on the battle-field. His family had been deprived of water for three days the October heat on the banks of the Tigris was intense, Hossain was himself wounded in many places, he had seen his nearest and dearest dying, his infant son had expired in his arms, pierced with an arrow in the throat the women and children cried in the tents nearby; and yet Hossain never faltered. When the end came and his own head was to be severed, the only words he spoke were, "Thou unperturbed soul, return thou in peace to thy Maker."

To understand the significance of all this, one has to know a few facts of early Islamic history. Hossain was the son of Fathema, the beloved daughter of Mohammad. And his father was Ali, who, according to some, was the only rightful successor to the prophet, but who actually assumed that place only after Abu Bekr, Omar and Osman, had successively occupied it before him. Islam, aside from being a spiritual force, had, unfortunately, become a temporal power as well; and consequently, the Caliphate became the aim of unscrupulous worldly men also. Hossain was very young while Mohammad lived. He had seen the Prophet pass away. He had seen Abu-Bekr, Omar, Osman and then his own father Ali, becoming the leaders of the people

one after the other. And then the Caliphate had passed on to Muavia, and then to Yazid, who, all historians agree, was a profligate and a drunkard. And Hossain, nurtured in the best of traditions, the beloved of Mohammad, of Ali and of Fathema watched the utter ruination of the spiritual edifice which his family had built up. But while he was alone and helpless, he was, nevertheless, an uncomfortable memory to Yazid. As long as Hossain continued to live, and refused to acknowledge him the rightful successor of Islam, so long was Yazid unsafe. He must either make Hossain bend, or get rid of him altogether. But Hossain would not submit. So by artifice he was called away from home and his small caravan was besieged near the bank of the Tigris. All he had to do to save himself and his family from thirst, starvation and death was to recognise Yazid, but that would mean the sanctioning of all his actions. It meant the doom of Islam and all the spiritual and noble conceptions that went with it. Hossain refused; his brave companions were killed one after another, and his own head was at last severed. Apparently Yazid had a signal victory. For a time it seemed that Falsehood and Shame had won over Truth and Honour. But subsequent history proved otherwise. For thirteen hundred years, in every part of the world, men have been celebrating that battle and even when they do not know what they commemorate, they take the name of Hossain with love and gratitude.

This battle, if battle it can be called between Hossain and Yazid has often reminded me of the battle of the Pandavas. Only, the divine Krishna was not there in person to urge the reluctant Arjuna. But there are many similarities. The battle of Kerbala, like that of the Pandavas, is, in reality, a war between right and wrong. Just as the Pandavas had to fight their own cousins, so also

Hossain defended himself against the very persons who called themselves the followers of his own grand-father. But the results were different in the two cases. Truth conquered through victory in one case and through defeat in the other. And, which of these two ideals seems to us to be more sublime, depends upon our individual inclinations and ethics.

Only one thing must be added. The martyrdom of Hossain is an historical fact. But the event has been dealt with by so many Mohammedan poets and dirge singers that it has become a legend, if not altogether mythology. Still, it loses nothing of its value for us; for, it is not history that we are concerned with. Hossain, for all I care at the moment, might be an entirely fictitious character. But it is the story of Hossain as embodied in the culture of Islam that is important and needs to be constantly kept in mind by all Muslims and others who care to know anything about Islam. For, the story of Hossain's martyrdom shows that the culture of Islam does not consist only of aggressiveness, licentiousness and bigotry. The Mussalmans of to-day are, for the most part, degenerate, and might become even more so due to political, economic and social conditions. But while a vestige of Islamic literature lasts, the record will bear witness that in the early period of Islam, one among many heroes, Hossain by name, had sacrificed his kith and kin, his home and life, his nearest and dearest, and proved thereby that there were some values embodied in Islam that were worth all the sacrifice which man can imagine.

But the martyrdom of Hossain, does not shed glory on Islam alone; it sheds glory on mankind. These great men are not born for any particular people, place or time. They have all come to help mankind. Each one of them, teaches the same lesson, differing only according to the circumstances in which it is

given. And all these lessons together emphasize the same truths, namely, the unity of creation, and the existence of higher values beyond the conception of ordinary men. They impel us, by their example, to aspire towards achieving these values.

So the coincidence of Moharram with Lord Buddha's birthday and Mahatmaji's fast is a good omen. It should make us think not of

one or two, but of the many great men that have appeared in different times and different parts of the world and suffered voluntarily in order to raise mankind. Let us be grateful to them, and wish them peace. And when the tenth of Moharram comes again, let it bring us a loving thought of Hossain also

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BY

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== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



Volume II.

July, 1933.

Number One

Raidas, the sweeper, was a tanner by caste
whose touch was shunned by the wayfarers
and the crowded streets were lonely for him.
Master Ramananda was walking to the temple after his morning bath,
when Raidas bowed himself down before him from a distance.
"Who are you, my friend ?" asked the great Brahmin
and the answer came,
"I am mere dust, dry and barren,
trodden down by the despising days and nights.
Thou, my Master, art a cloud on the far-away sky.
If sweet mercy be showered from thee upon the lowly earth,
the dumb dust will cry out in ecstasy of flowers."
Master took him to his breast
pouring on him his lavish love
which made a storm of songs
to burst across the heart
of Raidas, the sweeper.

May 10, 1933

Rabindranath Tagore.

(Sent to Mahatma Gandhi in reply to his telegram).

Santiniketan.

The following have joined the staff of Santiniketan.—

Pramathanath Sen Gupta, M. Sc.
 Krishna Kripalani, B. A, Bar-At-Law.
 Ajit, C. Chakravarty, M. A.
 Biswanath Mukerji, B. Sc.
 Upendra Kumar Das, B. A.
 Sudhamayi Devi, B. A.

and the following have left.

Nalin Behari Mitra.
 Nalin, C. Ganguli.
 Prafulla, C. Das Gupta.
 Bijoy, K. Ghose,

...

The College department has been further recognised under Section 7 Chapter xvi of the Regulations, Calcutta University, as an institution competent to present candidates in Physics at the I. Sc. Examination and in Economics up to the Honours standard at the B. A. Examination. The Physics laboratory was fitted up during the summer recess.

...

The following marriages have taken place :—

Asha Adhikari to E. W. Aryanayakam at Santiniketan.

Devidas Gandhi formerly of Pathabhabavana to Lakshmi Rajagopalachari, at Poona.

Tapasi Das formerly of Pathabhabavana and Sikshabhabavana, to S. K. Sen, at Calcutta.

Maitri Senapati formerly of Sikshabhabavana to Bachchubhai Sukla, a graduate of the Visva-bharati.

Sova Roy of Pathabhabavana, since matriculated, to Dibyendu Sen, at Calcutta.

Jagadananda Roy

With a deep sense of sorrow, we have to announce the death of Jagadananda Roy on the 25th of June, 1933, at his Santiniketan residence at the age of 64. He was born in

the year 1869 at Krishnagar in the district of Nadia. Having finished his education in the school and the college Jagadananda Roy took up teachership as his life's avocation in a Missionary School at Goari. From his student days he felt keenly interested in scientific subjects and carried on extensive studies in different branches of science which in later years flowered into a rich harvest of scientific disquisitions,—his unique contribution to Bengali literature. He began his literary career as a contributor of articles on scientific subjects to the "Bharati" and the "Bangadarshan," the two premier Bengali periodicals of the day. These writings created a stir in the literary world of Bengal. His power of expressing abstruse and intricate scientific theories in simple Bengali brought him to the lime-light of public attention, and poet Rabindranath drew to him this budding luminary of Bengali literature. The poet did fully realise that Jagadananda would one day enrich Bengali literature ; it is needless to say how immensely the poet's foresight was true. The noble qualities which Jagadananda possessed endeared him to the poet, who about this time had only founded the Santiniketan Asrama and found in him a trusted co-worker for working out his new ideas of education. Thus from the very days of the inception of the Santiniketan Asrama over 30 years ago to the last day of his life Jagadananda Roy's is an unbroken record of unstinted and selfless service to the Poet's educational ideal and therethrough to the cause of literature and education in Bengal. Pure, unostentatious, keenly alive to his duties and responsibilities he was verily an ideal teacher—a teacher who would invariably place above everything his passionate interest in the well being of his pupils. His success as a teacher could be measured by

(Continued on Page 7)

Fresco Painting and Santiniketan

By Jayantilal Parikh

It was some six years back, in the year 1927, that we came across an old craftsman, Narsinglal of Jaipur, who knew the technique of painting in fresco. There are very few artists who know the technique and we had a great desire to know it. Hence the Kalabhavana, Santiniketan, employed Narsinglal. Mr. Nandalal Bose and his students of the Kalabhavana helped the craftsman in painting a wall on the first floor of the library building. The area covered was about 260 sq. ft. The work took about four months to be completed and the expense came to about five hundred rupees. All the pictures, except two, were copies of old ones. Of the two original pictures one was designed by Mr. Nandalal Bose and the other by Mr. Surendranath Kar. Some lines from Rabindranath Tagore's poems were also inscribed on this wall. This was in 1927.

The same old artist was again called this year. The wall selected was on the ground floor of the same building and the paintings were all designed by Mr. Nandalal Bose. Some of the decorative designs done on the borders of the pictures were by the girls of the School department, Santiniketan. The artists of the Kalabhavana helped in the execution. The work went on for a little over four months, from February 9th to June 12th. The expenses came to about 650 rupees, out of which 450 rupees had to be paid to the craftsman alone. Almost the whole of the remaining 200 rupees was spent on materials. The number of pictures is 8 and the area covered is about 230 sq. ft.

Most of those few who know this technique of painting in fresco are inhabitants of Jaipur. Masons in Rajputana; the Punjab,

the United Provinces and Southern India know a similar kind of process for plastering the wall but they do not know how to paint pictures. They can do colour plastering which will shine like a mirror but their knowledge is confined to that.

There are about fifty to sixty craftsmen in Jaipur who know this technique, but only about fifteen of them are experts. Unlike many other crafts in India, this knowledge is not limited to or monopolised by any particular caste. There are Brahmins as well as barbers, chamars, potters and others who earn their living by working in this craft.

Our craftsman, Narsinglal, belongs to a Brahmin family. It is an interesting story how he came to learn the art in spite of his high caste. When he was a boy of about fourteen he was serving an artist who worked in this technique. The only thing he had to do was to prepare a drink of *bhang* for the master. While watching him work, the desire to know grew in the disciple. When he returned home every evening, he stole an amount of lime and with it worked at home like his master. Gradually he learnt the art thoroughly. He, however, quarrelled with his father and fled from home. He came to the railway station, purchased a ticket to cover the longest distance from home, which, however, was not very long, his means being rather limited. When he had got down from the train, he really did not know what to do. He was wandering about the town when luckily he came across a palatial building in the process of being constructed. He readily enlisted himself as a cooly. One day, where all the masons had failed, he showed his skill and intelligence. The engineer was pleased with

him and made him a mason. He made some money and came back home. His interest changed and he was a photographer at Jaipur for thirty years. Next he again took to fresco



painting. When he came to Santiniketan for the second time he was about sixty two years old but even at that age he had not lost his capacity for work. He could be seen working for hours on end without food or drink.

This art is dying as it is very expensive and laborious. The old zemindars of Rajputana used to get their halls decorated by these experts but the new generation is losing all interest in it. There are very few rich men now who care to get such work done by these artists. It is good, however, that the artists themselves are coming out of Rajputana. A few years ago our artist came to Benares and decorated a hall in Raja Motichand's palace. About thirty years ago these artists came to Bengal for the first time, when the Government School of Art, Calcutta, invited these artists and had some walls decorated in certain government buildings under the guidance of E. B. Havell and Abanindranath

Tagore. They were once more invited a few years later to do some more work in that line. A few years ago an artist went to the Bombay School of Art also. If other institutions also would employ these artists they would be doing a great service to the cause of Art. A new interest for painting would be created in the public mind.

Mr. E. B. Havell in his book 'Indian Sculpture and Painting' has described the process of painting in fresco, but as the instructions given therein are not sufficient to help workers in that technique, we have a desire to publish the process we have learnt from our fresco expert, which we hope will help the artists who wish to work in fresco. An old Italian artist, Cennoni Cennini—in his book 'A Treatise on Painting' describes the technique in which the Italian artists of the 13th and 14th centuries painted their frescoes; but in spite of his sincere desire to help the artists, he fails to provide us with adequate information for experimenting.

The word 'fresco' is nowadays very commonly used but unfortunately it is often employed inaccurately for any mural painting. In fresco the pigments are mixed only with water (no binding material is used) and are laid on when the plaster is wet and from this freshness of the ground the process is called by an Italian term, painting '*a fresco*' or 'on the fresh'. Nowadays it has come into use as a substantive. Fresco is one of the processes followed by a wall painter, while the word is wrongly used for any process.

Let us pass in survey just a brief history of wall-painting, especially in reference to paintings done in fresco. The oldest wall-paintings, known so far, appear to be those in the cave of Altamira in Spain. They belong to a prehistoric age and are about thirtyfive thousand years old. They are painted with fat as binding material. All the wall-paintings

in ancient Egypt, Babylonia, and Mycenaean Greece, all the mummy cases and papyrus rolls in Egypt, are painted in tempera. The paintings in Italian tombs are also done in tempera. In Greece proper, when wall-paintings came into vogue and Polygnotus and his co-workers painted their masterpieces, they executed them in tempera. About the time of Alexander, there came into prominence another process and that was painting in a wax medium.

The Roman architect Vitruvius in his book, written about 16 B. C., describes the fresco process. Pliny also says something about fresco. Thus it is clear that this technique of painting in fresco was certainly in use among the Romans. It is also mentioned in the Mount Athos Handbook, which incorporated the technical traditions of the art of the Eastern Empire. It appears also to have been in use in the Christian catacombs but was not practised by the wall-painters who adorned the early medieval churches, south and north of the Alps. The disuse might be the result of its being a difficult process. But this process came into use again in the 13th and 14th centuries. It seems the process followed by the artists of the Renaissance was in some respects different. The difference could be seen from Vitruvius's writings and Cennino Cennini. The latter in his 'Treatise' makes a mention of the fresco process followed by the artists of that time. The difference is that the Pompeian frescoes are very smooth and the surface shines like a mirror while the frescoes of the 13th and the 14th centuries are comparatively rough and the process followed was also easier. They applied a coat of plaster and when it was wet they painted over it.

The tempera processes were accordingly in vogue in early mediaeval times. Meanwhile painting with oil as medium came to be known and it was employed for painting on

wall as well. But from the last part of the 18th century fresco painting again continued to be practised and it has become a fashion of the day in Europe. Frescoes done in the Houses of Parliament, London, have perished after a very short life. The scientists and artists of Europe have, for so many years now, been busy improving the old technique and finding out new and easier process in fresco-painting. There are processes of painting on the wall other than fresco, which modern science has contributed to wall-painting.

Before turning to the history of wall-painting in India it is very necessary to point out that the historians up till the present day, in dealing with the wall paintings of Ajanta, Bagh, and Sigiriya caves, have laboured under the common error of designating them as frescoes. The process followed by the Indian artists who painted these pictures was quite different from real fresco painting. It is certain that they did not paint on wet ground and so it cannot be called fresco. Their making use of lime for the preparation of plaster does not entitle the paintings to be characterised as fresco. From the process described for painting on wall in the two valuable books *Shilparatna* written in the 16th century and *Vishnudharmottaram*, compiled between 625—1000 A. D., we can say that the Indian artists must have followed one of these two processes or a process very similar to them, because *Vishnudharmottaram* is compiled from the other books which are lost at present and the books lost must have been in use when these famous wall-paintings were done. As these processes cannot be called fresco process, these paintings can neither be called frescoes. The Indians had their own way of painting on walls and as long as no special word is assigned for them, they have to be described as tempera painting. We beg to differ from Mr. Griffiths when he describes

Ajanta process as very similar to that followed by the artists of Jaipur of to-day. If the paintings were done on wet ground and polished with the trowel the writers of these two old manuscripts would not have forgotten to mention such important things as these.

So far as the history of wall-painting in India in particular is concerned, we can say that the paintings of Jogimara cave of the Ramgarh Hill in the Surguja State, Orissa, were the earliest of the wall paintings in India and were not done earlier than 1 B. C. It is difficult to describe the process that these artists followed but it appears to be primitive. We do not think they could be painted in fresco.

After this—speaking chronologically—comes the wall-painting of Ajanta and as enough has been said about it already, let us only state that, to our mind the paintings are tempera and that the Indians had their own process of preparing the ground. These paintings date from 50 A. D. to 642 A. D.

Wall-paintings at Sigiriya, Ceylon, were done in the closing years of the 5th century. Mr. Bell believes that the pictures were wrought in tempera on a dry surface. The process possibly did not differ much from that used at Ajanta. This is one more reason for us to believe that the wall-paintings at Ajanta are not frescoes. These paintings in Ceylon are contemporary with those at Ajanta and as Ceylon was culturally connected with India there might be much similarity between their techniques. Traces of early wall-painting, other than Sigiriya, done in tempera are found at Anuradhapura.

The paintings in Bagh caves at Gwalior are not earlier than the late pictures at Ajanta. These paintings are also tempera. Some cave paintings at Tanankaduwa which date back to about the 7th century also seem to be tempera paintings.

Mr. Vincent A. Smith says that after this there begins a dark period in the history of India but this does not seem to be very true. The two manuscripts on art, which have already been mentioned, were written during the period which is said to be a dark period. Very recently at Sittanavasal in Pudukota Taluka, near Madras, paintings very similar to and in continuation of the Ajanta paintings have been found which also are in tempera. They are at least 800 years old. It is not safe, therefore, to label such a long period as dark in the history of Indian painting. It is likely however, that art did not flourish during this period.

In many of the medieval Hindu temples wall-paintings were done but nothing of them remains as they were destroyed in the frenzy of political sovereignty. The only wall-paintings on a Hindu wall of considerable age are in the old palace of Bikanir in Rajputana. These paintings belong to the 17th or 18th century. There were some real fresco paintings in Fatehpur sikri, one of which is in a rather good condition. The date of this must be somewhere about the later part of the 16th century, the date of Fatehpur-sikri.

The frescopainting on the walls of the mosque of Wazirkhan at Lahore, says Mr. J. L. Kipling, is real fresco painting, the *buono fresco* of the Italians.

There are many parts of Rajputana where we find wall-paintings, many of which are real frescoes but we know nothing about their dates. There are artists living at this day who paint in fresco and have inherited this knowledge from their predecessors but we have no definite knowledge as to how long they have been doing this work. They are the only artists who have been painting in fresco and we think their date goes back to earlier than the 16th century, as the frescoes at Fatehpur-sikri are painted in the same technique.

Almost all the mural decorations in the temples of Northern India as well as the paintings in many villages of Bengal are tempera work. The wall paintings at Tirumalai, Conjeveram, Travancore, Anegundi and in many other temples in Southern India, dating from the early centuries of the Christian era, are most probably all tempera work.

Wall-paintings at Maha Damala Saya, Dambulla, Aluvihari and Ridivihara in Ceylon must be tempera work as the art there is handed down from generation to generation and Sigiriya paintings are done in tempera.

The wall paintings in Tibet and Nepal, which to a very great extent resemble each other and which are not very old, are all done in tempera and no fresco process was known to them.

The wall painting of Horiuji temple, Japan, which is an imitation of the Ajanta style, is done in tempera. The famous wall-paintings on wood and on plaster, found in Khotan, China, are all done in tempera.

The short historical survey of wall painting that we have attempted shows that the art of painting in fresco was very limited in its application. Except in some parts of Central Europe and a part of Northern India, it was an art unknown. There is a great resemblance between the processes followed by the Roman artists and the Jaipur artists but it is not for us to indicate how such a resemblance came to exist between two such places which had no cultural meetings.

(Continued from page 2)

the fact that in spite of his being a strict task master and disciplinarian he enjoyed the sincere love of everyone of his pupils and this love bordered almost on affectionate worship. He taught Mathematics and Elementary Science in the school, but his wide range of knowledge attracted to him questionnaires on various other subjects.

His work on the discovery of Sir J. C. Bose was his maiden publication. Sir J. C. Bose was highly pleased with this work, and encouraged him to continue spreading scientific truths through his mother tongue. His books dealing with different branches of science, including Astronomy and Entomology, are the testimony of his eminence as a very popular writer of scientific subjects in Bengali which was very poor in that sphere. If Ramendra Sundar Trivedi was the first Bengali to deal with the abstract principles of physical science in a popular style in

order to encourage ordinary people to take an interest in them, Jagadananda Roy, besides most worthily continuing Pandit Trivedi's work, helped greatly to inculcate the love of scientific truths and methods in the tender mind of our boys and girls. He also edited several unpublished and incomplete works of Pandit Trivedi who spoke very highly of Jagadananda Roy's writings.

Behind the apparently rough exterior of a disciplinarian as teacher and a writer of dry scientific subjects there was a sweet touch of wit in his personality which would sometimes burst into an abundance much to the surprise even of his close associates. He was an enthusiastic lover of music and histrionic art, and was himself a good actor having received applause in the role of Laksheswar in Rabindranath's "Saradotsava" and Dada in "Phalguni." Dinendranath Tagore says that Laksheswar could not be better represented.

Not only as a teacher, as a public man as

well, Jagadananda Roy was held in high esteem by everyone who came in contact with him. He had fatherly affection for the poor people of Bolpur and his death is a distinct loss to them. He was for many years a member of the District Board of Birbhum, the Local Board and the honorary magistrate of the Bolpur Union Board Bench Court. He was a member of the Text Book Committee and an examiner of the Calcutta University. He was once honoured with the presidency of the Science Section of the

Bengal Literary Conference. He discharged all those public duties in a manner quite worthy of a man of his ability and honesty. In his death the Poet loses a valued friend, Visva Bharati a devoted worker and Bengal a distinguished literateur.

He leaves behind a son, three daughters and a number of grandchildren and a large number of friends and pupils to mourn his loss. We offer our sincere condolences to the members of the bereaved family.

S K. M.

A
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Volume II.

August, 1933.

Number Two

ON THE CENTENARY OF WILBERFORCE.

July 18 1933

A century has passed since Wilberforce showed a noble courage to condemn the thriving business of slave hunting. It is right that we should remember it with proper ceremony and bring our homage to the memory of the great man. But at the same time this should be the occasion for us to acknowledge with shame that the evil has not died with his own death, that in the dark corners of civilisation slavery still lurks hiding its name and nourishing its spirit. It is there in our plantations, in factories, in business offices, in the punitive department of government where the primitive vindictiveness of man claims special privilege to indulge in fierce barbarism. A considerable section of men still seems to have an innate sympathy for the strong seeking victims in its chase of profit and power and what is worse there are terrible movements of benevolent idealism relentlessly smothering freedom in its path of ruthless recruitment. Humanity ever waits for the voice of judgment against uncontrolled cultivation of slavery which invades all parts of the civilised world offering enormous bribes to the conscience of man spreading a callousness of heart that is unashamed of its hooliganism.

Rabindranath Tagore

Deshapriya J. M. Sen-Gupta

Jatindra Mohan is one of those valiant fighters for the country's cause to whom no sacrifice was too great for the uplift of his motherland. He gave up his lucrative profession and with his whole family embraced a life of suffering and sacrifice by throwing himself in the very thick of the struggle. A man of noble manners and winning courtesy, he was a most beloved political leader of India. India can ill afford to lose such a leader at this critical juncture in her national life.

There can be but little doubt that his untimely death was hastened by his long incarceration as a political prisoner. He was a man of peace and refinement but when his country called he rejoiced to offer his life at the altar of his country's freedom. The memory of such a life nobly lived and freely given is at once India's glory and shame.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan

The Asrama reopened on the 29th. June last after the summer recess.

✓ Gurudeva is speaking on Bengali Prosody on Thursday evenings. The first two lectures took place on the 20th and 27th July last.

Owing to illness, Dr. Harry Timbres will not be able to deliver his course of lectures, "Biographies of Eminent Scientists" this term.

The Govt. of Bengal has written to inform us that in future the Santiniketan students will be eligible for scholarships. We are confident that our students will feel encouraged by this happy piece of news.

There have been 23 new admissions in the Pathabhavana. (School Department.) The Kalabhavana (Art Department) and the Sikshabhavana (College Department) are filled up and many admissions had to be refused for want of accommodation. Students have come from all parts of India and we hope to be able to publish in our next issue a detailed statement showing the number of students province by province.

✓ ... We were extremely grieved to hear of the sudden death of Sreejut J. M. Sengupta at Ranchi on the 23rd. July last. It cast a pall of gloom over the whole Asrama. The next morning classes were suspended at 9 and we all flocked together to Konarka to hear Gurudeva express the depth of his feelings at the great national loss. His short address is published elsewhere in this number. We offer our sincerest sympathies to Mrs. Nellie Sengupta and to Sjt. Ranen Sengupta whom many will remember as a student of the Asrama a few years back.

A special meeting of the Visvabharati Sammelani was convened on the 24th. July last to express sorrow at the untimely death of Sreejut Jatindramohon Sengupta. Adhyapaka Nepal Chandra Ray presided.

Ourselves

We are very sorry to learn that Amiya Chandra Chakravarty is far from well. He has been advised to take complete rest for a long time by his medical advisers.

Our Vice-President Charuchandra Datta was in residence here from the 16th. to the 24th. July. We are glad to tell you that

(Continued on Page 15)

Can Science be humanised ?

Rabindranath Tagore

There is no meaning* in such words as spiritualising the machine ; we can spiritualise our own being which makes use of the machine, just as there is nothing good or bad in our bodily organs, but the moral qualities that are in our mind. When the temptation is small our moral nature easily overcomes it, but when the bribe that is offered to our soul is too big we do not even realise that its dignity is offended. Today the profit that the machine brings to our door is too big and we do not hesitate to scramble for it even at the cost of our humanity. The shrinking of the man in us is concealed by the augmentation of things outside and we lack the time to grieve over the loss. We can only hope that science herself will help us to bring back sanity to the human world by lessening the opportunity to gamble with our fortune. The means that science has produced through which to gain access into Nature's storehouse is tremendously complex which only proves her own immaturity just as simplicity is wanting in the movements of a swimmer who is inexperienced. It is this cumbersome complexity in the machinery which makes it not only unavailable to the majority of mankind but also compels us to centralise it in monster factories, uprooting the workers' life from its natural soil creating unhappiness. I do not see any other way to extricate us from these tangled evils except to wait for science to simplify our means of production and thus lessen the enormity of individual greed.

I believe that the social unrest prevalent today all over the world is owing to the anarchy of spirit in the modern civilisation. What is called progress is the progress in the mechanical contrivances ; it is in fact an indefinite

extension of our physical limbs and organs which, owing to the enormous material advantage that it brings to us has tempted the modern man away from his inner realm of spiritual value and thus the balance is lost. The attainment of perfection in human relationship through the help of religion and cultivation of our social qualities occupied the most important place in our civilisation up till now. But today our homes have dissolved into hotels, community life is stifled in the dense and dusty atmosphere of the office, man and woman are afraid of love, people clamour for their rights and forget their obligations and they value comfort more than happiness and spirit of display more than that of beauty.

Great civilisations in the East as well as in the West have flourished in the past because they produced food for the spirit of man for all time ; they tried to build their life upon their faith in ideals, the faith that is creative. These great civilisations were at last run to death by men of the type of our precocious schoolboys of modern times, smart and superficially critical, worshippers of self, shrewd bargainers in the market of profit and power, efficient in their handling of the ephemeral who presume to buy human souls with their money and throw them into their dustbins when they have been sucked dry, and who, eventually, driven by suicidal forces of passion, set their neighbours' houses on fire and are themselves enveloped by the flame.

It is some great ideal which creates great societies of men ; it is some blind passion which breaks them to pieces. They thrive so long as they produce food for life ; they perish when they burn up life in insatiate self gratification. We have been taught by our sages that it is Truth and not things which saves man from annihilation.

The reward of truth is peace, the reward of truth is happiness. People suffer from the upsetting of equilibrium when power is there and no inner truth to which it is related, like a motor car in motion whose driver is absent.

Santiniketan : A Dream.

Krishna Kripalani

In one of his writings the Poet has said that Santiniketan is the best poem he has written. It might even be said that it is the only epic he has attempted ; and no poet ever dared a grander epic. For it is no narration of an epoch dead and gone : it is a new world being built to music. It is so organic a work of art that the artist is powerless to complete by himself what he has begun. He has supplied the music and flashed before the world the form it might take. But the words are beyond his power to supply. For the words are living and have a will of their own.

There sits the aged Poet, playing on his magic flute the harmony he dreams of building up ; and now and again words have come from every corner of the living world, dancing to the music, unheard before. Some, both by inherent quality and by good fortune, have succeeded in forming themselves into living harmonies, and continue to prove that an epic whose parts have been finished might yet be completed as a whole. Others, unfortunate in their isolation, have gone back, realising that isolated individuals cannot beat to a rhythm that is meant for groups. And so Santiniketan lives today, beautiful as a dream that is beginning to live as a wakeful reality ; tragic as a form that is yet groping for life. And birds—if a change of simile be forgiven—still come, flying from distant nooks, giving up their parental trees, and hover about, fluttering and beating their wings in painful uncertainty ; loth to leave a world so divine in its possibilities, and wondering whether it was ever meant to bear lasting nests.

There is the Kala-Bhavana, a dream that has *willed* an organic life of its own and has

begun to move. Perhaps the drooping, dreamful eyes that its artists love to draw are symbolic of the dream that is giving birth to it. Perhaps the long, tapering, and vaguely stretching fingers of its created beauties suggest the vague and uncertain longing of a dream to find a life of its own. See how their bodies bend in soft, unreal languor like lovely sleepers half risen from sleep, and unable to shake off its ethereal voluptuousness ! Such is the Kala-Bhavana, the best thing Santiniketan has yet done ; giving a promise of what might yet be done ; with a character and a personality of its own, at once alive, distinct and fascinating.

Yet the Kala-Bhavana represents only one set of values, and they by no means exhaust life. The economic values are embodied in the activities of Sriniketan. Sriniketan is another great achievement of the Poet, another dream *willing* itself into a reality. Only sometimes we wish it were as near to us as is the Kala Bhavana. To the growth of the intellect, however, they have nothing directly to contribute. They might give it balance, but they cannot give it growth. The Research Department too, by the archaeological nature of its intellectual activity, can only help it indirectly and remotely. Digging up the past has great value, but unless we explore the future there can be no movement onwards.

The Poet's presence is a great stimulus in this direction ; but a great and stimulating genius like him can inspire and usher in a renaissance, but cannot create, much less maintain, an intellectual tradition by himself. Tradition is a corporate achievement. For that he needs a group of lesser lights, which

move not as satellites around him but which have orbits of their own, though they may shine under the wider radiance of his genius.

Intellectual activity is the great need of this centre. There is a depressing lack of impersonal curiosity. How to counteract this intellectual sluggishness and stir up general intellectual curiosity is a real problem. It is true that the college community should plough the field of intellect, just as the Kala-Bhavana waters the field of emotions. It is true that the College and the School are under the shadow of the Calcutta University, and it is futile to expect of an examining body to stimulate the intellectual life of the young. So long as we are under that shadow, we shall always have to be apologetic about it. But it is still possible for us to have an intellectual life of our own, in spite of the Calcutta University.

If we could have a group of persons who actually thought, instead of teaching what others have thought; who actually wrote, instead of dictating what others have written, we might yet succeed in creating an atmosphere of intellectual self confidence, so conducive to the spirit of curiosity. For they deceive themselves who imagine they can teach others. We can only arouse others to learn for themselves. As a priest, who is not a saint, only creates contempt for religion among the earnest members of his flock, even so a teacher who does not learn himself, and has not added to knowledge, only creates disgust in his students for the books he teaches. What is wanted are not mere teachers or professors, but writers and thinkers, who teach because they learn, who inspire because they create.

If the students are to be inspired to teach

themselves they must move in the presence of masters, old and new, writers, dead and living. That is, we must have an open-shelf library worthy of an international university, something like the British Museum Library. A library that goes much beyond the needs of our college students; where research scholars may come from different parts of India to consult books, not only on Linguistics but on other and more living branches of knowledge. In that ever-fresh pasture land let the students wander about and graze at will.

Unfortunately, these visions will remain mere dreams, for some time to come; for we have no funds. To have a library on such a scale, to be able to maintain a group of writers, scholars, and thinkers of international value, the institution would need funds very much more than are available at present.

Sometimes I sit and dream:—if Santiniketan had had the requisite financial strength, and if it had the daring to offer an asylum, with a moderate maintenance, to some of the great and noble Jewish scholars and writers, now rendered homeless in their birth-place, Santiniketan might have become an Abode, not only of Peace, but of Benediction. But we have no funds;—our arms that might be outstretched have to hang down.

It may be that Santiniketan will remain a musical dream; a city built to music and therefore never built at all. But even then it will be the high that proved too high; the heroic, for this earth too hard; the passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky. The poet has written much music for Bengal. Here is something he has dreamt for the dreamers of all ages.

(Continued from Page 10)

he is much improved in health and expects to be back again with us towards the beginning of the next month.

...

The Science Laboratory has been entirely fitted up in its new home in the workshop compound during the summer vacation. In this connection we should be failing in our duty if we did not thank here most generously Messrs. Bengal Chemical & Pharmaceutical Works Ltd., and Sjt. Rajshekhar Bose for the kind interest they took in the matter.

...

Devabrata Mukherjee who took his M. Sc. in Zoology at the Calcutta University is the latest addition to our staff. He is keenly interested in children and has already been indentifying himself closely with the activities of the Sishu-Bibhag. It is superfluous to add that one like him is a most welcome acquisition to the staff.

...

Pramathanath Sengupta, our newly appointed adhyapaka of Physics is already in our midst. He has had a brilliant career at the Dacca University, finishing off with a First Class in his M. Sc. Early in his life, he learnt the good old old adage "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and as a result, he today wields the willow with as much confidence as he handles the most delicate spectroscope. We send out to him our cheeriest welcome.

...

The celebrated dancer Udayshankar together with some members of his party visited the asrama on the 12th July. He gave here an exhibition of dancing, which needless to add was very much appreciated by the

whole asrama. The English translation of the short address that Gurudeva delivered on the occasion has to be, owing to pressure on space, held over to the next number.

...

The Varsha-Mangal and the Briksharopana ceremonies took place on the 8th July. They were both unqualified success and it is a most happy augury that the new session should commence under such pleasant auspices. Mention should be made here of the wonderful dances rendered by Shreemati P. Hatheesingh to the accompaniment of the recitation of some of his Varsha poems by Gurudeva. A list of songs of the occasion is given below—

1. নীল অঙ্কনঘন পুঞ্জ ছায়ায়
2. ঐ আসে ঐ অতি
3. আজ কিছুতেই যায়না
4. এস নীপবনে
5. শ্যামল ছায়া নাইবা গেলে
6. অবৃ্ত্তি (হৃদয় আমার নাচেরে আজিকে)
7. চিত্ত আমার হারালো
8. মোর বীণা ওঠে
9. যেতে দাঁও গেল যার
10. সেদিন দুজনে
11. বন্ধু রহ রহ
12. এই সকাল বেলার বাদল আধারে
13. বড় নেবে আয়
14. আমার কম হে কম
15. বাদল ধরা হোল সারা

...

Matrimony is in the air and our friend Sjt. Viswanath Chatterjee of Sriniketan has gone all the way to far off Delhi to shake off the boredom of a solitary life. We are expecting him back in our midst quite soon with his newly married wife.

...

Talking about matrimony reminds us that we committed a most serious editorial blunder in the last issue of our paper; to wit, we antedated the Aryanayakam-Adhikari wedding by one month. The happy event took place on the 14th. April last and not on the 14th. March as reported in the News Bulletin. How silly to have forgotten that spring begins in April!

Alumni News.

We congratulate Sjt. Prodyot Kumar Sen-gupta on his appointment as the Assistant Commissioner of Income Tax, Northern Range, Behar and Orissa. He has sent us a donation of Rs 20, for the funds of the Asramika Sangha.

...

Sjt. Sudhir Ranjan Khastagir, a past student of the Kalabhavan was to have sailed for Germany for continuing advanced studies in Arts there. But he has postponed his departure for the time being as he has been appointed the Art Director of the Scindhia School, Gwalior.

...

We are extremely happy to learn from the 'Statesman' of the 16th. July last that Sjt.

Kshitish Chandra Roy had a bronze model executed by him accepted by the Royal Academy for the 1933 Summer Exhibiton. The 'Statesman' writes as follows "This is believed to be the first time an Indian artist has ever been represented at the Academy. Mr. Roy's bronze is entitled "Sakuntala" and is a brilliant study of the famous mythological female figure. Mr. Roy completed his London Associate Royal College of Arts course in two years and has now occupied first place in diploma course actually a year before he was scheduled to do so. He is shortly returning to India"

We quote the following from the 'Advance' of the 25th. July last. "A largely attended meeting of the ex-students of Santiniketan took place this afternoon in the City College Common Room to express grief at the sudden demise of Deshapriya Jatindramohon and of Jagadananda Roy. Rev. C. L. Mukherjee was voted to the chair. Resolutions were passed expressing the sense of the nation's loss at the death of these two illustrious sons of Bengal and conveying sincerest sympathy to the bereaved families. A social gathering of ex-students and ex-teachers of Santiniketan was announced to take place on Sunday afternoon which was abandoned to show respect to the memory of Deshapriya Jatindramohon"

A

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VISVA-BHARATI NEWS



Volume II.

September, 1933.

Number Three

Regarding Gandhiji's last fast.

From C. F. Andrews Poona.
Gurudeva, 23.8.33.
Santiniketan,
 Thank God. Agony over. Bapu resting
quietly Parnakuti. Sends love.
 Charlie.

...

From Mahatma Gandhi. Poona.
Gurudeva. 23.8.33.
Santiniketan,
 God's Grace. Am well. Took orange.
 Gandhi.

...

From Gurudeva. Santiniketan
Mahatmaji. 24.8.33
Parnakuti. Poona.
 Greatly relieved. God be praised. Love
 to charlie.

Rabindranath.

Santiniketan & Sriniketan.

Gurudeva read his new playlette, 'Chandalika' on Thursday the 17th Aug. last. It is proposed to have it staged in Calcutta on the 12th, 13th and 15th sept.

Under medical advice, Dr. Harry Timbres has gone on leave and is at present recuperating at Mussourie.

Gour Gopal Ghose, the Sriniketan Sachiva, has gone on leave for five months. Dr. P. C. Lal, the Education Superintendent at Sriniketan, is acting as the Sachiva.

Training Camp at Sriniketan.

The Annual Puja Vacation Training Camp this year will be held at Sriniketan from the 5th of October to the 31st of October, 1933.

The object of the camp is to give intensive instruction in Brati-Balaka leadership and in various phases of rural uplift work as shown by the following subjects which will form its programme:-

1. Ideal and Principles of village community.
2. Rural sanitation, infectious diseases and first aid.
3. Principles and objectives of rural education.
4. Principles and practices of co-operative organisations.
5. Brati-Balaka organisation.
6. Cottage industries (tapes, 'durry' weaving and simple dyeing).

In addition to the above, general lectures on the following topics will be arranged:-

1. Rural India in ancient time by Pandit Kshitimohan Sen, M.A.

2. Rural research by Dr. Amir Ali M.Sc., Ph.D.

3. Rural movement in Western countries with reference to India by Sj. Kalimohon Ghose.

4. Rural Arts and Crafts by Sj. Nandalal Bose.

5. Co-operative health works in Jugoslavia by Dr. H. Timbres, M.D., D.T.M.

6. Boys' organisation in other countries by Dr. P. C. Lal, B.Sc., Ph.D.

Expenses

Rs. 12 per mensem, which will cover the cost of food and wastage (in industry)

Accommodation, kitchen establishment and other charges of the Camp will be contributed by the institute.

Those desiring to join the Camp may please write to the Superintendent, Village Welfare Department, P. O. Surul, Bolpur, Birbhum.

✓ The Acting German Consul-General in India, Dr Herbert Richter visited the Asrama on the 12th Aug. last. The same evening he addressed the students on the present political situation in his country. Rabindranath presided over the meeting.

Ourselves.

Charu Chandra Dutt, the Upacharya was in residence here from the 17th. to the 26th. August last.

The annual meeting of the 'Bangal Sabha' took place on the 23rd. August. last. As usual it was a great success and was very widely attended.

✓ C. F. Andrews arrived in India on the 17th. August last and immediately rushed

To Udaysankar.

Udaysankar ! You have made the art of dancing your life's companion. Through it you have won the laurels of the west. Now you are back home after a long absence. Your motherland has kept ready for you her love and her blessings, and the poet of Bengal offers them on her behalf.

Before you bid good-bye to the *Ashrama* there is one thing I would like to tell you. There are no bounds to the depth or to the expansion of any art which, like dancing, is the expression of life's urge. We must never shut it within the bounds of a stagnant idea, nor define it as either Indian or oriental or occidental, for such finality only robs it of life's privilege which is freedom. You have earned for yourself rich praise from the connoisseurs of the art in many different lands and yet I know you feel it deep within your heart that the path to the realisation of your dream stretches long before you where new inspirations wait for you and where you must create in a limitless field new forms of living beauty. Genius is defined in our language as power that unfolds ever-new possibilities in the revelation of beauty and truth. It is because we are sure of your

genius that we hope your creations will not be a mere imitation of the past nor burdened with narrow conventions of provincialism. Greatness in all its different manifestations has discontent for its guide in the path to victory where there are triumphant arches, but never to stop at, merely to pass through.

There was a time when in the heart of our country, the flow of dance followed a buoyant life. Through passage of time that is nearly choked up leaving us bereft of the spontaneous language of joy, and exposing stagnant pools of muddy impurities. In an unfortunate country where life's vigour has waned dancing vitiates into a catering for a diseased mind that has lost its normal appetites even as we find in the dance of our professional dancing girls. It is for you to give it health, strength and richness. The spring breeze coaxes the spirit of the woodlands into multifarious forms of exuberant expression. Let your dancing too wake up that spirit of spring in this cheerless land of ours ; let her latent power of true enjoyment manifest itself in language of hope and beauty.*

(Sd.) Rabindranath Tagore,

The Situation in Germany

Dr. H. Richter

Actg. Consul General for Germany in India

(The following is a summary of a speech delivered by Dr. Richter to the students of the Visvabharati on the 12th August last.)

"It is impossible to form an adequate

and just opinion regarding the present political and constitutional happenings in Germany unless one looks into the post-war history of the country. The recent political development is the direct outcome

* Translated from the original in Bengali.

of the iniquitous terms of the Treaty of Versailles, undoubtedly the blackest international adjustment of the modern times. We were deprived of some of our important territories,—specially those rich in mineral products, all our colonies were divided up between the allied powers, the war guilt was foisted on us, and a preposterous indemnity imposed. While all the other powers in Europe have been going on increasing their armaments we were forced to be content with a very insignificant army of 100,000 with no adequate equipment. Ever since that black day in November, 1918, when relying on the pious words of President Wilson our soldiers laid down their arms, we have been treated in a most niggardly fashion by the allies. Even the League of Nations has given us very little practical support. War, revolution and defeat changed the German Reich from top to bottom. We became over-night a Republic, and a form of Government rather foreign to the genius of our nation, was more or less on the advice of President Wilson and the Allies, adopted in our country. We began what is popularly known as "Party Government" and it has meant, in the long run, a general disorder and decomposition in practically all the spheres of national life—moral, economic and social. The most powerful political party was the Social Democratic Party, though a very important part was played by the Catholic Centre Party. But none produced a really great man, a man who could steer the country straight to the haven of peace and prosperity, a promise held out to the German masses by the Socialists in the Revolution of 1918. Germany merely drifted and in the process, we were in the midst of ruin.

"After all, one cannot rule a country by mere shibboleths. Liberalism and demo-

cracy and such words sound sweet, but they do not bring food to the hungry mouths. What is good for Russia may not be good for Germany, and what is good for England may not also suit the German needs. Our youth stood sadly disillusioned. Could they not look to a bright future even? Moreover, apart from these purely internal reasons, a feeling of general uneasiness and insecurity prevailed in the country because of the unsettled question of disarmament. Germany with her army of a mere 100,000 without the necessary equipment feels menaced by her neighbours who are armed to the teeth, and the German people understand that they cannot preserve their national existence and individuality without a strong national feeling and a strong leadership. Herein comes Adolf Hitler with his message of faith and action. Germany's destiny could not be worked out at Geneva or at any so-called international conference. It is the Germans and Germans alone who could, by their united effort pull the country out of the trough of despondency and disaster. Hitler appeals to the people direct and the people have to-day rallied to his banner. No more political parties, no more fratricidal class warfare, no more particularism, a united Germany, disciplined, hopeful and sacrificing. The heart of Germany is sound again, and with spontaneous enthusiasm, the whole country has acclaimed Hitler as the saviour. He is there not to further any selfish ends but to save the country from the depredations of professional politicians. His idea is well-defined. He wants a Germany compact, her classes reconciled, and independent in the true sense of the term. Liberalism and parliamentary democracy have been tried in Germany, but found wanting, either because their ideological basis had been shaken and undermined long before or because their personal representatives were practically not able to handle the situation. And as our great philosopher Hegel has said, "Reality cannot resist when the world of ideas becomes revolutionised."

Jerusalem.

Poure Davoud,

(Written at Jerusalem. March, 1910.)

In spring, when the roses bloom, life is indeed sweet ; and specially so, if the beloved and wine are ever by side.

Behold the trees in the gardens have donned a new dress : their robes of fresh leaves, and their head-gears of blossoms.

Not I alone welcome in song the advent of Spring : the singing of a hundred thousand birds testifies to its return.

The spring and the New Year, like the sovereigns of yore, have trees for their army and flowers for their crown.

Thousands of times Spring has brought its bloom to this Holy City ; but the once-departed Beauty and Grandeur, Might and Majesty have not returned.

In memory of those ancient times, the followers of Israel mourn and make lament over a ruined wall.

The Court of David and the pavilion of Solomon have become the hunting-place of the owl and the birds of ill-omen.

From the Spring in Jerusalem, the eyes conjured up a vision, the mind acquired some wisdom, the heart learnt some secrets.

The many religions have made the city as of many colours,---the Sheik with his white robes, the Priest with his black Cassock.

You may see the dome and the minaret and the spire lift up their heads to the moon from aloft the synagogue and the Masjid and the Church.

From the minaret of the Aqsa Mosque comes the Muezzin's cry : "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet."

Right in front of the Mosque, over the Tomb of Jesus rings the bell and every chime seems to say : "Muezzin, keep thy peace."

The Rabbi, fretted by the Muezzin's cry and the Bell's clamour hastens to take refuge in the Synagogue.

And hark, the Temple and the Court resound with his praise of the Jehova and his chanting of the Tora.

This cry and this chime and this chant, from the Sheik and the Priest and the Rabbi,---each finds its high-road to the Court of the Almighty.

Of these three kinds of vaulted shrines, Poure Davoud would have adopted one for himself, had his own heart not been a Fire-place of Love.

(Continued from page 18)

off to Poona to be by the side of Mahatmaji during the fast. He will be coming here as soon as he is free from his discussions with Mahatmaji.

...

The football season has opened for us and quite brilliantly too. The Y. M. C. A. team from Calcutta played a friendly match with us on the 6th August and lost by one goal. Our next victim was the Dundas Hostel team from Calcutta. We are expecting some more friendly contests like these this season.

...

We welcome the students' weekly journal which under the editorship of Md. Hamidullah made its bow before the the Santiniketan public on the 24th. August last. The Editor, however, seems to disown all responsibility, as he very naively calls it "Your Weekly." In the words of a friend of ours, we hope the imps and nymphs of Santiniketan will take a genuine interest in the new venture.

...

A well-attended meeting of the inmates of the Ashrama took place on the 16th. August last in Singhasadana to discuss the situation created by the widespread floods in the districts of Birbhum and Midnapur. It was decided to raise a fund for the people of the flood-stricken areas and we have already sent Rs. 100/- to the proper quarters.

...

A debate under the auspices of Visva-bharati Sammelani took place on the 16th. August last, with Rathindranath Tagore as the President. Anil Kumar Chanda moved that in the opinion of the House "Civilisation has been the curse of Humanity." Dr. Amir Ali opposed. Speeches,

wise and otherwise were delivered galore, revealing very clearly our serious weakness in the hitherto unexplored field of debating. We hope the Sammelani will pay a closer attention into the matter.

Alumni News.

A social gathering of the Ex-students of Santiniketan took place in the Common Room of the City College, Calcutta on the 27th August last. There was a very good gathering of past students and teachers, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

...

Pramathanath Bisi who stood first in first class in Indian Vernaculars at the last M.A. examination of the Calcutta University has been appointed the Research Assistant to the Ramtanu Professor of Bengali in the University.

...

Monomohan Ghose who had secured the first place in first class in Comparative Philology at the last M.A. examination has been appointed a Research Assistant to the Khaira Professor of Linguistics.

Provincial Distribution of the Students.

Kala-Bhavana

Bengal	17
Bombay	1
Gujarat	9
Holland	1
Java	1
Madras	3

Malabar	1
Mysore	2
N.W. Province	1
Punjab	2
United Provinces	1
	39

Siksha-Bhavana

Assam	3
Bengal	57
Bihar	2
Central India	1
Gujarat	16
Maharashtra	1
Malabar	1
E. Madras	5
Punjab	1
U. P.	1
Hyderabad	1
Mysore	2
	91

Patha-Bhavana

Bengal	99
Bihar	1
Central India	2
Gujarat	17
Maharashtra	1
Malabar	3
Madras	4
Punjab	4
Sindh	1
U. P.	2
	134

Book Review.

Sidelights on the Problem of Indian Nationality.—By Dr. Ishwar Nath Topa of the Osmania University, Hyderabad. Dr. Topa deals with the interesting problem of culture in relation to Politics, in this small brochure. He has many new things to say which invite attention and discussion. However, much of the interest of the book is spoilt by the ponderous style of writing of the author. As a result it has become extremely heavy reading.

...

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the first number of the "Journal of the Indian Society of Oriental Art." Art-lovers had learnt with deep regret the news of the discontinuance of the "Rupam." Yet, the extremely virile art movement in Bengal could not afford to go without an accredited mouth-piece, and so this thrice-welcome Journal under the distinguished editorship of Dr. Abanindranath Tagore and Dr. Stella Kramrisch. It is a most interesting production which would do honour to any Art Society. We wish the new venture all the success that it so richly deserves.

A

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Santiniketan, Bengal.

VISVA-BHARATI NEWS



Volume II.

October & November, 1933.

Number Four & Five

FREEDOM

Freedom from fear is the freedom I claim for you, My Motherland !
Fear, the phantom demon,
 shaped by your own distorted dreams,
Freedom from the burden of ages,
 bending your head, breaking your back,
blinding your eyes to the beckoning call of future;
Freedom from shackles of slumber
 with which you fasten yourself to night's stillness,
 mistrusting the star that speaks
 of truth's adventurous path;
Freedom from the anarchy of a destiny
 whose sails are weakly yielded to blind uncertain winds,
 and the helm to a hand ever rigid and cold as Death;
Freedom from the insult of dwelling in a doll's world
where movements are started through brainless wires,
repeated through mindless habits,
where figures wait with patient obedience for a master of show
to be stirred into a moment's mimicry of life.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan & Sriniketan

The Asrama closed for the Pujah holidays on the 19th. September last and reopened on Thursday, the 26th. October.

✓ Rabindranath delivered a lecture on Bengali Prosody at the University of Calcutta on the 16th. September.

✓ On being invited by the Andhra University, Rabindranath is going to Waltair to deliver a series of three lectures at the University there. The series is entitled "Man" and the lectures will be given on 8th. 9th. and 10th. December next.

Prof. Aga Pour-e-Davoud (deputed to Viswa-Bharati by His Imperial Majesty Riza Shah Pehlvi) has been invited by the Government of Mysore to pay a visit to the State and to deliver a series of lectures under the auspices of the Mysore University.

We are glad to know that Prof. Davoud has been invited to preside over the Arabic and Persian section of the next annual session of the Oriental Conference to be held in Baroda during the Christmas week.

Mr. T. Bodyo, a post-graduate scholar of the Tokio Imperial University is soon joining the Vidyabhavana to carry on research work in Sanskrit under the direction of Vidhusekhara Sastri.

✓ Rabindranath's latest playlet "Tasher Desh" was staged in Calcutta on the 12th, 13th and the 15th. September last. Along with it Gurudeva read his new play "Chandalika" in its entirety. The stage decorations and the novel dresses were greatly appreciated by the public, and we

are glad to say that the acting, together with the dancing and music, was very nicely executed.

It has been decided to postpone the Extension lectures this season till the middle of December in view of the annual examinations to be held in the first week in December. Professor Apurva Kumar Chanda and Mr. Humayoon Kabir of the University of Calcutta, have promised to come down and meet our students from time to time.

A meeting of the Viswa-Bharati Samsad took place on Monday, the 11th. September last at no. 6, Dwarkanath Tagore Lane, Calcutta. The following were present :—

Suniti K. Chatterji.
Kalidas Nag.
Amal Home.
Pramodaranjan Ghosh.
Kshitimohan Sen.
Sudhir K. Lahiri.
Hiran K. Sanyal.
Dhirendra Mohan Sen.
Charu Chandra Bhattacharya.
Hiralal Roy.
Sushobhan Sarkar.
Kishorimohan Santra.
Dhirendranath Mitra.
Nepal Chandra Roy.
Premchand Lal.
Nihar Ranjan Roy.
Jitendra Mohan Sen.
Prasanta C. Mahalanobis.
Kali Mohan Ghosh.
Rathindranath Tagore.

An economic survey of the village of

(Continued on page 33)

A Letter

(In the early fifties of his life Rabindranath used to carry on a regular correspondence with an American writer, Mr. Phelps by name. He died some years back and among the papers left by him there are a good few letters from Rabindranath. Thanks to an American friend we have been able to get a copy of a letter written by the poet to him dated the 16th. December, 1911. In it there is a very interesting discussion on the civilisation of India and we publish below the relevant paragraphs. Editor.)

In every age the spiritual ideal has found its highest expression in a few specially gifted individuals. Such are to be found in India even today, often in the most unlikely places—among the apparently sophisticated, as well as among the unlettered and outwardly uncultured—startling us with the wonderful depth of their spiritual perception and insight. I do not feel that India has lost her spiritual heritage, for it is clear to me that her highest thought and activity is still spiritual. In the old days, however, the simpler environment—the comparative freedom from so many diverse and conflicting interests—permitted of the easy permeation of this ideal, emanate though it did from a few isolated altitudes, through and through the lower strata—with the result that Truth was recognised and realised not only intellectually but also in the details of everyday life.

A distinguishing characteristic of this spiritual civilization, as I have explained in my former letter, was its inclusiveness, its all-comprehensiveness. Aliens were assimilated into the synthesis; their widely differing modes of thought and life and

worship being given their due places in the scheme by a marvellous interpretative process. But while the evolution of the spirit thus proceeded upon highly complex lines, the growth of the material body went on in a simple unorganised fashion, so that the time arrived when the messages of the spirit could no longer find their way unimpeded throughout, resulting in differences of spiritual intensity, and consequent compromises and aberrations in the character of its manifestations. That is why high thinking and degenerate living are seen side by side; ideals are converted into superstitions; and the finest of inspirations reduced to grossness in action, wherever the vitalising spiritual stream is deprived of its freedom of onward movement.

The problem of India therefore does not seem to be that of re-establishing its lost ideals, but rather of reforming its overgrown body so as to harmonise with and give free and fitting expression to its ever-living soul. In other words our problem is not spiritual but social—that of reviving, by organising and adapting to its more complex environment, our fast disintegrating social system. It is our disorganised society which prevents our ideas and activities from being broad, the narrower self from being merged into or sacrificed for the sake of the greater—and our national experiences are being dissipated and wasted for want of a storing and co-ordinating centre. The workings of the spirit are seen as flashes but cannot be utilised as a steady flame.

In the west the situation seems to be just the opposite. There we see a highly

organised body, as it were, of which the soul is dormant, or at least, not fully conscious. While our soul is in search of an adequate body for want of which it cannot give its inspirations effective shape, and succeeds only in displaying to the outside world various incongruities clothed in phantastic forms, we find the west deploring its lack of spirituality. But surely spirituality cannot be lacking where the larger self is finding such noble expression in comfort-scorning striving, in death-defying heroism. On what can this living for ideas be based if not on spirituality? As for the want of consciousness, does not that tend more and more to be remedied by the very activities to which so efficient an organism finds itself increasingly impelled?

It is only where life is petty and scattered, and society partitioned into mutually exclusive sects that the vision

of the Great is lost—it is only there that the mental horizon becomes narrow, as inspirations fail to soar high, and the spirit remains steeped in a perpetual despondency. Here and there some greater soul may succeed, like a cloud-topping peak, in rising into the serene atmosphere above; but the multitudes wallowing in the slough below are as devoid of material consolations as of clarity of spiritual perception, and an unmeaning repetition of ritual is the only lifelike response of which they seem capable.

If the spiritual genius of India is not to prove futile for the purposes of humanity then it needs must seek to acquire the art of body-building. May it not be possible, in that quest, to avail ourselves of the assistance of the West without treading that slippery path of imitation which leads only to self-destruction?

• Visva-Bharati,—An Experiment in Internationalism.

By Boyd Tucker

“Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,” takes on a comprehensively altered connotation in a world where time and space have been practically obliterated. Men who were formerly separated by the seven seas so that to all intents and purposes they lived in different worlds are now compelled to live in more intimate relations than in the beginning of the nineteenth century men did with the inhabitants of the bordering country.

But the mind-sets and the ideology of the varied cultures still obtain, so that even

when the barriers of a foreign tongue are broken down men have the utmost difficulty in understanding each other. We live today in the midst of such conflict of cultures that even with the best of good will and the greatest intelligence the evolution of the new world culture, made possible through the development of rapid facilities of communication and commerce, creating more and more similar patterns of life in all parts of the world, finds progress slow and difficult. It is undoubtedly better so, for if we are to preserve and

perpetuate the values of the ethnic cultures they must be translated into life and that requires fullest appreciation and assimilation which is not the work of a day or even a generation.

For such understanding it is necessary that representatives of different cultures should live together in small communities where they may share not only the best in their traditions but also the most intimate experiences of living together one communal life. There have been various experiments along this line but undoubtedly the most successful attempt has been that of Visva-bharati. This has only been made possible because of the dynamic personality of the founder-president, Rabindranath Tagore. Liberal in spirit, as every true Hindu should be, he has through his long and intimate contacts with the literature and life of the west been able to appropriate and naturalise thought and action from all parts of the world. His cosmopolitanism justifies us in acclaiming him as the foremost world-citizen.

His international reputation has enabled to attract to his institution such famous savants as Drs. Levy, Winternitz, Tucci, Sten Konow, Germanus, Pratt and many others. There have been many less well-known men from foreign lands who have given years of faithful and valuable service to the Institution, whose hearts and lives have become so identified with India, that India has recognised them as true children of the motherland. Distinguished guests who have come to India in search for understanding of the soul of India have again and again borne testimony that the few days they were able to spend in Santiniketan have been more valuable than all the months they have spent in other parts of India. This does not mean that the Hindu, Buddhist, Jaina

and Islamic scholars in Visva-Bharati are all better than are to be found in other great cultural centres, but it may mean that our Indian scholars have developed such an inter-cultural spirit that they are pleased to share their spiritual treasures with every honest seeker after truth, whatever may be his faith and country of origin.

The students who come to Visva-Bharati from all parts of India may little realise the privileges of education in such an atmosphere. It is all so natural that they take it as a matter of course, but the permanent effect upon their characters is bound to be that of greater cultural appreciation, the creation of a genuine intellectual and spiritual curiosity, and a spirit of self-reliance which knows nothing of the defeatist inferiority complex which usually attends the subjects of a dependent nation.

It would be unexpected that every foreigner who attempts to adjust himself to this scheme of things makes an eminent success, or that every Indian professor or student develops into a true cosmopolitan. Visva-Bharati is the contemporary world in miniature and the Poet Rabindranath always welcomes those with conflicting opinions and ideals. We are not altogether regretful of the conflicts which are bound to come in such an atmosphere of fullest freedom. For the world culture of tomorrow must not be a hot house plant sheltered from every adverse storm and temperature, but a vigorous, virile, sturdy plant capable of flourishing in the manifold economic and social changes which the years are certain to bring. Visva-Bharati is not a planned programme of a synthesis of existing cultures; it is rather an experiment in social living into which each and every

culture is invited to contribute all the good it has to share, and life itself must accept whatever it can use for the world tomorrow, rejecting the rest.

Tasher Desh

A new playlet by Rabindranath Tagore

A Review—Krishna Kripalani

Rabindranath Tagore's latest playlet, "Tasher Desh," or "Kingdom of Cards," which was put on the Calcutta stage about six weeks back and proved a great success, may be classified as a lyrical farce. And yet not quite so. For it seems unjust to call the play a farce when its motive is so serious and its message so genuine. On the other hand, its tone is so light, its mood so playful and its fancy so free that one does not know how else to call it. Nor may the play be judged and disposed of according to any set standards of literary or dramatic criticism. Indeed if it were true to any such standards, it would be untrue to its theme. For the play is a dream of anarchy.

The story centres round the experiences of the traditional adventurers of Indian folklore, the Prince and the Merchant's Son, who are ship-wrecked and stranded on a strange island, which bears the name of the play. The inhabitants lead lives whose every side is bound by custom and whose every motion is prescribed by convention. Their watch-word is "niyam," or propriety. They sit, rise and move according to a strict set of rules which none dare break. For obedience to it is the only

virtue; infringement of it, the only sin. They are classified, labelled and accorded their status in life, which is sacred because it is prescribed. One is Five, another Six, another Ten; one is Diamonds, one is Hearts, one is Spades; and so on.

The inhabitants are scandalised at the behaviour of the Strangers who actually laugh and, what is worse, actually sing of the unknown quest. They angrily reprimand them for their utter lack of propriety and solemnly remind them that whilst life may move in rules, it must not advance. For in advancing it may be waylaid. They proudly declare that their wars have colour, but no passion; code of contest, but no strife; results, but no conquests; pageantry, but no weapons.

The whole scene, with its playful but pungent dialogue, is a delicious satire on our own conventionalised lives, which are bound on all sides by "niyam" or propriety. Though our ordered existence moves in routine and ritual, life has ceased to move in us. Like a pack of cards, we are coloured, designed, labelled, and shuffled and dealt, according to an unchanging code of rules that have method but no meaning, pedantry but no purpose.

What is "in order" is sacred, what is "not in order" is sinful. We know no happiness save in obedience to system and convention; no fear save of falling from them. We laugh at the Fives and Sixes without realizing that we are laughing at ourselves; the Fives and Sixes only parody our own imbecilities.

To go back to the story. The Strangers bring with them the breath of bursting youth. They sing the song of freedom. They dance, the dance of anarchy. They stretch their arms to where the unknown lures. The stale and heavy atmosphere of the Kingdom of Cards is agitated. The young princesses become restless. Yearnings, unfelt before, wake in their virgin hearts. Nature speaks to them. Clouds beckon them to the unknown spaces beyond the horizon. The rippling rivulets coax them to set their hair in their dancing fashion. Flowers implore them to let them adorn their ringlets. Birds sing to them of the forest groves where love waits in hiding. Age-old yearnings are thus released and every heart cries for its fulfilment. Desire drives all fear away. Timid ones become bold and fling all convention to the winds. The new rhythm

that has been discovered at last finds its cry in the song of the Free Choice.

The play is a delicious little satire, as provoking as it is playful. The satire pricks but does not sting. The numerous songs and dances delight the senses without drugging the intellect. The original and farcical nature of the Kingdom of Cards has given great scope to the fancy of the artists of the Kala-Bhavan in designing the costumes and the scenery.

But though critics might differ as to the artistic merits of the representation, the play bears striking testimony to the still amazing intellectual vitality of the aged Poet. It is inspiring to know that at the age of seventy-three the Poet's faith in the value of liberty for the individual is undiminished, his enthusiasm for the adventurous impulses of defiant youth unabated. It is refreshing to see the noblest interpreter of the classic India make merciless fun of culture and tradition (*krishti* and *niyam*) in whose names social tyranny would stifle every fresh impulse of life. Live freshly, is still his cry, for that alone is living truly; and if that is inseparable from living dangerously, then live dangerously.

A Report on the compilation of Scientific terms in Bengali.

By Bijan Behari Bhattacharjee. M.A.

In co-operation with the university of Calcutta Rabindranath is collecting a complete list of vernacular words used as synonyms for modern scientific terms. Bengali is going to be used in the near future as the medium of instruction up to the Matriculation standard. But for want of appropriate Bengali words that can be used as synonyms for scientific terms, no suitable Bengali text books in such subjects have

yet been written. It is at the request of the University that the Poet has undertaken to prepare a glossary of technical and scientific terms. Words are being collected from various Indian languages such as Sanskrit, Marathi, Gujarati etc. Words thus collected from different sources will be arranged side by side and will be placed before the authorities of the University who will make use of the words for writing scientific books in Bengali. It is hoped that the work when completed will also be conveniently made use of by the people of other provinces of India because it will contain words used in all the important vernaculars. It is encouraging to note that not only Bengal but also other provinces are taking interest in the Poet's undertaking.

Another work of collection also is being carried on here under the direct guidance of the Poet. It is the collection of appropriate Bengali synonyms for some English words used, even in the field of literature, whose Bengali synonyms as existing to day, do not convey the same idea as expressed by the corresponding English words. As an illustration of the above, the English word "Column" (as in editorial column) may be mentioned here. Although the word 'স্তম্ভ' is used by almost all Bengali writers and newspaper editors as synonymous with it, the word 'বীথিকা' has been suggested as a more appropriate

synonym for 'column'. The Poet himself prefers the latter. A column consisting of a row of lines has the idea, as well as the appearance of an avenue and so 'বীথিকা' has every chance of being accepted in the place of 'স্তম্ভ'. Moreover, such groups of words as 'editorial column' and 'news column' may very well be translated as 'সংবাদ বীথিকা' and 'সম্পাদক বীথিকা' respectively. It is noteworthy that the word 'বাহ্যাত্মক' so long used as a synonym for "compulsory" as in "compulsory education", is gradually being discarded and the word 'অবশ্যিক' coined by the Poet more freely used.

Colloquial Bengali is a very loose language. Authors from all parts of Bengal use it as the medium of their literary activities and are making it looser still. The various ways of spelling and the peculiar uses of syntax and idioms meet the eyes of even a casual reader. All this is due to the fact that although colloquial Bengali has gained acceptance as a literary language, it has as yet no grammar and words are spelt and used according to the sweet will of authors having some reputation in the field of literature.

There can be no diversity of opinion that the standardization of the language is immediately necessary but it can never be possible until and unless all the typical forms, words etc. are collected. It is for this that such a compilation is being made.

(Continued from page 26)

- Goalpara has recently been completed by Dr. Amir Ali and the report will soon be published.

...

Alumni News

Apurva Kumar Chanda of the Indian Educational Service has recently been transferred to the Presidency College Calcutta as the Senior Professor of English

...

Amulya Chandra Sen, till recently a student in Vidya-Bhavana has joined the University of Hamburg to carry on research work there on Jaina Philosophy.

...

Keshava Chandra Sen, a graduate of the Bengal College of Engineering and Technology, Jadavpur, has been appointed the engineer in charge of the electric plant at Santiniketan. Since his coming the new Diesel dynamo has been fitted up and as a result the lighting problem has been solved most satisfactorily.

...

We are glad to announce the marriage of Jyotsna (nee Bose) who was a student in the school Department a few years back with Prabhat Kumar Bose. We wish all the good things of life for the young couple.

...

Biswarup Bose who went to Japan three years back for studying various arts and crafts in that country has recently returned home. He has specialised in wood-engraving and we hope his talents will be properly utilised in our Kala-Bhavana.

Ourselves

It was a great delight for all of us to receive our old friend Mr. C. F. Andrews again at the Asrama on Tuesday, the 3rd. October. In spite of incessant and clamorous demands from various places all over the country, he managed to spend a quiet week here. "The wandering Christian" as he has been so aptly described by a witty friend, sails for England on 11th. November next and within a short time of his going home, he will sail again for South Africa to help our suffering compatriots there.

...

Dr Jyotsnananda Sen. M.B. who served Santiniketan so faithfully and earnestly as Medical Officer for the last few years has recently left us in order to set up practice at Allahabad. He leaves behind a host of friends and takes along with him our best wishes for a very successful career in the profession. Dr. S.M. Mukherjee has been appointed medical officer at Santiniketan and we offer a very hearty welcome to him.

...

✓ Prof. Takagaki who taught Jiu-jitsu at Santiniketan for a couple of years is now in India on his way back home from Kabul where he was employed till recently as an Instructor by the Afgan government. He paid a visit to the Asrama on 25th. October to say goodbye to his numerous friends and past students.

...

✓ Bombay is celebrating a Tagore week towards the end of November and a representative party including Gurudeva himself will go there to take part in the

varied programme that has been arranged in this connection. There will be an art exhibition as well and Nandalal Bose and Surendranath Kar are already busy arranging the pictures and other exhibits.

...

The foot-ball season is over and we can look back with legitimate pride on our achievements. We did not lose a single match and there was only one undecided game, in the five fixtures with outside clubs.

...

Mr. W. G. Archer of the Indian Civil Service, Mr. H. W. Nightingale of the Malay Civil Service and Mr. Humayoon Kabir of the Calcutta University spent a few days in the Asrama during the Pujah holidays. Mr. Archer who is interested in Indian Art is making a close study of Gurudeva's pictures.

...

person as the joint author of the Bengali book "Biyer Bhul" in which the institution of marriage has been most violently and we may add, damagingly criticised. We prefer however, to observe a discreet silence.

And now our friend, philosopher and guide, Dharendra Mohan Sen has at last flown into the golden cage of matrimony. On 10th. October, before a very representative gathering of friends from Santiniketan, he got married to Miss Parul Gupta in Calcutta.

It is at once our duty and pleasure to tend a very warm welcome to Mrs. Sen. We earnestly hope that she will play an important role in the social life of the Asrama. Not only that, as she is a graduate of the Calcutta University and has had some teaching experience, we look forward to her enthusiastically participating in the educational work here as soon as she adapts herself to the new surroundings. Lest the mistake be repeated, we take this opportunity of reminding our friends that it would be incorrect to refer to her as the Lady Principal.

A. K. C.

Too Personal

Two very interesting events took place during the Pujah vacation and due notice must be taken of them.

On 8th. October last our friend and colleague Santipriya Bose of Sriniketan got married to Usha (nee Chaudhuri) an ex-student of the Siksha-Bhavana. Our heartiest congratulations to the young couple. Since the happy event took place we have been inundated with enquiries from far and near seeking enlightenment if our friend is the same

"The Indus"

The Rabindranath Literary and Dramatic Club, Karachi, have decided to bring out every year on the occasion of the anniversary of the birthday of the Poet, which falls on 8th. May, an Annual in English, called "The Indus." It will contain articles interpreting the many-sided personality of the Poet as well as contributions per-

taining to the art and literature of our for "The Indus" may be addressed to C. Province. Prof. M. U. Malkani, B. A., will N. Wadhvani, Esq., Joint Hon. Secretary be the editor. The price per copy will be of the R. L. & D. Club, 41, Mission Road, Re. 1/-only. All communications intended Karachi.

Book Review

N. Chaudhuri, M. A.

The *Unadisutras*—Edited by T. R. Chintamani, M. A. Senior Lecturer in Sanskrit, University of Madras. Published by the Madras University. Madras University Sanskrit Series No. 7, part 1. pp. xii 236. Cloth bound. Price Rs. 3 (Foreign 6s.).

This work is the outcome of deep study and erudite scholarship, for which the editor deserves the warmest praise. As a book of reference, this work will be found invaluable to all Sanskrit scholars. The learned editor has fully utilised the famous commentary of *Svetavanavasin* and tried to fix the date of the commentator. But he could not arrive at a definite conclusion and the date is vaguely ascribed to be some where in such a long period as between the 11th. and 15th. centuries. The *Unadisutras* are very useful and important no doubt,

but the derivations of many words, such as, *danta*, *jambu*, *napita*, *srpra* or *sipra* (the name of a river), *etc.* are very fanciful and far-fetched. It would be better and more useful had the learned editor discussed the derivations given in the *Unadisutras* in the light of modern philology. Nevertheless the editor is to be congratulated on the result of his labours. I am quite sure that this work will help those who will take up research work in philology. We are very glad to know that other six parts of the *Unadis* will also be published by the University of Madras in the near future and such laudable ventures deserve the thankful appreciation of all Indologists. The printing and the get-up of the book leave nothing to be desired.

A

— NEW BOOK OF POEMS —

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VISVA-BHARATI NEWS



B. Bose

Volume II.

December, 1933.

Number Six

GREETINGS

Though I know, my friend, that we are different
my mind refuses to own it.
For we two woke up in the same sleepless night
while the birds sang,
and the same spell of the spring
entered our hearts.

Though your face is towards the light
and mine in the shade
the delight of our meeting is sweet and secret,
for the flood of youth in its eddying dance
has drawn us close.

With your glory and grace you conquer the world
my face is pale.
But a magnanimous breath of life
has carried me to your side
and the dark line of our difference
is aglow with the radiance of a dawn.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan and Sriniketan

We are sorry to learn that Dr. Harry Timbres has not been keeping good health lately. He has been taken to Calcutta for an operation. We wish him a speedy recovery.

...

Dr. P. C. Lal has been chosen as the delegate of Visva-Bharati to attend the bi-centenary celebration of the Panjab University at Lahore, during the first week of December.

...

Punyamoy Sen M. Sc., has joined Siksha-bibhag as an adhyapaka.

...

The Ashrama-Samiti have decided that admission of students into the different departments of the institution will ordinarily be allowed twice in the session, in January and July.

...

The President has been pleased to announce that the Laboratories and the Manual Training Hall will be known as "Rajasekhara Vijnana-Sadana" after the name of S. J. Rajasekhara Basu.

...

Lakshmiswar Sinha, the Sloyd Specialist, who is on study leave and was to join in November, has been granted further leave for the current term.

...

A permanent stage is being fitted up in Singhasadan and it is expected to be complete before the anniversary celebration in the last week of December. It will no doubt remove a want in the life of the institution.

The following is the provisional programme of the anniversary celebration :—
7th Paus : 22nd Dec :

Vaitalika	Early Morning.
-----------	----------------

Service in the Mandir.	} Morning.
Ashramika Sangha.	
Annual Meeting.	

Sports Display	Afternoon.
Folk Entertainment.	Evening.

8th Paus : 23rd Dec :

Parishat, Annual meeting.	Morning.
---------------------------	----------

Sports.	Afternoon.
---------	------------

Folk Entertainment.	Evening.
---------------------	----------

9th Paus : 24th Dec :

Commemoration Service.	Morning.
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...

✓ November has had quite a good number of notable visitors of whom mention may be made of the Hon'ble Miss Emily Kinnaird, Miss H. C. Begg, Prof. M. Buroki, Monsieur G. Marin and Principal Harabhai Trivedi. The Hon'ble Miss Kinnaird is one of the founders of the Y.W.C. A. in India, and an old friend of Rabindranath. Many Indian girl students who went to England for study gratefully remember the invaluable assistance they received from Miss Kinnaird there. She as also Miss H. C. Begg, the National General Organising Secretary of Y.W.C.A. are widely known as prominent international workers in the cause of womanhood. M. Buroki is a retired Polish inspector of Schools whose love of India is typified in the fact that he had been storing up all through his life holidays and money for visiting India and especially the Ramkrishna Mission at Belur and the Poet at Santiniketan. It was a very touching scene when he met Rabindranath in Santiniketan. He discussed with some mem-

Tagore And World Peace.

B. W. Tucker

The world has been vainly seeking for some great political or diplomatic physician who should produce some formula which would cure the terrible disorder with which our modern civilisation is afflicted. From time to time great statesmen have seemed to bring temporary relief and in the world's intense longing for international health, these men have been awarded the prizes for world peace. But men have soon discovered that these doctors have effected no permanent cure, for the disease has again broken out with renewed virulence.

The last great doctor to attempt to cure the disease prescribed a large dose of the poison of war, an unscientific application of a homeopathic treatment of a war to end war, which almost caused the death of the patient, but was useful in making manifest the symptom which reveals the real cause to be nationalism. The lesser doctors of our present day seem to have given up all hope for the life of the world organism and are uselessly trying to bring health to the members as independent units, thus not only aggravating the disease of the whole but also bringing added suffering to the members themselves.

The recent dismal failure of the International Economic Conference in London and the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva should make clear to all the futility of longer suffering the world disorder to be treated by politicians and statesmen schooled in the traditions of nationalism.

For more than twenty years the great

Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore has travelled into all parts of the world with his proclamation that the ideals of humanity are superior to love for nation. It has taken rare courage to preach this doctrine to the politically powerful in the face of their leering taunts that such a programme of idealism is merely the impractical dream of the Poet of a defeated nation. Perhaps it has required even more courage to remain true to this ideal in his own motherland newly awakened to the humiliation and impoverishment of being subject people, and now engaged in a desperate struggle to free themselves from their intolerable domination.

No one who has followed the Poet's career can doubt his passionate desire that his people may be freed from every form of exploitation. Perhaps no man has a clearer vision and keener appreciation of the priceless worth of freedom or has paid a higher price for his own personal freedom. But he is unwilling to substitute the organisation of power, actuated by greed and hatred, and controlled by fear and prejudice, i. e., nationalism, for the sovereignty of the inner world of ideals which are generous and moral, with responsibilities and associations as broad as the range of human interests, i. e., *Dharma*.

The exaltation of physical power has promoted the degradation of soul which has brought moral paralysis in the world of human relationships. In the dehumanising process that has attended the organisation of our commercial and political life into nations, man has fallen

from faith in goodness and truth. It requires something greater than political sagacity and diplomatic ingenuity to restore to mankind that sense of interdependence and unity so essential to man if he is to be saved from the ravages of militarism. Tagore has been a lonely voice crying in the wilderness that the only way to make ready for the day of righteousness and brotherhood is through full repudiation of the evil of nationalism. It is not new constitutions nor modifications of systems which are demanded but a real change of heart.

In opposing nationalism he is protesting against the general idea of nations and not fighting any particular nation. He knows that the imperialism that enslaves his own people is a super-nationalism, but it does not embitter him against the British people. His familiarity with English literature and life has engendered within him a profound respect for the British people. But the people are not the nation. Just as in the last European war the British and German soldiers arranged an unofficial truce on Christmas Day, and on the front where the battle was raging the fiercest, celebrated the birthday of Jesus in fullest fraternity, so do any two peoples find mutual joy in co-operation when for the time being the false distinctions of nationalism are forgotten. The interests of peoples and of nations are ever in conflict. Again and again we hear the testimony of travellers, who have been privileged to come into intimate contacts with a people who as a nation are unfriendly, to the effect that they love these people but hate their nation. The conflicts between nations arise because of the abstractions and artificialities that are inherent in the division of the world into nations which in their very constitution know no

moral law but only selfish power and fear.

*Nor would Tagore utterly reject the western Civilisation out of which the evil of nationalism has sprung, and have India segregated in her independence. He does adjure the west to save herself by assisting the East to that measure of power which would enable her to resist intrusion. At the same time his soul cries out "Let us have fullest association." He is quite ready to recognise that along with her evils, the West is possessed of living truth. He calls the West to her manifest mission of service viz, liberating the spiritual being of the East from the tyranny of matter. But this mission can only be fulfilled as the West surrenders her false pride of nationalism. The great tragedy of the meeting of the East and West as conquered and conqueror as subjects and rulers, is that there have been lacking through these very circumstances, that intimacy of natural relationship which would enable each of them to profit thereby in the assimilation of the higher qualities and ideals of the other. Those who covet for the world mutual understanding and appreciation between East and West are most insistent that the domination of the West be replaced by their co-operation as equals in a common endeavour to create a new order. Tagore has been ever positive that in their essential humanity here exists no gulf between East and West, that where men learn the idiom peculiar to each people, they will find that all speak the same language, born out of kindred experience. It is only the pride of race and the isolation of nationalism that hinders the ready sharing of all the truth and experience of the one with the other.

The great prophet of religion whom the West adores, and too often ignores,

laid down a fundamental moral principle stated in various ways in all the great spiritual religions,—that he who would save his life must lose it. Perhaps this paradoxical statement might be paraphrased in application to the matter under discussion somewhat as follows:—the people who would preserve their cultural heritage and express their true genius in the living present must sacrifice their narrow nationalism which now isolates them from vast areas of living truth. For Institutions cannot be anarchists in a world of order,

but must submit to that same moral law which controls individual lives.

The Poet Rabindranath has won for himself a permanent niche in the Hall of Fame through the beauty of his poetry, but it may well be that the future generations may cherish him in their hearts most of all as the prophet who through the sacrifice and courage of his life pointed and led the way out from the chaos and despair of nationalism into the peace and hope of that community of peoples who have learned to live creatively and harmoniously.

Shapmochan And Tasher Desh—A Comparison

The two playlets—*Shapmochan* and *Tasher Desh*—now being staged in Bombay by student-artists of Santiniketan, contrast so greatly in theme and mood, that it will not be easy to convince those who see them in succession that the two really complement one another.

In one sense they complement each other because, taken together, they give a completer idea of the Poet's varied sensibility than does either of them by itself. The Poet's eye is never placid. It either trembles in a tear or brightens in a twinkle. He washes the wounds of human tragedy with his tears, or breaks the bubble of human folly with his piercing glance. *Shapmochan* is futile and profound like a genuine tear; *Kingdom of Cards*, engaging and aggressive like the twinkle of an iconoclast eye. The former is a phantasy rounded in dream, the latter, a farce illumined by vision.

Shapmochan is a story of love redeeming itself. Not love, born joyous and free—

free to perch upon what spray it will, "for thee and me to hearken what he sings." Such love needs no redemption. But love laden with a memory it cannot shake off, born with its soul already bound in a tie of pain. It is love born to expiate a curse that its restlessness earned for it in heaven. The curse is ugliness and lovers have to redeem it by filling ugliness with their own vision of beauty. •

Atmosphere of the play is charged with a languorous heaviness such as a person feels when he has just risen from sleep and is still unable to extricate the waking reality from the dream-world where he had been moving. The farewell song of the lovers, as they part in heaven to be born on earth, provides the play with its real atmosphere.

"Let the memory of love flow and impart some felicity to the dreary desolation of parted lives."

I do not know what particular mystical idea is embodied in the play: if any such

idea is 'there, I am not competent to interpret it. But to me, as to many others who have heard its wistful, mournful music, and seen its slow-moving dances, the play conveys a sense of haunted memory; of a vague, painful yearning to recapture a past that seems to call; of living in a house built on the ruins of an ancient temple whose gods we have forsaken but are unable to forget. We of this land in particular, who feel on our backs the invisible burden of ages, which makes our lives hang heavy even when they are so empty, cannot escape the melancholy mood of the drama: for we too are laden with memories we are unable to shake off, and are born with a curse we have not yet redeemed.

How different is the other playlet, *Tasher Desh* or *Kingdom of Cards* ! There it is not the memory of the ancient life, but the vision of the new, that gives its atmosphere to the play. Not the yearning to recapture the beauty of a life that once was, but the impulse to work the miracle of what is yet unknown and unseen, makes the mood of the play.— Unable to shake off the dream of the past, the Prince in *Shapmochan* sings :—

You came secretly in the dark,
and I saw you not—

too secretly; for when I woke at dawn,
I found woven round my heart

the tie of pain:

Love's only ornament.

Unable to endure any more the languor of a life, that seems to deny all impulse to adventure, whose lazy self-complacency is more dangerous than despair, the Prince of *Tasher Desh* bursts into that exquisite song which carries the rhythm of the whole drama.

O Nabina! in the dust of daily
usage art thou lost to us;

So lost that we know thee not.
But awakened by the song that
came floating
on the spring breeze,
I opened my eyes and found thee
mingled
with the first streak of dawn.

The mournful longing of the music of *Shapmochan* is replaced here by assertive desire; the eyes are no longer half-closed in dreamful memory, but are wide open with wonder and eagerness; the dances no longer move in the slow rhythm of a life whose waking no more breaks its sleep than does the waking of a somnambulist, but are alive with an impulse, vital, aggressive, and anarchic.

To many who saw the play here, it seemed a delicious little piece, so delicious that it kept them amused all the while, and so innocent that it made them laugh heartily without making them aware that they were laughing at their own imbecilities. But some there were who were less amused by the playful satire than stirred by the assertive spirit of the play, even as they were overcome by the melancholy mood of *Shapmochan*, though its mysticism passed them by. Those of us who are feeling with the awakened mood of our long-somnolent country, which is only just beginning to redeem its past centuries of pious futility, are only too painfully aware that the inanities of the citizens of the *Kingdom of Cards* are our own inanities. The song of Nabina finds only too ready a response in our over-obedient hearts, although the response is touched with pain: for we have not yet caught its rhythm in life.

The great beauty of Rabindranath's thought lies in this that he is as intellectually alert as he is spiritually sensitive, Here is the noblest interpreter of

classic India, holding up the torch to the new. He would recapture for us the beauty that once was, and create for us a beauty that never was. His eternity is not enshrined in the past, for eternity always is:—nor is it exhausted by the future, for eternity always was. If we understand this Rabindranathian mood, we shall have no difficulty in realising that the two playlets, we have discussed above, complement one another in more respects than one.

"I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed shelter; I forget that there abides the old in the new, and that there also thou abidest."

Let the old abide in the new, so runs the Poet's thought, and give it the beauty that is born of age, and grace that must always carry some heaviness; but if the old claims to exhaust the new, then it can only stifle it. We reverence motherhood for cherishing the new-born and not for strangling it.

(Continued from page 38)

bers of the Visva-Bharati staff the educational problems of Eastern Europe. Monsieur Marin is a tourist who left his native land Belgium twentyfive years ago and took to itineracy as an effective means for making sociological studies of different nations and communities. In his younger days, as he said, he was a teacher of a model school in Belgium and did interesting cultural and educational experiments. A man of wide culture he looked more like a *sadhu* than an ordinary tourist. He gave to the inmates of the Ashrama a talk on his thrilling experiences in East Africa. He was most deeply impressed with what he found at Santiniketan and expressed that no where in the world had he seen so many good things set together for the fulfilment of the poet's unique ideal.

Among the distinguished Indian visitors last month were Mr. A. K. Chanda, Prof. S. Shurawardy, and Mr. S. K. Sen.

Ashramika Sangha

We have great pleasure in announcing the marriage of Anil Kumar Chanda to Rani (nee) Dey, which took place in Calcutta on the 21st November, 1933. The married couple left for Bombay on the same day to attend the Celebration of Tagore Week there.

...

The Annual Meeting of the Ashramika Sangha will be held in *Amrakunja* on the 22nd December, 7th Paus. All the members are cordially invited to attend.

...

Mrs. Tatini Das M. A., formerly a student and an adhyapaka in the Visva-Bharati has been appointed Principal of Bethune College, Calcutta. We wish her all success in her new sphere.

...

Birth:—A son to Mrs. Amita Sen.

A

— NEW BOOK OF POEMS —

BICHITRITA

BY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

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Santiniketan, Bengal.

== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



B. Bose

Volume II.

January, 1934.

Number Seven

THE IDEAL OF EDUCATION

“University is there to offer us opportunity for working together in a common pursuit of truth, sharing together our common intellectual heritage, to enable us to realise that artists in all parts of the world have created forms of beauty, scientists discovered secrets of the material universe, philosophers solved the problems of existence, saints made spiritual truths organic in their lives, not merely for some particular race to which they belonged, but for all mankind. •

When we understand this truth in a disinterested spirit, it teaches us to respect all the differences in man that are real, yet remain conscious of our oneness, and to know that perfection of unity is not in uniformity, but in harmony.”

Rabindranath Tagore

Krishnakali

I call her my Krishna flower
 though they call her dark in the village.
I remember a cloud-laden day
 and a glance from the eyes of my girl;
 her veil trailing down at her feet,
 her braided hair loose on her back.
Ah, you call her dark ; let that be,
 Her black gazelle eyes I have seen.

Her cows were lowing in the meadow,
 when the fading light grew grey.
With hurried steps she came out
 from her hut near the bamboo grove.
She raised her quick eyes to the sky,
 where the clouds were heavy with rain.
Ah, you call her dark ! let that be,
 her black gazelle eyes I have seen.

The East wind in fitful gusts
 ruffled the young shoots of rice,
I stood at the boundary hedge
 with none else in the lonely land.
If she espied me in secret or not
 She only knows and know I.
Ah, you call her dark ! let that be,
 her black gazelle eyes I have seen.

She is surprise of cloud
 in the burning heart of May,
 a tender shadow on the forest
 in the stillness of sunset hour,
 a mystery of dumb delight
 in the rain-loud night of June.
Ah, you call her dark ! let that be,
 her black gazelle eyes I have seen.

I call her my Krishna flower,
 let all others say what they like.
 In the ricefield of Maina village
 I felt the first glance of her eyes.
 She had not a veil on her face,
 not a moment of leisure for shyness.
 Ah, you call her dark ! let that be,
 her black gazelle eyes I have seen.

Education of Girls at Santiniketan

Krishna Kripalani

World a revolving stage.

The world of human affairs may be likened to a circular stage which has only just begun to revolve. Whilst formerly each audience faced its own side of the stage, complacently ignorant of the drama being played on another side, today the ceaseless revolving of the board forces upon each spectator the experience of all its parts. Today no happening so localised or so humble but is immediately recognised as part of the common experience of humanity. The result is that our heads are in a continual whirl, for the demand on our intellects to correlate the experiences of the varied stages is too strenuous. We cannot help envying the past ages when people could conscientiously afford the luxury of giving themselves up to one folly at a time.

Ruin of happy ignorance.

Those days of happy ignorance are over. Imagine the French intellectuals of the eighteenth century rapt in the ecstatic ritual of adoration and sacrifice at the altar of the goddess of democracy; or the English utilitarians of the nineteenth

century vehemently proclaiming that all the wounds of this world would be healed if the suffrage were made more liberal. How fervently they believed in their creeds, and how aggressively they asserted them ! With what lyrical passion the Italian patriots fought for their nationalism ! Today we may not talk of democracy—although we suffer no less under the heel of armed privilege than did the French or Italian democrats—without remembering that everywhere democracy has proved to be the rule of the upstart rich in place of the rule of an insolent hereditary caste. We may not talk of universal suffrage, without a turn of the stage reminding us that “Votes for all” means no more than that the rich and the unscrupulous have to spend more of their money and wit to bribe and befool the ignorant electorate. And nationalism ! Poor thing ! Between Jallianwalla Bag and Geneva, it has hardly a place to stand in.

Loss of faith in academic education

In education too we are unnerved by the same confusion. If we had only our

own illusions to guide us we should pin our faith to universal education. That faith would sustain us for some generations until every villager is fed on the daily stream of sensationalism from the city journals, and every woman on gossip gathered from every corner of the globe. Such, we find, are the glories of education on its extensive side, wherever it has been successfully applied. The typical products of its intensive application are the young men who have learnt enough to hold in contempt the ignorant poor who toil, and not enough to be ashamed of themselves for fattening on that toil. On the one side, we feel exalted at the prospect of providing culture to the illiterate millions; on the other, we find culture being so indiscriminately accumulated that it positively stinks. The world, today, specially its universities, are heaping up so much culture that it has almost covered up and stifled the growth of character, which it is meant to enrich. Our bright young intellectuals are ashamed to own goodness and flaunt their freedom from any principle. Intellectualism has come to mean, to use a Baconian phrase, delighting in giddiness and affecting belief to be a bondage.

Demand of Women.

It is the privilege of sharing in this culture that our women are clamouring for. And yet we may not blame them. For although knowledge is no substitute for wisdom, and diplomas do not guarantee a sense of values, there can be no sure foundation of wisdom save on the well-dug ground of knowledge and diplomas are after all only symbols to attest that the earners are familiar at least with the use of the necessary implements. We who have no illusions left about education, and yet may not altogether discard it, are thus in

no enviable position. Moreover, it is no healthy or happy state of things when instruction may be administered by private idealists, while social and political institutions, which alone condition the direction of such instruction, are in the firm grasp of outside powers with their own vested interests to safeguard. For example, we may not talk of the rights of citizenship without being reminded that we are talking sedition. And yet we are expected to bring up healthy and decent citizens. We are allowed, and even encouraged, to gather dry bits of learning but are forbidden to break them and paste and then remould them to some pattern. "nearer to our hearts' desire".

The futility and pathos of this situation are all the more marked in the matter of the education of our girls. If an appreciation of the true values of life is more important than mere academic learning, it is all the more so in the case of women; for it is they who sing to us our earliest lullabies and form for us our first tastes. It matters far less what my mother taught me to believe than what she taught me to become.

Attitude at Santiniketan.

How then is this problem being faced at Santiniketan? Nobody there claims to have solved it; for the problem can only be solved when the social purpose of the community at large no longer contradicts our educational ideals. Education cannot fully realise its purpose—to develop talents as well to direct them—unless both itself and the society whose end it is meant to serve, are inspired by approximately the same ideals. In the absence of any such great common ideals, the utmost an isolated educational institution can do is to help the individual to save his or her own values from being perverted by the

general standards prevalent outside. In a society where we are exploited in the name of good government, and where we in turn exploit the humble in the name of caste; where women are exploited in the name of virtue, and children in the name of family, one may at least teach an individual to respect herself for her own humanity's worth,

Method Followed

• Now the wisest method of awakening in others an appreciation of values is not to harp upon them too constantly—too close an intellectual familiarity with a notion often deadens our emotional appreciation of it—but to create an atmosphere wherein they may be realised. When values are thus made real to us by being made part of the atmosphere where we live, they become part of ourselves and live in us, often without our knowing how it happens. Many an Indian student has grown to value the freedom of his land by living in England where people are free. In the same way, living in an atmosphere where songs seem to float in the air, as it were, attunes pupils more to the spirit of music than any other course of rigorous training.

Creation of a Unique Atmosphere

That Santiniketan has provided an atmosphere, alive with the creative impulse of the most comprehensive representative of the renascent India, and not overloaded with the possessive greed of an unhappy age, is the best assurance it can offer to its pupils. There is indeed a college to administer the intellectual culture that is the common property of academic bodies all over the world. But if the bare college course were all that we had to offer to the rising generation of Indian womanhood, we should have enough decency not to brag

about so poor an achievement. But what Santiniketan may justly claim is that, so far as intellectual catering is concerned, it has *sterilised academic aggressiveness* by means of the infusion of the atmosphere with the spirit of the Kala-Bhavan (Art Department).

Artistic Values

In an age when all the age-old principles are in the melting pot, and ethical and intellectual standards have yet to emerge in form out of the reigning chaos, artistic values are perhaps the safest guide in education. If a single inspiring vision cannot be held out before the pupils to guide their lives, influence of art may at least refine their sensibilities and chasten their impulses; the more certainly when the presiding genius of the School of Art happens to be a man like Nandalal Bose, whose living is as simple and true as his vision is sublime; whose very presence breathes the benediction of art. College and Kala-Bhavan, held apart and linked close together by the spirit of Rabindranath, which permeates every activity of Santiniketan, have between them—with greater credit to Kala-Bhavan, of course,—provided an atmosphere whose value for the education of women cannot be too highly rated.

Its Typical Product

The typical product of that atmosphere is neither a smart futility, nor a domestic doll: it is a woman who has learned to respect herself because she has discovered and developed her native worth. Trained in a system founded on faith in co-education, she neither reveres man as a god, nor fears him as a brute. Measuring his worth beside her own in the many-sided activities of the Ashrama, she is expected to accept him for what he is worth in the building up of a new healthy

and free India. That India is still far off, and we do not claim to be working heroically for it. Heroes and heroines are never made in educational institutions: they are made in the great struggle of life.

Sarojini Naidu's Visit to Santiniketan

The Women's Conference, held at Calcutta, provided for us the occasion of entertaining many distinguished visitors on their way back from Calcutta. The most honoured of these visitors was Sarojini Naidu. A special reception was organised to welcome her when she arrived on the afternoon of the 5th. There she sat, in the shade of the pleasant mango grove, round which the artists of Kala-Bhavan had drawn designs of *alpāna*. There the students welcomed her with songs; while the Poet, with his own hands, placed a garland round her neck. It all seemed so beautiful and so touching; for the Poet's offering was more than a mere welcome to the distinguished guest: it was his loving tribute to the rising spirit of Indian womanhood.

In the evening Mrs. Naidu addressed the students at Uttarayana the Poet presiding. At the express request of one of the audience, she gave the story of her childhood days. She spoke of her wise and loving mother who was content to forget herself in the love of the home she had created; and of her father, who more than any other person or institution, had helped to mould and direct her mind. She reminded the students of what she had first learned from her father and which later experience had only confirmed, namely, that culture is not the storing of knowledge within one's mind, but the perennial overflowing of that which alone can give value to knowledge. Knowledge becomes culture only when it flows out of the individual in a richer and more beauti-

ful life. Then she dwelt on the responsibilities of the members of a pioneer institution like Santiniketan, and reminded them that it was for such as they to prove that man who is a god need not be afraid of being a god.

The poet then spoke a few words in Bengali, and thanked her for the visit. The Poet thought that the most beautiful thing about Sarojini is that although her whole life has been dedicated to the worship of the Muse and service of the Motherland; she still retains in her the alluring sympathy of a woman and the abiding tenderness of a mother.

Before leaving on the following day, she again addressed the inmates of the Ashrama. Her talk turned on Swadeshism. The true value of Swadeshism, she insisted, was positive: it helped us to bring out the best that is in us. She pointed to the revival of Indian arts and handicrafts, that had well-nigh died out, and to renaissance in our vernaculars as its true glories. Swadeshism, in its negative aspect of boycott of all foreign goods, although valuable as a weapon of retaliation, must not be allowed to turn Swadeshism into an aggressive religion in which everything foreign is abominable, including foreign knowledge. He is a true patriot who loves his country wisely and not foolishly.

Those who had the pleasure of listening to Sarojini Naidu on both the occasions will not easily forget her visit to this Ashrama.

My Journey to Western Tibet

By—Anagarika Brahmachari Govind.

Though I have been travelling a great deal in my life, I must say that my journey to Western Tibet (Ladakh), from where I returned about two months ago, has been one of the most interesting trips I ever made. Not only the nature of the country and the life of its inhabitants but also the way of travelling was in itself a thrilling experience. In this age of railways and motor cars we hardly can imagine a country in which the wheel, even in the primitive form of the simplest bullock cart, is absolutely unknown because there are neither roads nor bridges on which it could move. There are only small paths, just sufficient for men and horses, so that one can only choose between travelling on foot and horseback. One has absolutely to rely on one's strength and resources, and to face nature in all its moods. As there are mostly no houses where one could stay at night, one has to make the open sky one's home. In the first month I had not even a tent because I was told that there was no rain in that season and very soon I became so used to the open-air life that even if I got a chance to stay in a house, I preferred to sleep on the roof. Certainly sometimes it was not altogether agreeable: for instance, when crossing the Great Himalayan Range in snow and rain or enduring icy thunder-storms at the shores of the great salt lakes on the Tibetan highland. But such small travails meant nothing compared with the overwhelming impressions of nature. Most people think that Tibet must be a horrible country, because it is barren and desertlike. But they forget that colours can turn the desert into a fairy land, and in fact Tibet is one of the most colourful countries in the world. The lakes are blue and green like saffron and emerald, and the mountains bright as gold and sometimes flaming red of shining amethyst colour.

In such a fantastic setting monks and mystics of olden times built their hermitages, which later on became sanctuaries and monasteries. The study of these places was my main purpose. I visited about twenty monasteries and found a great deal of important iconographical material, specially about the old Indian *siddhas*, (mystics) who lived mainly between the 7th and the 11th century A. D. They belonged to the Tantric school of Buddhism. Some of them have been great poets and it was they who for the first time introduced the spoken language into Indian literature. Before that time Sanskrit was practically the only written language. Even the Buddhist had abandoned Pali in favour of Sanskrit. Thus the *siddhas* were the first Hindu poets, the father of modern Hindu literature. Unfortunately India has nearly completely forgotten what it owed to these men, and only a few names like that of Saraha, for instance, had survived. But fortunately while the last traces of Indian Buddhism were swept away by the Mahomedan invasion, the records of the *siddhas* were carefully preserved in Tibet. Parts of their works were translated into Tibetan, their life-stories collected in a special volume of the scriptures, and their pictures engraved on stones or painted on the walls of the monasteries.

The pictures I found were engraved and painted on stone slabs. Mostly the old painting had gone and they had been overpainted in later times. But I was able to trace the old engraving underneath and to restore those parts which have been damaged through the influence of the climate in course of centuries. Thus I returned with a complete collection of pictorial representations of the eighty four *siddhas*, which I hope to publish soon, under the auspices of Visva-Bharati.

A

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Santiniketan, Bengal.

== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



B. Bose

Volume II.

February, 1934.

Number Eight

A POEM

She left me her flower of smile
taking my fruit of pain.
She clapped her hands and said,
She had won.

The noon had eyes like the mad,
red thirst raged in the sky.
I opened the basket and found
the flower dead.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan and Sreeniketan

Gurudeva returned to Asrama on the 3rd January after completing his Bombay and Hyderabad tour. On 29th. December last, he presided over the opening meeting of the Rammohan Ray Centenary celebrations in Calcutta.

...

Gurudeva has nominated Sreejut Charu Chandra Dutt, I. C. S. (Retd). to be Upacharya for the current year. Sreejut Shyama Prasad Mukherji, M. A., B. L., Barrister-at-Law, Nalini Ranjan Sarkar and Sreejut Rajshekhar Bose, M. A. have been nominated to the Visva-Bharati Samsad for the year 1934-35.

...

A meeting of the Visva-bharati Samsad took place in Calcutta on the 20th. January. The Samsad adopted the Re-organisation Scheme of the Rural Reconstruction Department work at Sreeniketan.

...

Sreeniketan will observe its anniversary on the 6th. February next. Sreejut Nalini Ranjan Sarkar, President of the Bengal National Chamber of Commerce, will preside over the function.

...

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru accompanied by his wife visited the Asrama on the 19th. January.

...

The Annual Sports at Santiniketan took place on the 30th and 31st. January.

...

Rabindranath has sent a detailed telegram to Mr. Andrews in England about the earthquake devastations in Behar for

the purpose of issuing an appeal in foreign countries in his name.

...

Miss Frances Pressler of the famous Winnetka School in U. S. A. recently spent about three weeks in our midst to study our educational method. She gave a lecture to the Visva-Bharati Sammelani on the system of teaching at the Winnetka School. Madame Morin of the Sorbonne was another interesting visitor in January. She also gave a talk to the students.

...

Alumni News

✓ Anathnath Bose has recently returned home after taking his M. A. degree in education at the London University. He travelled widely in various countries of Europe as well as in the United States of America, enquiring into the method of education.

...

Sobha Sarkar was married on the 29th. December last to Sreejut Sumanta Mahalonobis in Giridih. We wish the happy couple all the good things of life.

...

Personal

Dr. Hashim Amir Ali, Director of Rural Research at Sreeniketan, was married on the New Year's day to Sogra Begum in Hyderabad. After spending a three weeks' honeymoon at his native place Dr. Ali returned here on the 22nd. accompanied by his wife. We wish a very hearty welcome to Mrs. Ali and earnestly hope she will adapt herself easily and enthusiastically to the new surroundings here.

...

(Continued on page 58.)

With Rabindranath In Bombay.

For over thirty years Santiniketan has been silently going on with its work and it has achieved definite results in certain fields. Our Kalabhavana is an inspiration for all lovers of beauty and art. In music and dancing we set the standard in Bengal. But our friends and wellwishers in other parts of India have often complained that they are not sufficiently kept in touch with the work that is being done at Santiniketan and perhaps the charge is not baseless. Bombay which has always taken a keen interest in our work has been most insistent about it.

So it was decided to take a batch of our students to Bombay and give some performances there, showing the public what we have achieved in the realm of music and dancing. The venture was not without its element of risk. To look after a heterogeneous party of fortyfive young and old, male and female, is no mean a task. Then, our plays were in Bengali and one could not be too sure of their reception in a city like Bombay where the public has different taste and ideas of entertainment. Moreover, we are not too flushed with money and if anything went wrong, where would we be? However our authorities showed a spirit of venture and so we set forth on the 21st November to participate in the Tagore week in Bombay, that had been arranged for the last seven days of the month. Rabindranath himself headed the party and among others there were Kshitimohan Sen, Nandalal Bose, Dinendranath Tagore and Surendranath

Kalabhavana, for we were to have an exhibition of our pictures and handicrafts as well, during the period. Our one regret was that owing to illness neither Rathindranath Tagore nor Sreejukta Pratima Devi could accompany us and we missed them at every step.

The Bombay people were not unmindful of their responsibilities and under the guidance of the indispensable Sarojini Naidu, had organised a very representative reception committee to welcome the party and entertain him as the city's honoured guest. On the 23rd morning, the train steamed into Victoria Terminus at the scheduled time and it looked as if half Bombay had turned out to welcome the Poet. Anybody who is somebody was there and at the head of them was Mrs. Naidu with a bouquet of flowers which seemed to overwhelm her with its weight. One by one, she presented the prominent citizens present,—among others the Mayor who welcomed the Poet in the name of the city, Mr. Chandravarkar, the Vice-Chancellor on behalf of the University and Mr. Nariman on behalf of the Congress. The crowd was unmanageable and as there were no volunteers present because of the government ban, it was with extreme difficulty that Rabindranath could make his way to the waiting car. This was my first experience of travelling with the poet and I was overwhelmed at the magnitude and warmth of the welcome. Rabindranath has belied the popular conception of a prophet not being honoured in his own country.

been acquired by the Reception Committee and it was there that the poet put up with his personal staff during the time he was in Bombay—the girls of our party were accommodated in the house of Sreejutt Suresh Chandra mazumdar and the boys in a flat generously placed at our disposal by the Hindusthan Insurance Company.

We began our work almost immediately. At 3 p. m. Rabindranath received the Press and explained the aim of our visit to Bombay. At 6 p. m. there was the opening ceremony of the Art Exhibition by the Hon. Mr. Justice Mirza Akbar. There was a very select gathering present and the poet received a tremendous ovation on his arrival. The Exhibition proved a great success and was an eye-opener to many of our critics who, though they know precious little about Art, are never tired of throwing mud at us. The Governor of Bombay, Sir Frederick Sykes was one of the many interested visitors to the Exhibition and he showed great keenness in the exhibits. In the evening there was a dinner party at the Vice-Chancellor's and no fewer than 200 covers were laid. The poet freely moved amongst the guests and after the meal was over, being pressed, delivered a most witty post-prandial speech.

The next day (24th.) was a day of comparative inactivity. If the comparison be not stretched too far, I would say, it was like a lull before the storm. At five Gurudeva went to the Government Art School Annual Exhibition and later on had dinner at Sir Cowasjee Jehangir's.

Our first dramatic performance, the piece chosen was *Shapmochan*—was staged at the Excelsior Theatre on Saturday, the 25th at 9-30. p. m. Bombay seems to be used to very late hours and it proved rather inconvenient to boys and girls,

many of whom were quite young. The play was most enthusiastically received and it is not a little surprising considering the barrier of language. It was a happy smile we saw on Gurudeva's face, as profusely garlanded he came out of the theatre—he had conquered Bombay anew.

On Sunday the 26th. he delivered his first public speech in Bombay at the Regal Theatre under the presidency of Mr. Talyarkhan, a retired Judge of the Bombay High Court. It was called "The Challenge Judgment."

And it was a different Tagore that Bombay saw. The Poet of the evening preceding was before them, mercilessly exposing the commercial basis of the Western Civilisation and reminding his countrymen once again that what is huge is not necessarily great. The speech created a great sensation and we have received numerous requests to publish it in booklet form, for in the words of Mrs. Naidu, it has a message which should be broadcast over the country.

The next afternoon (27th.) the Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court called on Gurudeva and had tea with him. The same evening "*Tasher Desh*" was presented for the first time. Because it had more dialogue than music, it seemed the audience found it rather difficult to follow: for the next performance many new songs and dances were introduced which had the desired effect.

We had made preparations only for four performances but the public would not let us free. They insisted on a few more performances and tired though our boys and girls were, we had to submit and give one repeat performance. As usual we had a packed house.

On the 29th., there was a big Garden Party in honour of the poet given by the Youngmen's Parsee Association and the next afternoon Madame Atiya Begum was at home to the Tagore Party. It was a gorgeous entertainment at her delightful though quaint house on the Malabar Hill. Later on after we had left Bombay, in the columns of the hospitable 'Times of India' she protested against Bombay money being drained out to far off (?) Santiniketan. We have never heard her make a grievance against Bombay money being drained out to England.

On the first of December the poet spoke again, this time to the students of Bombay at the Cowasji Jehangir Hall. Mrs. Naidu presided and the title of it was "The Price of Freedom." There was one interesting episode at the meeting. the various College Unions of Bombay had sent flowers and they insisted on garlanding the Poet. Gurudeva protested saying that he had not a neck like a giraffe. There are after all nearly twentyfive different colleges in Bombay!

Now that the public engagements were over, Gurudeva concentrated all his attention to the task of raising much needed funds for Visva-Bharati. Unmindful of years and the fatigue of the past few days, he worked day and night for it. It was indeed a most pathetic sight; the man, who perhaps more than anybody else has raised modern India in the estimation of the world going from place to place and from door to door begging help for his great Visva-Bharati. On the 2nd. December, the Indian Merchants Chamber gave him a party, and there making his usual appeal for funds Gurudeva almost broke down. He had for the last thirty years served his mother-land to the best of his

ability and what was the response? He reminded his audience that if they were to acknowledge him as their poet, it was also their bounden duty to see that the cause which he represented did not languish for lack of funds. As it was, he said, most of the encouragement he had received in his life came from foreigners. Our old friend Mr. Dinshaw Irani was there and after Gurudeva, he spoke stressing the urgent need of creating a chair for Hindu Culture at Santiniketan. He said that already chairs for Iranian and Islamic cultures had been established and he thought that the philanthropic Hindu public would help in the creation of a chair for Indology in the near future.

Though the response to Gurudeva's appeal in Bombay was not upto our expectations, it must be admitted that considering the difficult time Bombay was going through the public there did much for us. At least we were assured of their moral support and that in itself is a great thing.

(A list of donations received in Bombay will be printed in the next issue.)

Our party left for Calcutta on the 3rd. December and on the 5th. Gurudeva left for Waltair to deliver Sir A. Krishnaswami Aiyar Endowment lectures at the Andhra University. A small group of friends saw us off at the station. Before leaving Bombay he issued the following letter of thanks:—

"On the eve of my departure from Bombay I take the opportunity of offering my heartfelt gratitude to numerous friends some of whom are not even personally known to me for their very kind hospitality to me and my party in this great city. I have received kindness and friendliness everywhere and genuine efforts have been made to help me in the realisation of my aspiration to make Visva-Bharati a

meeting place of races on the foundation of cultural co-operation. I shall ever cherish the most pleasant recollection of this visit of mine to Bombay."

(Continued from page 54)

Jawaharlal at Santiniketan

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru accompanied by his wife Sreejukta Kamala Devi and his Secretary Sjt. Upadhaya came here on the 19th. January to pay a visit to Gurudeva. They arrived in the evening and was accorded a public

reception in front of Uttarayan. Gurudeva received him with the chanting of appropriate Vedic Mantras. The next morning Panditji addressed a few words to the students and members of the staff. Then he went over the whole Asrama and in the afternoon visited Sreeniketan. The party left for Patna the same evening. During their stay here, Panditji and his wife put up at *Konarka*.

EVENING PROGRAMME

WINTER TERM

January to March 1934.

IN CHARGE	SUBJECT	LANGUAGE	PLACE	HOURS	DAYS	REMARKS
1. Rabindranath Tagore	Talks or readings from his own works	Bengali	Uttarayan	6.30 p. m.	Thursday	
2. Nandalal Bose	Art	Bengali	Kalabhavana	do	Friday	
3. Pramathanath Sen	Science	Bengali and English	Reading Room	do	Saturday	
4. Krishna Kripalani	Current problems and trends in modern thinking	do	do	do	Sunday	
5. Students' Union Meetings					Monday	Talks by different speakers will be organised on various aspects of the subject and the speaker will be announced from week to week.
6. Rama Kar	Musical soiree	Bengali and Hindi	Uttarayan	do	Tuesday	

N. B.—No fixtures on *Purnima* and *Utsava* days.

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Publishing Board, 1934.

Charuchandra Bhattacharya

(Secretary)

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Nihar Ranjan Ray,

Sushobhan Chandra Sarkar,

Rathindranath Tagore,

Kishorimohan Santra,

Debendramohan Bose,

Amal Home,

Sudhir Kumar Lahiri.

...

Adhyakshas

(Departmental Heads) 1934.

Sriniketan Sachiva

Gourgopal Ghosh.

Kalabhavana (School of Arts and crafts)

Nandalal Bose.

Vidyabhavana (Research Dept)

Vidhusekhara Sāstri.

Sikshabhavana (College)

Dhirendramohan Sen.

Pathabhavana (School)

Dhirendramohan Sen.

...

Arrangements have been made for the
 teaching of South Indian dancing and an
 expert lady teacher has been brought here
 from Cochin. Classes are already being
 held and will continue throughout the
 current term.

A

— NEW BOOK OF POEMS —

BICHITRITA

BY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

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Santiniketan, Bengal.

== VISVA-BHARATI NEWS ==



B. Bose

Volume II.

March, 1934.

Number Nine

A veil of a thousand years dropped between you and me
when you turned your face and merged in a past
 where spectre-like dwell they
 who missed love's path in a timorous dusk of doubt.
The space is but narrow that divides us,—
 a tiny stream weaving in its murmur
 the memory of our parting moment,
 the pathos of your passing footsteps.
And all that I can offer to you
 is the music of an unspoken love
 for it to follow you and vanish.

Santiniketan,
February, 1934.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan and Sriniketan

Rabindranath was away in Calcutta from the 8th to 24th. February. There he fulfilled his engagements with the Calcutta University. He also joined the annual meeting of the Rabindra Parisad of the Presidency College.

...

The Anniversary Celebration took place at Sreeniketan on the 6th. February last. Sreejut Nalini Ranjan Sarkar, General Manager, Hindusthan Insurance Company, Calcutta, presided over the function. He was much impressed with all that he saw there and made a personal contribution of Rs. 250. to the Bratibalak Organisation.

...

The Rural Work Training Camp for Visva-Bharati students will commence at Sreeniketan from the 4th. March. About 12 students are joining the camp this term.

...

Adhyapaka Boyd Tucker of the English Department has left on a year's leave. It is understood he will be doing research work at an American University during the period.

...

Professor C. L. Fabri, an Hungarian scholar in Sanskrit is coming here towards the end of March to join the Vidya Bhavana as a research worker. He was connected with the famous Kern Institute, Leiden, for a number of years.

...

Dr. Hashim Amir Ali, Director of Rural Research work at Sreeniketan whose term of office expired this month has been given an extension of three months.

...

Acharya Kripalani, late Principal of the Gujerat Vidyapith paid a flying visit to Santiniketan on the 28th. February last.

...

Adhyapaka Nepal Chandra Ray of the Department of History has gone on long leave prior to retirement. He had been

ill for a long time but we feel relieved to learn that he is much better now. We fervently hope he will maintain the progress and regain his former health.

Ourselves

Sreejut Rathindranath Tagore, Karma Sachiva, Visva-Bharati, has been rather ill for the last two months. He is now much better and is convalescing at Bhubaneswar. Santiniketan is quite a different place without "*Rathida*" and "*Bowthan*", as Sreejukta Pratima Devi is affectionately called by the members of Santiniketan. We miss them but their health is our first concern, and we shall patiently wait in the hope that they are returning to us fully restored to health.

...

It was with very great regret that we bade farewell within the last few days to a number of our foreign friends at Santiniketan. Dr. and Mrs. Timbres, Dr. and Mrs. Bake and Mr. and Mrs. Tucker have all left for their respective homes. The grief at parting is somewhat assuaged by the thought that they all hope to come back, particularly the Tuckers who have gone on a year's furlough and are almost sure to return. Still we shall miss their familiar faces and friendly co-operation in work. Of all these friends poor Harry Timbres leaves under most pathetic conditions. He has been in very poor health the last half year and it is well-known that at times his health has been a matter of grave concern to his relatives and friends. We feel it all the more because it is quite evident that he contracted his illness while carrying out his researches here in some of the unhealthy villages of Birbhum. Let us only hope that the long sea voyage and change of climate will soon bring him back to his old self.

We shall cherish pleasant recollections of our association with them and we assure them of a hearty welcome whenever they may find it possible to return to the *asrama*.

—

The Economic Survey of Goalpara

Dr. H. Amir Ali

As has already been mentioned in a previous number of this News, an economic survey of the neighbouring village known as Goalpara has been completed; and it will not be long before it appears in printed form as a lengthy study. Although the many interesting phases of present day rural economy that it brings to light cannot be treated adequately in summary form, there are some points which are particularly valuable and which might be given even in this news sheet.

Goalpara is a village of some 350 to 400 people and is located on the Kopai river some two miles north of Santiniketan. The inmates of the Asrama often go for picnics in its adjacent mango groves and on the open sand of the river close by. The motor road to Suri passes through the village and the passengers in the motor buses hurrying along through its narrow and lonely streets casually view the mud walls and thatched houses in varying stages of construction and decay. They seldom come to ask : What is the life that goes on behind these walls? How rich or poor are they? What are their social gradations? How is property distributed among the rich and the poor? Many perhaps do not ask because they think that they, being people of the region, of course, know all about it. Besides how many people in India are sufficiently interested in their fellow beings to be anxious about such things?

Such things however are not difficult to find out. After their first shock of surprise is over, the villagers are generally friendly and communicative. At least they were so in Goalpara, for when a post-graduate student from Sriniketan went there with the printed questionnaire

forms, they were at first afraid, but within a week or so he became quite popular and was permitted to ask what he wished. Another week and he brought back with him the questionnaire forms filled in from the 87 families and a little diary which showed some amusing as well as pathetic sides of human intercourse.

The first thing which an analysis of this questionnaire shows is the existence of three distinct economic divisions among the people. Perhaps there are upper, middle and lower classes in every society, but in Goalpara this seems to be much more marked; and what is more interesting is that these three economic divisions correspond very closely with the divisions according to caste: the upper 40 per cent consisting of Brahmins, the middle 20 per cent consisting of the artisan castes and again the lower 40 per cent consisting of such castes as *haris*, *doms*, and *muchis*. There are indeed a few poor Brahmins and one of the artisan caste earns enough through the sale of toddy than many in the upper class. But these are exceptions, the rule being that economic position shall conform to the caste status.

Now these three divisions of Goalpara society differ from each other in almost every social characteristic. Their occupations are different: the upper class owns the land, the lowest class works the land and the middle class lives upon the allied industries and crafts. They differ in their sex and age distribution of their respective populations. They differ in the sizes of their families; the upper class showing an average of 5 and the lowest class an average of 3 per family. They differ even in the civil condition of their respective groups; the upper class has not only a

large population of widows, but those of this class are comparatively younger; for influence and money are conducive to encouraging disparity between the ages of husbands and wives and so when husbands die, the widows among the Brahmins are comparatively younger. And of course they differ in their educational status; the males of the upper class being almost all literate while only one or two adults of the lowest class are able to read and write simple sentences.

Similarly the village property including land, livestock and other goods is distributed according to castes : The value of property owned by the Brahmins or the upper 40 per cent of the population amounts to no less than 88.72 per cent of the total, the artisan or the middle class consisting of 20 per cent own 11.7 per cent while the remaining property worth only 0.58 per cent of the total is distributed among the 40 per cent forming the lower stratum of the Goalpara population.

Naturally therefore incomes and expenditures vary considerably. In fact the following table showing average figures for a typical family of each of these three classes summarizes the entire structure in a striking manner. One has only to compare the corresponding figures for each item to learn how different are the situations which the three classes have to face.

The problem of indebtedness too is different for the upper, middle and lower classes, but space does not permit this to be dealt with adequately here. Suffice it to say that the upper class is also more indebted than the other classes. Having more security to offer and having to carry on the agricultural business they naturally

have to incur debts. Perhaps, having more rights to property they have more responsibilities. Nevertheless it is remarkable how little is the indebtedness of the village as a whole. About 45% of the families are free from debt, about 22% owe less than Rs. 100/-, while the remaining 33% have debts of more than Rs. 100/- all belonging to the middle and upper classes.

While these figures reveal valuable points of information, they are not to be taken as representative of the rural population of the region as a whole, for Goalpara is not a typical village. The Brahmins form too large a percentage of its population for it to be so. Besides, the analysis of a single village is not sufficient to give a correct idea and for this reason, four other villages have been taken up for study and when the analysis of the statistical data from them has been completed we shall be in a position to view the figures for Goalpara on a comparative basis.

A word here however will not be amiss with regard to the usefulness of such studies. As a friend of mine remarked; the difficulty with such surveys is that after you have collected a large amount of data you do not know what to do with it. And this in a sense is true, for such figures instead of giving us some clues as to what should be done, tend to take away even the few illusions we have about rural reconstruction. What can we do in the face of such unequal distribution of wealth and social energy? And when we cannot change the foundations on which rural society is based of what use are palliatives and temporary measures? Still... ..

Table XXXI.
Nature and Amount of Annual Incomes and
Expenditures per Average Family.

Income in Rs.				Income in Rs.			
	Class I.	Class II.	Class III.		Class I.	Class II.	Class III.
<i>From Land.</i>				<i>From Livestock,</i>			
Aus paddy	50	18	1	Milk	40	18	3
Aman paddy	200	54	-	Manure	15	8	3
Straw	60	20	1	Others	20	4	2
Sugarcane & potato	30	6	-				
Others	10	2	-				
Total—	350	100	2	Total—	75	30	8
<i>From other sources</i>							
Rent & interest	8	-	-				
Profession	25	-	-				
Trade	10	90	-				
Industry	-	60	12				
Service	20	-	9				
Labour	-	10	56				
Misc.	12	-	3				
Total—	75	160	80				
Grand Total for Income	500	290	90				
DEFICITS	100		1				
Surplus		20					
EXPENDITURE IN RUPEES							
<i>On Land and Livestock</i>				<i>On other Items.</i>			
Rent	45	15	2/4	Clothing	26	18	8
Seed	5	1		House repairs	10	6	1
Manure	20	8		Medical	10	9	1
Krishani	70	12	-	Education	3	1	-
Straw	50	16	4/4	Interest	16	9	1/8
Oilcake	15	6		Tax & rent	50	15	
Bran	15	2		Social Functions	30	4	1
Cowboy	6	3		Luxury	2	1	-
Sharelab.	50	21	/8	Misc	3	2	1/8
Misc.	4	2	-				
Total—	270	86	7	Total—	150	65	14
				Grand Total for			
				Expenditure	600	270	91
<i>On Food.</i>							
Rice	70	50	52				
Vegetables	16	10	3				
Milk	45	20	1				
Salt, oil etc	25	20	8				
Fish	12	8	3				
Fuel	6	5	1				
Misc.	6	6	2				
Total—	180	119	70				

Classical Hindusthani Music and its critics.

(Hemendralal Roy. B.A. Sangeet Visharod)

In India Hindusthani music is left at the mercy of fair and contrary winds according to the special bias and particular temperament of the critic. The attitude may be friendly, hostile or indifferent but almost all the criticisms have a feature in common. They smack too much of amateurish and ill-deduced generalisations and the custom is to say the first thing that comes to mind. The professionals, even if conscious of unfair judgment, cannot protest as they are mostly illiterate and are not acquainted with the finer shades of intellectual analysis.

In a more materialistic civilization, as that of Europe, people depend less on intuition and think more than twice before subjecting themselves to the delicate task of writing anything on classical music. The number of periodicals and specialists devoted to the subject is considerable in Europe and America. The democratically-minded westerner may say that he prefers jazz to Beethoven's sonata in minor, but he will ponder seriously and long before he goes to condemn sweepingly the principles and the status of classical music.

One should be guarded in expressing oneself in matters musical. Music is more abstract than its sister arts painting, sculpture or architecture. It borrows little from nature and is in no way associated with anything outside musical sounds. Even the feeling inspiring it, is not the same as literary emotions and can never be expressed in words. It is no wonder that it remains a mystery to people, for they have nothing concrete to fall back on. Yet it is the most direct way in which man has expressed himself in art and it touches a very deep stratum of our emotional life.

A song or a stray tune may be a common enjoyment for all, but it is difficult to grasp the idea of musical form in classical

music. Hindusthani music is not a song, the outline of the song being the least part of it. It is the development of a musical idea from the fundamental relations between notes and the group of notes as they succeed one another. It is easier to detect design and form in painting, sculpture and architecture. The thing is there, complete and ready to be taken at a glance by the mind.

Music flows and we have to remember what we have heard before and from the little bits, create the form as best as we can. This is the essence of Hindusthani music and it must be done primarily for the sheer joy of creating. In that way any genuine expression is possible.

But it is absurd to introduce music through words. Words have meanings attached to them; music has no meaning outside its own self. A history of music or a grammar of technical terms may be useful to the musician but to the lay public it will not mean much. To appreciate classical music one must hear it often, and the critic is no exception to the rule. Indian musicians spend years in absorbed hearing in addition to rigorous training in execution. In that way the mind adapts itself to the invisible shape and design in the *Ragas* which is stored in the subconscious and recreated. The smattering of a few musical terms will be lost on the mind which does not possess this vague but very real comprehension of the *Ragas*.

An art-critic should at least have some share in artistic activity before he is competent to pass judgment on works of art and most of all on music. People should not hastily come to conclude, as sometimes a few foreigners and Indians do, that all music based on melody must needs be very simple and easy, whereas everything connected with harmony should be complex and superior. Hindusthani *Ragas* are the mature product of

an ancient civilization and took more than a thousand years in evolving. It should not be brushed aside so lightly.

Fortunately reasonable people all over the world feel that art is not the monopoly of any nation and that there may be

something quite interesting and original in people having an alien culture with a different medium of expression. Probably the voice of these men will carry weight in future.

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31.	Mr. S. C. Banerjee	250/-			
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A
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VISVA-BHARATI NEWS



B. Bose

Volume II.

April, 1934.

Number Ten

A POEM.

Do not call him to thy house, the dreamer
 who walks alone by thy path in the night.
His words are those of a strange land,
 and strange is the melody
 on his one-stringed instrument.

There is no need for thee to spread a seat for him,
 he will depart before the daybreak.
For in the feast of freedom
 he is asked to sing
 the praise of the new-born light.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan and Sreeniketan.

Charu Chandra Dutt, the *Upacharya* was in residence at Santiniketan from the 21st March to the end of the month.

An economic and social survey of Santiniketan is being carried on under the supervision of Dr. Amir Ali.

The outer walls of the Hospital building have been decorated with fresco painting depicting life in the *asrama*. The pictures have all been painted by the students of the Kalabhavana.

Among the recent visitors to the *Asrama* mention should be made of Prof. and Mrs. Congrès of the University of Minnesota, U. S. A., Dewan Bahadur K. V. Rangaswami, till recently Director of Public Instruction, Travancore State, and M. Paskevicius of the University of Kaunas, Lithuania.

An exhibition of the paintings of Brahmachari Govinda was held at the Kalabhavana in the first part of the month.

Brahmachari Govinda of the Vidya-bhavana has been appointed the Director of the Buddhist Research Institution soon to be started at Saranath. This does not mean the severance of connection between the Brahmachari and the *Asrama* because arrangements have been made that he may be able to spend a few months in the year at Santiniketan delivering lectures as usual.

A meeting of the Samsad was held at 6, Dwarkanath Tagore Lane, Calcutta on Tuesday the 20th March, 1934 at 6 P. M.

Present:—Pramathanath Banerji (in the chair), Nagendra Narayan Choudhuri, Kalimohan Ghosh, Prafulla Sen Gupta, Sudhir Kumar Lahiri, Hembala Sen, P. C. Mahalanobis, Dhirendramohan Sen, Debendra Mohan Bose, Jitendramohan Sen, Premchand Lal, Charuchandra Bhattacharya, Surendranath Kar, Kishorimohan

Santra and Rathindranath Tagore (Karma-Sachiva)

The second meeting of the Karma-Samiti 1934 was held at 210, Cornwallis Street, Calcutta on Monday the 19th March, 1934 at 6 p. m.

Present:—Prasantachandra Mahalanobis (in the chair), Debendramohon Bose, Charuchandra Bhattacharya, Sudhir Kumar Lahiri, Jitendramohan Sen and Kishorimohan Santra (Asst. General Secretary)

Dewan Bahadur K. V. Rangaswami M. A. delivered two lectures on the Contribution of the South to the Indian culture on the 18th and 19th. March last at *Uttarayan*.

M. Paskevicius of the University of Kaunas, Lithuania, delivered two lectures on the culture of Lithuania and Lithuanian Folklore on the 21st. and 23rd. March respectively.

Pandit Vidhusekhar Sastri, Principal Vidya-Bhavana delivered the Adhar Chandra Mookherjee lectures at the University of Calcutta in 1932. The University has recently published these lectures in book form under the name of "The Basic Principles of Buddhism."

Alumni News

We are glad to learn that Apurva Kumar Chanda of the Indian Educational Service has been appointed the Assistant Director of Public Instruction to the Government of Bengal from May next.

We are deeply grieved to hear about the sad and untimely death of Mrs. Santa Nayak who had been a student of the Patha-Bhavana from 1931—33. She expired during the last week of February in Bombay, after an urgent operation for appendicitis. Our heart-felt sympathies go with the bereavement of Syt. Raghubhai Nayak, her husband who is an ex-student of the Siksha-Bhavana 1925—29.

Music at Santiniketan

Dr. A. Bake

When one speaks of music at Santiniketan one invariably means the music of Rabindranath and not the classical music, instrumental and vocal, that too is taught here under very competent teachers. For the unique importance of Santiniketan as far as music is concerned is the revolution that Rabindranath has brought about in the field of Indian music.

To understand the change which we identify with Rabindranath a short explanation may be necessary.

Indian music has behind it a history of at least two and a half thousand years from the time the vedic ritual developed. We know about the classical Sanskrit music and the music that developed from it under Muslim influence during the days of the Moghuls, then its decline after the collapse of that mighty structure and its renaissance visible in our days to which Rabindranath Tagore has made such a distinguished and significant contribution.

During the high-tide of Indian Culture in the first ten centuries of our era music occupied a very high place in society, as clearly revealed by countless references in literature and art. The impact with Muslim invaders after 1,000 A. D., did not bring radical changes as the music of the conquerors was basically that of India. So, the period of the Moghuls merely showed a change of style and a further development of the old system. It in fact became so perfect that it literally exhausted all possibilities in the melodical line. Music became more and more a privilege of a small circle of connoisseurs at courts and noble houses gradually losing touch

with people as such that had a music of its own. Art-music took more and more to despising folk-music. Any melody not conforming to the rules and regulations that asserted themselves ever more was not considered as music at all.

The professional class of court-singers jealously guarded its traditions handing it down only to the immediate pupils, various singers putting more and more stress on the technical side by which a class of "Virtuosi" came into being that can well be compared to that of the second half of the 18th to the end of the 19th. century in Europe.

Naturally the general decline of culture influenced music as much as other forms of art. The erstwhile patrons of Indian music, princes and aristocrats often diverted their attentions to other things and singers and instrumentalists had to take refuge more and more in gymnastics "pour épater le public".

The real art had not died, it was and is still living, but the majority of the people have lost sight of it and today hails artificiality in its place.

The awakening of national consciousness that entailed a new appreciation of India's own culture naturally gave an impetus to a new appreciation of music. One of the pioneers of this movement was a relative of Rabindranath, Maharajah Sir Sourindra Mohan Tagore. In Rabindranath's parental home Indian classical music was fostered and executed by the best singers of the day attached to the household.

Thus young Rabindranath imbibed the intricacies of the system from his early childhood and he describes how he

passed days together with his brother in a little boat on the river singing and changing the melodies according to the changing time of the day in the way prescribed by the old system, that had evolved a subtle theory of cosmic harmony between the moods expressed in its *rags* and *raginis* and the periods of day and night.

The house of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, the Poet's father never barred its door to foreign culture and western music too was not refused admittance. So young Rabindranath had some acquaintance with western music then and in later years when he was in England. This connection ended in disappointment however, notwithstanding the fact that Rabindranath adapted some English tunes to his Bengali words in his first musical play. The real reason of this disappointment was that Rabindranath never learnt to appreciate harmony that had acquired such perfect supremacy in western music of the 19th. Century.

We may safely consider the period of western influence as insignificant in the whole of Tagore's development as a composer. Classical Indian music created a much more lasting effect. Numberless of his earlier poems have melodies adapted from classical Indian tunes, and his favourite lyrical form of poetry meant to be sung of course—is derived from the most honoured form of classical Sanskrit music, the *Dhrupad*.

If the classical Indian music, he heard from his childhood, gave him a solid musical background, his real importance lies not in his activity as a continuer of classical tradition but in throwing off the rigid bonds and limitations that had stifled the classical music. In whatever field Tagore has been active, be it literature, education or music, his

activities have always been directed against the hamperings of convention and dogmas.

His real freedom as an individual he reached when his wise father entrusted him with the management of the Tagore estates in North Bengal. There, amongst the people, travelling in his houseboat from village to village hearing their own tales and their own songs, he realised his genius. Henceforward compositions are unthinkable without the background of the Bengali folk music. The wonderful songs of the wandering mystical singers, the *Bauls*, of the boat-men of East Bengal with their haunting melodies, the deep and burning devotion of the medieval *Kirtan* music that had come to a development unique in India, all these expressions of the innermost life of the people he came to know and love. They became the decisive factor in all his artistic activity.

Here is his greatness. He has brought back simplicity at a time when classical music was choking in sophistry; he has found a form that has a direct appeal to the heart. He has brought back the sense of proportion that had been entirely lost in the endless execution of vocal gymnastics so appealing to professional singers. He has revived the intimate contact between words and music completely lost in classical music as most applauded in our times and has shown that rules and regulations are there to serve us and not to be thought of as aims in themselves.

Over and above all, the re-establishing of the contact with the music of the people, that ever fresh source of inspiration makes him a figure of unique importance in the field of renascence of Indian music.

His influence has been enormous here as in almost every other field of artistic activity. Naturally the boys and girls

who are educated at Santiniketan, where the atmosphere is resounding with his music get the healthy, free attitude into their system and since the pupils are from all different provinces of India, it is only natural to expect that this influence will spread in the coming years, like a fresh

wind blowing through rooms that have remained closed for long.

The wind will not destroy the building and the real objects of art in it, but it certainly will blow away much musty air, and a good many cobwebs that accumulated in the process of time.

With Village-Experts in Villages

Krishna Kripalani

The various experts in charge of the various activities of the Village-Reconstruction Department at Sriniketan were to make an intensive survey of the surrounding villages to enable them to present, each one of them, a practical scheme of welfare for each village for the coming year. Seeing in this an opportunity of considerable educative value for our Visva-Bharati students, a group of them joined the village-survey camp, I accompanying them.

The first camp was near Benuri, or rather, in the midst of four villages, one of which was Benuri. We pitched our tents round a well-built thatched cottage, which we were told was the doctor's dispensing centre for the four villages. Built by Sriniketan and run at first as a free dispensary for several years, it is now to be transferred to a newly formed Health Society, to be entirely supported by Village Subscriptions and controlled by the villagers themselves. Among the many ideas and projects that have been mooted or tried by our village-reconstruction department during the last many years, that of the Health Societies, run by the villagers themselves, seems to be the most practical and most pregnant of possibilities. The suggestion was first given by the Poet himself and has been put into operation by Sjt. Kalimohan Ghosh.

Near the cottage a tube-well was being sunk, or rather, has been "being sunk" for a long time. In the meanwhile the only supply of water, both for drinking and for washing purposes, was a pool so dirty that even when we were assured that the drinking-water had been well-boiled and was "scientifically drinkable", it required an effort to overcome the psychological feeling of repulsion before we could let it down our throats. For bathing and for washing clothes, however, that was the water to be used. Some of us had chlorine with us which secured for us a certain hygienic standard in the water, but chlorine was not the general "dharma"; it was a "fad" with some odd creatures. The village folk would of course be scandalised if they were told that some of us were raising objection to their water. Their stock argument is, "Did not our forefathers use this same water for ages? And have we not managed to survive?" Yes, you have. But with what results! And at what cost!

Each day we went to one village or other. Benuri we found to be one of these villages that have been steadily degenerating for the last many years. Once it could boast of a prosperous community, thriving on its oil-pressing industry. Owing to the competition of the machine-pressed oil, the economic condition of the villagers

rapidly declined, and with it their moral stamina, with the result that, apart from the one oil-press that was still working, the only flourishing industry seemed to be that of scandal-mongering. That is natural; for the community cherishes a large percentage of widows as the pride of its religious conformity.

The place is also a malarial haunt. We tried to clear one of their pools that was completely covered with huge, slimy water-hyacinths, a most dangerous harbour of all sorts of enemies to life. While some of us went knee-deep into the water and were plucking out the grimy roots, the villagers looked on and smiled, and went on with their *hookas*, wondering why we should have been bothering about them when they had ceased to bother about themselves. It seemed so futile to lure activity out of them by example. Life in them is too sluggish to be so lured. It might be driven to move by some external compulsion. If we could supplement example and precept by the power of the state-force to enforce fines for some of their monstrous negligences, villagers might wake up to a little sense of responsibility towards their own pools and other necessities of village existence. But it is an idle speculation; for we have no such power. In fact what little village-work is possible in India, today is carried on in spite of the state-authority.

Islampur was another of those four villages. The name is a misnomer, for there was not one resident owing allegiance to the religion of the prophet. The most familiar sight to be met with there was an old man of kindly appearance, patiently sitting and assisting in the operation of a little sugar-cane press. The abject inefficiency of our economic life seemed to be fitly symbolised in those poor little sugar-canes, stiff, withered and

crooked, and no thicker than an old woman's fingers. Another sight, instructive by its very pathos, were the cows. Eighty of them, with a total output of ten seers per day. It seems the villagers round about here keep cows more for the yield of the cow-dung than for that of the milk, for there is hardly any for the latter. The dairy-expert also noted these facts and has decided to persuade the villagers, as part of the coming year's new scheme of work, to take from him seed of an improved variety of sugarcane, as also to present them with a Sind bull.

The next morning we went to Bahadurpur. A wedding had taken place the previous night and the fading design of an *alpona* could still be seen in the courtyard of a big house. One villager proudly mentioned the fact that no less than three hundred rupees had been spent on the ceremony and the feast. How many years of drudgery it would take to pay off that debt with its usurious interest,—we thought it kinder not to enquire. As we were talking, a palanquin brought the bride and the groom to the house. A most revolting sight! A big, hefty fellow of at least thirty, decorated in a ridiculously vulgar fashion, seated opposite a child who should not have been more than ten. Sarda Act! Only an honest Hindu, shamelessly secure in the orthodoxy of his faith, could so enjoy this ride of barbarism. We were advised not to show too openly our disapproval of the previous night's sacred ceremony, for if the leaders of the village community suspected that we seriously meant to "reform" they would not tolerate our presence in their midst. And therefore we must be "politic" and not "meddle" too much. We must smile on them, and sit there, smoke their *hookas* and exchange endless imbecilities with them.

At the further end of the village we

came across a sight, at once refreshing and heart-rending. At the door of a small and dark but neatly kept hut stood a young woman of remarkable appearance, healthy and graceful, almost beautiful, with a complexion that shone as the dark dazzling "livery of the burnished sun." She stood absorbed in the child that she carried in her arms, and certainly seemed to have had no time—to use the tenderly ironical language of the Poet—to practise modesty. She had early lost her husband who left her the care of a child without leaving her anything else. Her sole means of livelihood was to husk rice from sunrise to sunset, for which labour she received half a seer of rice per day. That was all the earning she had. If she wanted to add *dal* and salt to her menu, she must part with a portion of the rice. (After all the much-maligned salt-campaign of Mahatma Gandhi had its basis in the authentic cry of the poor.) She must also set apart a part of her daily share of rice to exchange for a piece of cloth to cover her modesty, or rather, the orthodox demand for modesty; she must also save something for the annual festival and for the sacrificial offering to her god and his agents on earth who, not having given her anything, were content to accept something from her. "Why", we could not help asking, "has not Visva-Bharati provided a better living for her and the like of her?" We were told that our experts proceed wisely and cautiously and have to bear in consideration the stern fact that if the village zaminders were deprived of such cheap and helpless labour, they would make Sriniketan activity impossible in the village; moreover the fact of her sex might also be used to malign our village workers. Therefore instead of indulging in unpractical and impracticable schemes of helping the poor, it was much more "scientific" to collect statistics; for it is well-known that experts place much greater reliance on statistical surveys than on such spasmodic essays in human uplift. However, it was refreshing, though inexpressibly sad, to know that even in the midst of such inhuman poverty, a woman could look a picture of health and grace. Neither sacrificial offerings nor sentimental *Kirtans*, but vigorous physical activity and the necessity of keeping alive keeps

the poor healthy and cheerful and imparts to their movements that unconscious grace that one misses in our middle-class girls, fed on culture and art.

Bahadurpur has also a primary school, maintained by the Local Board. It is the only school for all the four villages, though most of its pupils—both boys and girls—seem to come from the Mahomedan village of Lohagarh. The school takes pupils up to the "fifth grade". There are only two teachers who hold classes simultaneously in the same room. The day we went there being Sunday, teachers from several other village schools had gathered there to meet the Sriniketan educational expert. It seems they meet him every week to be trained by him in more advanced pedagogic practice.

We were asked to put some questions to the children. We asked how many of them had heard the name of Rabindranath Tagore. Only five out of twenty-seven had heard the name of the Poet who lives only three miles from the village and whose organisation has been working in that area for so many years. "How many of you have heard the name of Mahatma Gandhi?" Only three. "Who is he?" We received the astounding reply: "He is also a poet." There was one Mahomedan boy, however, who knew that Mahatma Gandhi was "a man who has been preaching Swadeshi." "What do you understand by Swadeshi?" Again only one boy—the same Mahomedan boy—could say that Swadeshi meant that "We should put on cloth made in our own country." That there are villages within three or four miles of Santiniketan where children up to the "fifth grade" have not heard the names of Rabindranath and Mahatma Gandhi is a state of disgrace which we would not have believed to be possible had we not witnessed it ourselves. That we are not shocked at this state of things and are content to go on improving the methods of instruction in reading, writing and counting, without regard to that knowledge which is also inspiration and which alone can feed the soul of the people, sufficiently explains the abject level of our moral consciousness as a nation. An educationist who does not take upon himself the responsibility of inspiring the moral consciousness of his pupils is only evading it.

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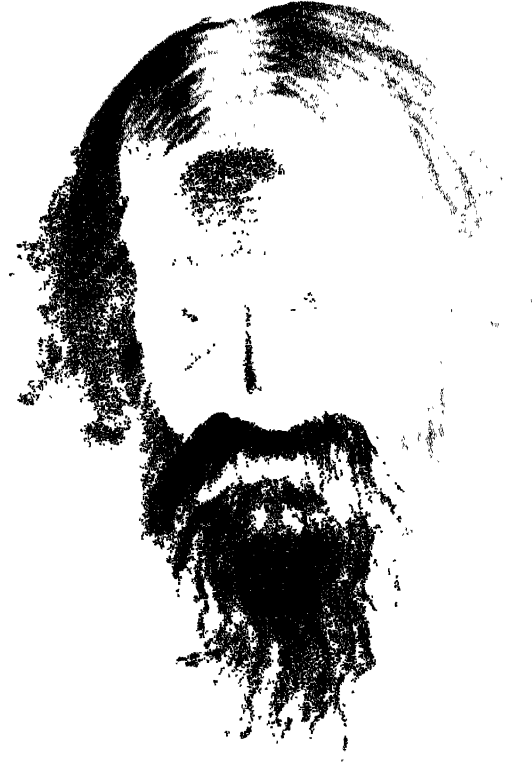
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*BORO-BUDUR**

The sun shone on a far away morning,
while the forest murmured its hymn of praise to light,
and the hills, veiled in vapour,
dimly glimmered like earth's dream in purple.
The king sat alone in the coconut grove,
his eyes drowned in a vision,
his heart exultant with the rapturous hope
for spreading its chant of adoration
along the unending path of time:
"Let Buddha be my refuge."

* The great Buddhist *Stupa* built on the island of Java.

His words found utterance
 in a deathless speech of delight,
 in an ecstasy of forms.
 The island took it upon her heart,
 her hill raised it to the sky.
 Age after age the morning sun daily illumined its great meaning.
 While the harvest was sown and reaped
 in the near-by fields by the stream,—
 While Life, with its chequered light,
 made pictured shadows on its epochs
 of changing screen,—
 the prayer, once uttered in the quiet green of an ancient morning,
 ever rose in the midst of the hide-and-seek
 of tumultuous time :
 “Let Buddha be my refuge.”
 The King, at the end of his days,
 merged in the shadow of a nameless night
 among the numberless unremembered,
 leaving his salutation in an imperishable
 rhythm of stones
 which ever cries, “Let Buddha be my refuge.”
 Generations of pilgrims came
 on the quest of an immortal voice for their worship ;
 and this sculptured hymn, in a grand symphony of gestures,
 took up their lowly names and uttered for them.
 “Let Buddha be my refuge.”
 The spirit of those words has been muffled in mist
 in this mocking age of unbelief,
 and the curious crowds gather here
 to gloat in the gluttony of an irreverent sight.
 Man to-day has no peace,—
 his heart arid with pride,
 he clamours for an ever-increasing speed
 in a fury of chase
 for objects that ceaselessly run but never reach a meaning ;
 and now is the time when he must come
 groping at last to the sacred silence
 which stands still in the midst of surging centuries of noise,
 till he feels assured,
 that in an immeasurable Love
 dwells the final meaning of Freedom
 whose prayer is : “Let Buddha be my refuge.”

Rabindranath Tagore

• Man

The road is ever extended to the outside and has no meaning within itself. Its significance is reached when it reaches the home where begins the manifestation of the inward. When the course of evolution advanced to the stage of Man its character changed, it shifted its emphasis mainly from the body to the mind. There is relentless competition among them where creatures struggle to preserve their physical integrity. But in their mind it becomes possible for them to realise their unity and their fulfilment in mutual co-operation. In the world of Man individuals are conscious of a comprehensive truth which is spiritual and whose members they are themselves. The best expression of Man therefore is that which does not exclusively represent an isolated mind, but can be accepted by the minds of men of all times. To set up creeds and practice to which the universal mind cannot respond is what we call barbarism.

Once, seeking perfection, Man engaged in external forms, in rituals and ceremonies. At last, in the language of the *Geeta*, he declared that the sacrifice which is comprehended in the inner culture (জ্ঞান যজ্ঞ) is superior to material sacrifices (দ্রব্যময় যজ্ঞ). In the words of Christ, he heard that purity lies, not in external commands and prohibitions, but in the sanctifying of the heart. This was the invocation of the universal Personality in the mind of the individual person. The final utterance of this very consciousness is that he alone knows Truth who realises in his own soul those of others, and in the soul of others, his own.

The aspect of man which has sur-

passed the animal grows with its ideal. It is an aspiration for that which is not evident in his material world nor urgent for his physical life, it belongs to his universal self.

In the Rigveda we find of this universal Being :

পাদেহস্তা বিশ্বাভূতানি
ত্রিপাদস্তায়তং দিবী—

A quarter of him is in the apparent world, the remainder subsists above in the form of immortality. This is proved when the individual man at a great cost to himself thinks the thoughts of all men, fulfils the desire of the many and gives form to the joy that is for every one. The extent to which his trend is in the opposite direction, towards the narrow distinctions of time and place to that extent he is a barbarian.

The human body is a universe inhabited by millions of cells. Each of them is instinct with its own individual life and yet with a deep direction towards a mystery of unity. If they had self-consciousness they would have been conscious of their separateness and at the same time of their identity with the whole body. The latter fact could only have been possible through an unaccountable indication of relationship, though the complete and direct knowledge of the whole body would surely be beyond the power of those cells.

For, this body exists not only here and now, but its past persists in it, its future awaits it. There is also a common element of general felicity pervading the whole system which cannot be analysed and which is what we mean by health. Besides this each cell embodies a spirit of self-dedi-

cation to the purpose of the maintenance of life's wholeness. If we try to grasp the mystery of this career, we can understand that the truest nature of these minute bodies centres round something which we can call their universal aspect.

It is the same with Man. He has observed the deeper endeavour of his own heart and felt that he is not exclusively an individual: he is also one in spirit with the universal Man, under whose inspiration the individual engages in expressing his ultimate truth through crossing nature's limitations. To these expressions he gives the name of the true, the good, the beautiful, not only from the point of view of the preservation and enrichment of society, but from the completeness of his own self.

Let us imagine the creature as if he is born, lives and dies in a railway carriage. This train travels towards a fixed destination along a definite narrow route. The head of the animal is parallel to the floor of the carriage, his vision is stretched downward, and he carries on his quest of food and recreation within the limits of the car. Even in this restricted sphere, opposition and danger are many, and his time is taken up in struggling with them. He cannot lift up his head and stand upright like man. His vision does not reach upto the window above. The impulse of his mind does not take him beyond the needs of the security of life.

Man has stood up and found the window in front. He has come to know that the universe is not confined within the carriage. Outside it, vistas on vistas open out. Would it have mattered if he had remained indifferent to the 'beyond' which serves no immediate need? But in defiance of the sharply-mapped dominion

of the Life Force he ventured out to find his own autonomy. In this triumphal march, his natural instincts do not side with him. On this path, he knows neither comfort nor rest, and yet hundreds of explorers are continually widening the path and opening it up even at the cost of their own lives.

By stooping downward, the animal sees things piecemeal and separate, and his smell is allied to his sight. Visual perception is relatively disinterested and is therefore the more important in the kingdom of knowledge. Affection through smell is within the borders of the physical faculties. The awareness of objects which animals obtain through smell and sight is essentially in the interest of immediate needs. By lifting up his head, man no longer saw merely separate and distinct objects; he also had a complete view of the unity of manifold things. He saw himself at the centre of an undivided extension. The erect man prized the distant more than the near. His mind turned towards the unknown and unexpected. It is not only his sight but also his two hands that have found liberation. If the hands had not gained exemption from the tasks of the feet, they would have been in a subordinate position in the body, a fourth caste with the indignity attached to the untouchable. In the human body, the *sudra* was elevated to *Kshattriyahood*. He found the dignity of the hand and entered into partnership with the mind. He no longer remained a wholtime servant in the routine of daily life. He became busy with experiments on the unexpected, with construction of the unthought of, with largely the useless. Animals also have plenty of leisure when they can play, but in their life, play is secondary. Besides, their play

also represents the tendencies of their life's needs. The sport of the kitten is to play at catching imaginary rats, and the pup finds its joy in the loud pretence of fighting its own tail. But what may be called recreation of man, what serves no useful purpose in his life, only too often becomes primary and becomes even more insistent than the routine of his daily life. In the foreground of his leisure, man is everywhere busy in building up his paradise,—there lies the garden of his imaginings. From this we infer that Nature may control man's supply of food, and for the sake of the body, he may be forced to meet her exactions but the freehold temple-land where man has his spiritual home is outside nature's domain. There is no risk of urgent summons there from any overlord. The greatest obligation there is a voluntary obligation. It is the challenge of the ideal, the challenge of humanity, the ignoring of the greed of things in the endeavour after the realisation by man, of his universal self.

In the animal world, the nebula of consciousness is diffused in indistinct light. That nebula was concentrated in man and declared in the language of radiant light, অস্মৎ ভেদে—Here am I. In the history of man there began from that day in many forms, in many ways and many languages the answers to the one fundamental question, "What am I?." In the true answer to this question lies his joy, his glory. He has understood that he is not simple, but hides a mystery of depth within himself, and that he will finally know himself only when the veils of the mystery, have been pierced. Through centuries he has persisted in this attempt. He has founded innumerable religions and institutions. He protests against his natural instincts and tries to

force on himself the recognition that, in truth, he is far greater than what he externally appears to be. He is trying to accept in his mind the idea of a Being who is ideally far greater than himself and yet intimately related to him. It is by what he adores that he proves wherein, in his own estimation lies his truth. Needless to say, that sometimes in the attempt to answer this question, the object of adoration that he imagines, reveals a mind which is blind in its intelligence, vulgar in its morality and deformed in its ideal of beauty. Such answer we shall regard as mistaken. Like all mistakes, these must also be rectified by a universal standard of truth, goodness and beauty.

When the physical side was of primary importance in the evolution of animal life, many animals degenerated or died out as the result of some maladjustment in their bodily constitution. When in the course of evolution the conscious self, or 'I' appeared in man, any mistake about this self led and leads to a death far greater than bodily destruction. All great prophets have given the same strange answer that the mistake lies in the obstacles to knowing the self in the not-self. The unceasing attempt of man to remove such obstacles and to find his truth beyond himself is represented in most of his institutions.

Animals live on the terrestrial globe, but man lives in what he calls his country. This country is not geographic, but spiritual. It is enriched with the currents of thought and love that have flowed through the ages. Countless is the number of those who have gone through suffering and death in order to prove the truth of the Person who is immortal in them, and the country is the creation of their sacrifice. Irrespective of caste or colour, their

thoughts and their achievements belong to all men. Human beings live in a country which means a region where each man exists beyond the boundaries of his time and place, a region where his learning and his endeavours become true in the communion of all men of all times. The past and the future equally belong to the World-Man. Man likes to think that his ideal of perfection has already been realised in some departed past. This is why we find that in the mythologies of almost all races the golden age is imagined in the past. These legends express the aspiration of man that what is established before the beginnings of time, shall be continuously tested throughout its limitless flow. Though man no longer admits that the golden age is in the past yet in all his strivings after excellence there is an implicit expectation of the golden age to come in future. A person may be an atheist and yet there is no lack of instance that he does not consider it a loss to sacrifice his immediate present, only because he feels that he exists more truly in that unarrived future.

The major aspects of the Supreme man are yet unrevealed. The hope of revealing him extends continually to the future. The Supreme man is to come. His chariot is on the move, but He has not yet arrived. The marriage party is continually gathering, its members are waiting for ages, in the distance one hears the music of the bridegroom's march. Messengers go forward on the difficult path to receive Him and lead Him to the feast. This urgency of man towards the indefinite future counts no cost of life, this quest of his final certainty in the midst of the uncertain and the unarrived knows no rest. Man meets with obstacles again and again on his dangerous way; again and

again he finds himself baffled but yet he cannot give up his quest. This perseverance might have been called mere madness; but man has given to it the name of greatness. We find man's mind continually attracted by a sense of perfection not yet attained, like the natural groping of the plant in a dark room towards the light beyond the walls. The light is true. If the source from which the attraction of the perfect continually radiates be not equally true, the thoughts that men think, the tasks they undertake for the refinement of the spirit over and above the needs of bare existence, all become utterly meaningless. From time to time we reach this truth in our resolves, in our meditations, in our ideals. In the glow of suffering, in the glory of death, we perceive this ineffable spirit of perfection. It has taken our knowledge out of its narrow roost and given it freedom in a wider field. Otherwise the art of cookery would have found from men more acceptance than the science of the molecule. Today man's final physical analysis has arrived at mathematical symbols. Once man had placed the theory of light beyond intelligibility. He made the curious statement that vibrations in the ether are felt by us as light. Light which reveals all material things in the field of our vision turned out to be the manifestation of something which is utterly beyond our comprehension. We only know through experience that waves of different rhythms form it. It is further reported now that to call it mere wave-radiation does not give a full account of the nature of light; it also radiates minute corpuscles. All these contradictory statements are beyond the simple language of the ordinary intelligence of man. But man was not to be frightened by the deep water of the unintelligible. He declared

the stone wall to be the unceasing dance of electrons and never for a moment suspected that he had perhaps turned insane. It never occurred to him that perhaps Reason is an acrobat in the circus of the mind, that its profession is to turn everything upside down. If animals were placed in judgment over man, they would have characterised him as born insane. In fact, human science has proved all men to be creatures possessed by a universal dementia. It prompts them to say that things are not at all what they appear to be, but just the reverse. Animals never declare such libel about themselves. To their instinct a thing is what is, in other words for them only facts exist. The area of their world is confined to its surface. All their obligations are at its groundfloor.

As with other animals fact constitutes man's resources, and yet his wealth consists in truth. The ultimate aim of wealth is not to satisfy needs but to convey the sense of splendour. That is why man declares ভূমিদ স্বপ্ন—*that there is no happiness in littleness, it lies in immensity.*

These are after all the words of a spendthrift. Caution tells us that it is a matter for congratulation when our needs agree in measure with what we have. There is a proverb in English that the enough is as good as a feast. Our *Shastras* also tell us স্থাণীং সংযতঃ ভবেৎ—*that he who seeks happiness must be contented.*

We thus seem to meet the two contradictory statements that happiness does and does not lie in contentment. The reason for this apparent contradiction is that there is a basic duality in man's being. In the aspect of man which belongs to animal life, the satisfaction of his necessities is adequate to his happiness. But in his heart of hearts, man the animal reaches

up to the World-Man. There he no longer wants mere happiness, but something greater. He wants magnificence. That is why of all animals man alone is intemperate. He wants profusely and has to give profusely, for in him there is the Infinite Man. This Infinite Man does not hanker after happiness, nor is he afraid of suffering. This Infinite Man shatters the shelters of comfort which men build, and continuously calls them out to an architecture of a difficult design. The little man who is also in us laughs in mockery at this wasting of our substance in wild-goose chase. But he laughs in vain.

In the Upanisad there is a question and answer about God সত্ত্বঃ কস্মিন্ প্রতিষ্ঠিত ইতি—Where does God have his seat? The answer comes, স্বে মহিমান্—in his own glory'. This glory is his nature, and his nature is his joy.

Man's delight is also in his glory. That is why it is said that happiness is in immensity. But the nature to which glory belongs is realised by man only through strain and struggle. Only through great suffering is measured the truth of his happiness. There is continual tension between man's natural condition and his true character. That is why the path of religion, the path dictated by his inmost nature is called the path that is difficult of crossing.

দুর্গং পথতং কবয়ো বদান্তি।

The nature of an animal conforms to its condition. Its claims never exceed what is due to it. But with man it is different. He puts forward claims far beyond what was due to him by nature. The portion allotted to one can be fixed, but there is no limit to the extras one may demand. Man finds sustenance for life from his allotted portion, but it is

his extras that reveal his glory. Even in respect of keeping himself alive, man exacts many extras. He must live magnificently, for this his sustenance must not be commonplace. It is not enough that his dress and his dwelling should merely serve their barest purposes: they must also reveal his greatness, reveal something which is worthy of man; and a greater portion of the activities of his life is engaged in crossing the boundaries of a passive existence where there is a provision for enough but none for the feast. Man has an inherent distrust of what is offered to his senses, what lies spread before his instincts on the surface of existence. For he himself is not superficial, he realises that deep within him there is something which he calls truth and which is often the opposite of what seems to be the fact.

The friction of trees produces fire. If the human intellect had accepted the merest fact, that the fire is produced, and asked no further questions, we could not take it to task. It is not known because there is nothing to know, is a statement whose propriety cannot be doubted. But man must have extras in his department of knowledge, the extras, which at least for the time being is utterly unnecessary. And like a child, man repeatedly asked, "Why should friction produce fire?" Thus began for intelligence its labour of love. Perhaps the first answers given were childish. Perhaps he said that an angry spirit dwelt invisibly within the tree and its fury flames up when it is provoked. Human mythology is full of answers like this. Those whose intelligence refuses to grow beyond that of a child, for ever cling to such answers. But in spite of the stupidity which is

easily satisfied, man's questioning surmounts all obstacles and slowly pushes forward. As a result, the amount of energy he has spent in order to find out the answer to the perfectly useless question 'why fire burns' has certainly not been less than that spent for lighting the fire in his kitchen. Perhaps this has led to the kitchen fire dying out before the food was ready, while the pangs of hunger became keener and keener: but he persisted in his question, "Why does fire burn?" The fire before him cannot give any answer, for the answer can be found only by going far beyond the experienced fact.

The foolhardiness of this strange intelligence becomes clearest when it disturbs man himself and asks, "Who are you?" It does not even hesitate to tell him, "You may think you exist, but do you really do so? And if you do, where is your existence?" We have quoted before the answer which the Atharva Veda gives to this question. It says, one aspect of Man's self is seen directly here, but the other is the vast unseen.

Let us try to understand this clearly:

Here is land, here is water. Here is this and here is that. In like manner we may point at all objects and use the pronoun ইদং "This" with regard to it. We must understand clearly and know all objects whatsoever to which we can point and say "this", be it water, be it land, be it this or that. Otherwise we cannot live properly. But simultaneously man declares, তত্ত্বিদ্ধি—know That. But what? নেদং যদিদমুপাসতে—That is not that which we can define as ইদং, as "this". It is a simple statement of a fact, that *I hear*. Yet man insists that its final analysis takes us where the pronoun "it" cannot reach. Like one possessed he asks "Where is শ্রোতব্ধ শ্রোতঃ—the audition of the hearing?"

His physical researches lead him to vibrations in the air. But even here we have ইদং the pronoun, we have "this vibration". But the vibration is not hearing. We attain to him who says, "*I hear.*" But in what does the truth of that *I* lie?

A stone falls down from above. The keeper who guards the gates of wisdom gives the report of the news—it has fallen. With regard to it the downward attraction is manifested. Here the task of the gatekeeper ends. But in the inner courts, the cry rings out, "Transcending all the instances of ইদং of this fall and this other fall, *one* attraction alone pervades throughout the universe."

To know this *one* among the many is what the Upanisad calls প্রতিবোধ বিদিতং, to know the one unique as true in the perception of each particular. Similarly, the one unique and ultimate audition whose truth is declared by the experience of each particular hearing,—yours and mine, then and now—it is this universal শ্রোত্রস্ত শ্রোত্রং—the truth which is the audition of hearing. About it, the Upanishads say, অজ্ঞদেব তদ্বিদিতাখো-অবিদিতাদধি—It is distinct from all that we know and all that we do not know. Even in the physical science, it is not only that we cannot reconcile its hidden secrets with our direct experience, but we are forced to admit that they are contrary to it.

Man's discovery and utilisation of the hidden forces of nature contribute to his well-being. The truth which constitutes the wellbeing of his soul is also hidden: it can be realised only through endeavour. To this endeavour man gives the name spiritual discipline, ধর্মসাধন।

The root-meaning of the word "Dharma" is nature. It sounds self-contradictory to say that one's *nature* is to be realised through effort, through discipline; this

seems like finding nature by transcending it. The Christian Scriptures have condemned the nature of man, for its original sin and disobedience. The Indian Scriptures also prescribe the repudiation of nature in order to realise truth in us. Man has no respect for what he is by nature.

It is said—

- শ্রেয়শ্চ প্রেয়শ্চ যন্তয়ামেতসু
তো সম্পূরিত্য বিবিনক্তি ধীরঃ
তয়োঃ শ্রেয় আদদানস্ত সাধু
হীয়েতের্থাৎ য উ প্রেয়ো বৃণীতে।

In human nature there is that which is desirable and the other which is desired. The wise man keeps the two separate. He who accepts the good is সাধু, is pure, he who accepts evil falls short of his true worth.

These statements we regard as familiar maxims of morality, we think they have value only as principles of human conduct. But this verse was not uttered in reference to social conduct of man. This verse discusses how we can truly know the soul.

The desire for that which satisfies our animal instincts is active in human nature. But striving for the good which *ought* to be desired is also to be found there. It is not that man adds to his possessions by accepting the good: it is that he *becomes* something. This is called "being সাধু". This does not make him rich, it does not make him powerful, it may or may not bring honour in society, in fact it may very possibly bring insult and indignity. Complete understanding of goodness is not possible in the realm of nature. On the other hand, acceptance of evil makes man something else—something which the Upanisads call "falling short of one's true meaning". The truth which we understand by the term man is degraded in one who identifies himself with evil.

Goodness lies in realising in oneself the humanity which is universal and of all times: degradation is in the failure to realise the Universal Man. All this would have no meaning unless man had a spiritual self over and above his natural self.

Man's endeavour strives from one nature towards another. It is only when his enquiries go beyond individual inclinations that his science is founded on universal knowledge. It is only when his efforts take him beyond all personal interests and the inertia of customary habit that he becomes *विश्वकर्मा*—a world-worker. It is only when his love transcends his self-seeking that man becomes a Mahatma—a great soul—through his relationship with all creatures. One nature of man obscures him, the other gives freedom.

The astronomer observed that a planet had deviated from its orbit. He asserted with conviction that it was due to the attraction of some other unseen plant. It was observed that the mind of man also did not move along the course prescribed by its nature for the preservation of life. It deviated towards the uncertain, towards the transcendent. This led man to imagine the realm of the Spirit. He asserted that commands came from there, it was there that his centre of being lay. Men wrangle and fight to decide who it is that presides over that realm. Whoever He may be and whatever name we might give to Him, He did not let man rest within the limits of animal life.

The sea becomes restless. There is the continual ebb and flow of the tides. The restlessness of the sea would by itself prove the attraction of the moon, even if that remained invisible. Even the new-born babe knows instinctively that the hunger which indubitably is in him has an object that is real also in the

external world. Man's lifelong efforts have often been directed to things which have no connections whatever with his immediate physical needs. A life transcending death leads him on to the paths of adventure, not for the sake of self-preservation, but for the sake of immortality.

In Vedic language God has been called: *Aviṣṭ* अविष्ट, denoting that his nature is Revelation. About him it has been said—*यस्य नाम महद्व्यशः*—His great glory is His name: His truth is in his great expression. It is the same with the nature of man: it is to reveal the glory of his soul. The creature preserves his life by taking in food from outside, the soul reveals itself by pouring itself out, and crossing nature's limits. Even the savage in his own way wants to transcend nature for the sake of his self-glorification, which according to him is the expression of his truth. He pierces his own nose and sticks in it a rod. Through a painful process he sharpens his teeth. He flattens his infant skull between wooden boards and deforms it. He concocts strange garments and hideous ornaments and endures insufferable pain and discomfort in putting them on. In all this he attempts to declare that he is potentially greater than what he can normally be. This greater self of man is contrary to nature. The God whom he exalts as his ideal is equally strange. A nursling of nature and yet man has this fighting attitude which always seeks to defy nature. Here in India we see people, some with lifted arm, some lying on a bed of thorns, some hanging with head down towards a raging fire. They declare in this way their superiority, their saintliness, only because they are unnatural. In the modern European countries also, there are people who glory in facing

unnecessary hardship, which are called breaking records. Most of these they perform in order to glorify unnaturalness. The peacock feels proud in being a peacock: ferocious animals exalt in the success of their ferocity. But Man prides that in his exaggerations he is more real than in his normal reality.

There is no limit to man's presumption in the economic as in the physical sphere. Here also breaking records means to vault over all the barriers prescribed by the past history of past achievements. The effort in this field is not exactly for the unnatural, rather it is for the unusual. Here we find impatience with limitations. But whatever is material and external, must in its very nature be limited. These limits can be extended but they cannot be transcended. Jesus has said that the kingdom of heaven is as inaccessible to the rich as the eye of a needle for a camel to pass through. The reason for this is that the rich man is accustomed to realise and reveal his humanity through something which is the opposite of the immeasurable. To be huge like the elephant is not regarded by man as being a great man, though perhaps some savages might think so.

In the world which is the field of his ego, man boasts of his bulk, but in the world where his spirit dwells, his perfection is in greatness which cannot be measured by dimension. Beauty and excellence, heroism and sacrifice reveal the soul of man: they transcend the isolated man and realise the Universal Man

who dwells in the inmost heart of all individuals.

All around him, other creatures roam about in search of the means of livelihood. Man goes about for ages to seek the *One* in his inmost heart who নিহিতার্থে দধতি, who gives to him his inner meaning. It signifies that man is great and he must prove that in him dwells the Eternal Man, the Universal Man, the Man who is beyond the bounds of death. We attain our unity with this dweller of our heart to the extent that we realise truth in knowledge and feeling. All the misfortunes of man are caused by the obscuration of the Inner Man, through searching Him in external forms, in making strangers of our own-selves. Then we seek ourselves in money, in fame, and in the physical means of enjoyment. Once I heard a wandering beggar sing the lament of the man who scatters himself and loses the touch of the Eternal within him:—

Where shall I find Him: Him who is the Man of my heart. Because I have lost him, I wander in strange and far-off lands in his quest. It is from one of these illiterate villagers that I heard the line “তোরি ভিতর অতল সাগর”—an unfathomed sea is there within you. It was the same Baul who sang: “মনের মধ্যে মনের মাতৃস্ব কবে অন্বেষণ”—seek for the inner man in your inner heart. It is the same as the prayer of the quest which is in the Upanisad: আবিরাবীশ এদি—May his manifestation in me be completely fulfilled whose nature is self-revelation.

Rabindranath Tagore

Pages From A Diary

These notes were jotted down by me during my father's visit to England in 1926. I did not write to publish them and therefore scribbled them down in the informal, haphazard way in which they appear. Often the pressure of visits interrupted the regularity of their entry. I may also mention that it never was my purpose to judge or give opinions; I merely wanted to preserve a record of our movements.

Rathindranath Tagore.

May 15, 1926 1721

At about 10-30 A. M. after breakfast we quietly left for the dock. Kshiti Babu came with us in the car. By noon we were all on boat—but it was nearly five in the afternoon before she sailed. The boat is big and very crowded.

May 16—

Some distinguished company on board—The Maharaja of Alwar, the Aga Khan, Sir Currimbhoy, Sir J. Jeejeebhoy, Ranjit Singh—the Jam Saheb and some others; otherwise the greater portion of the passengers are uninteresting. Altogether too many people on board. Enough to make one feel uncomfortable

Father seems to enjoy his talks with the Aga Khan and the Maharaja. Quite frequently the former reads out to him from Hafiz and then they have discussions on Sufism. The Jam Saheb too is very nice and very simple.

... ..

June 5—

From Marseilles to Plymouth it was an uneventful voyage. We were expecting Kedar Das Gupta to meet us at Plymouth, and it was quite a surprise to see Pearson also waiting for us at the pier. Rothen-

stein and family received us at Paddington and took us over to the Kensington Palace Mansions where he had arranged a flat for us. The place is quite comfortable.

Rothenstein came again after dinner. Father had a long chat with him, mostly enquiring after old acquaintances and friends and discussing modern conditions in India and England. It seemed so much like old times—the summer of 1913.

... ..

June 6

Pearson is putting up with us. The whole day long we had visitors. Rothenstein came with his daughters in the morning. Conversation started as to whether artists, writers and intellectuals who are alive to the weaknesses of the government and resent its spirit of greed and exploitation should co-operate with it. Rothenstein evidently favoured co-operation; he thought the intellectuals could not very well refuse to do their best when they were appealed to by the state to help in the reconstruction of the country; that the idea of 'service' was so deep-rooted in modern man that his salvation lay through it, and that in the case of artists, specially, they could no longer depend for their living and the preservation of their art on the patronage of a few rich individuals; since more and more the rich would have less surplus to spend on the arts. The artists therefore must work for democracy through the state. Father pointed out that artists, of all persons, must have absolute independence, that it is not healthful for them to be under any restraint. He mentioned the Oriental Art Society of Calcutta—and said that

the very fact of its being under Government patronage was sure to react and have baneful effect on the minds and work of the artists. Rothenstein said that after all it was not so bad for artists to have limits imposed upon them. It does not really matter and sometimes it is better that their material should remain outside their control. Religion gave such opportunities to the Italian painters. Modern freedom has had harmful results, as in the case of the Futurists.

Spent a delightful afternoon with Sir F. Dyson in the Observatory at Greenwich. Such an unassuming person ! The whole place has such a quiet atmosphere that it is wonderful to think that so much work is being carried on with so little pretension. Sir Frank Dyson has had very distinguished predecessors, Newton having been the founder of the institution. The whole place is full of the atmosphere of the continuity of a great work carried on through generations. Sir Frank showed us the photographic plate of the last total eclipse of the sun, which demonstrated the truth of Einstein's Theory of Relativity and gave support to it.

June 17 —

The last few days our engagements have been so many and I have had to go about so much that I did not have time to write this diary. Of course we are seeing a lot of the Rothensteins. Father goes there quite frequently, but not so often as he used to when he came last time and was living in Hampstead. However, he has been able to meet many of his old friends and acquaintances at Rothenstein's house.

Father called on Mr. Montagu and Lord Sinha at the India Office. He told Mr. Montagu that it was not so much the

punishment of Dyer that India asked for but moral condemnation of the crime by the British nation. The Government of India was conducted by a machine; its heartlessness was what oppressed the people. One example of it was the permission given by the India Government to export cattle to Brazil, while thousands of children were dying for want of milk, and although the chiefs of Kathiawar had prohibited export from their own territories. Mr. Montagu agreed with father about the Punjab atrocities, but he said he was not quite free to do all his own way. What he was trying to do was to bring about internal changes in the Government machinery so that such a thing should be impossible in the future.

On Saturday all of us went to the Queen's Hall to hear the violinist Heifetz, who had recently risen to fame. He played wonderfully well. After the concert Father met Bernard Shaw—who quietly came up to him and announced himself, "Do you know me, I am Bernard Shaw". His hair has turned white, and he looked very impressive.

June 17 —

After dinner Suniti Chatterjee brought in Nicholas Roerick, a Russian painter, and his two sons. Roerick showed us an album containing reproductions of his paintings, which had been printed on the occasion of the celebration of his jubilee by his friends. The pictures are indeed remarkable. There is nothing in western art to compare with them. Father was greatly impressed. One of the sons is studying Sanskrit in London, and the other architecture. The whole family is going to India next September. Their genuine simplicity and naturalness of

manners were charming; so refreshing, so different from the English. We should like to know them better.

... ..

June 27—

On Sunday afternoon father lunched with Colonel Lawrence. He liked him very much. Col. Lawrence said he was ashamed to go back to Arabia because of the treacherous behaviour of the British Government. His promises to the Arab people had not been kept; he could not face them, the people whom he loved so much. Here is a young Oxford graduate who goes to Arabia and within a short time becomes their hero, is able to organise a powerful army which drives out the Ottoman power from the country; and he so freely mixes with the people that they recognise him as one of their own and all but crown him as their king. His career has been truly romantic, and for its romance could hardly be matched in this century. When father told him that he found there was a brutality in the western people which the Indian people did not have and could never really imbibe from their rulers—temperamentally they were so different—he replied that the only remedy lay in striking back at the Englishman harder than he hits, for then he would come to his senses and recognise others as worthy brothers.

... ..

June —

On Thursday the East and West Society—really Kedar Das Gupta—arranged a meeting at Caxton Hall to give father an address of welcome. The hall was packed. Charles Roberts—the former Under-Secretary to Montagu—presided and made a rather long speech which very few people could hear. Then Miss Tubbs sang four of father's poems set to music by a well-known composer. She has a power-

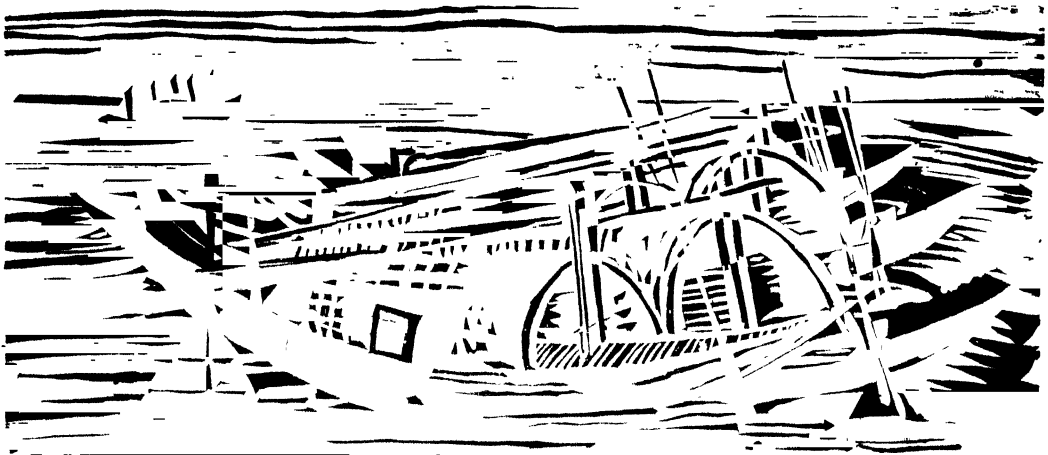
ful voice but to our ears the music sounded inappropriate to the sense of the poems it tried to interpret. It was too operatic. Then Sybil Thorn-dyke, who has recently made a mark by her tragic role in "Trojan Woman" and "Media," recited the poem composed for the occasion by Lawrence Binyon. Such beautiful voice! We were charmed with her elocution. Father replied with a brief speech—spoken effectively. It was greatly appreciated. Ernest Rhys told me on coming out that that was by far the best thing of this evening. Bhupendra Nath Basu in moving to thank the Chairman could not help referring to the political situation. It was an outburst. It showed how deeply he has been feeling the political situation. And because of its genuine feeling his words did not seem incongruous. The Maharajas of Alwar & Jhalwar, Ernest Rhys, Gilbert Murray, Lawrence Binyon, K. G. Gupta, and many others were present at the meeting. We met the Dubes—they now live in the country near Brighton where they invited us. Quite a crowd were waiting at the entrance to see father pass on his way to the carriage.

... ..

Charles Roberts had invited us to lunch. We met Lord Robert Cecil and Sir Gilbert Murray. Father took Lord Cecil aside after lunch and talked all the time about Indian politics. Cecil admitted that he was entirely ignorant of Indian affairs but would like to hear what father had to say. After father had told him all about the situation and the hopelessness of the Reforms introduced by Montagu, Lord Cecil said, "but you must remember we are a small community there, and since we believe that we are ruling the Indians for their benefit—we must do every thing

in our power to see to the safety of this minority." Father replied, "It is only because you find yourselves a small isolated community and therefore unable to defend your position in India without the help of brutal force—that this relationship is disastrous." He did not argue very much but went away as soon as father had finished with him. Gilbert Murray wanted to help in any way he could; and father suggested if he could get a protest signed by many intellectuals like him, that would have a great moral effect. He promised he would try and said he did not anticipate much difficulty.

On Monday we all went to Cambridge. Lady Roberts had asked us to tea. Father went with Pearson by the 1-30 train; we followed them by the evening train. Cambridge was crowded with outsiders—it was degree day. Prof. Anderson met us at the station. He has aged considerably, but was as genial and polite as ever. As it was difficult to get rooms we had to put up at the Blue Boar Hotel. Father was engaged with Prof. Anderson in the morning, discussing Bengali prosody and comparing it with French.



A

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Devraj Setty



VISVA-BHARATI

NEWS

June, 1934.

"Communication of life can only be through living agency. And culture, which is the life of mind, can only be imparted through man to man. Book learning, or scriptural texts, may merely make us pedants. They are static and quantitative; they accumulate and are hoarded up under strict guards. Culture grows and moves and multiplies itself in life."

Rabindranath Tagore

The article 'Man', a part of which has been published in the last issue was delivered as lectures at the Andhra University, Waltair, by Rabindranath Tagore, in December, 1933. We hope to publish the other two parts in our subsequent issues. The poet, in this connection, wishes me to acknowledge the help of Mr. Amya Chandra Chakravarty and Mr. Humayun Kabir, in the English translation of the original Bengali article.—Editor.

Santiniketan & Sriniketan

Rabindranath accompanied by Nandalal Bose, Pratima Tagore and a number of our students left Calcutta for Ceylon on the 5th of May. We appreciate the warm reception and wonderful hospitality of the people of Ceylon. The party is expected back by the end of June.

We are glad to learn that Dr. Harry Timbres who was obliged to disembark at Singapore owing to his ill-health, has now recovered. The last we heard from him was from Tokyo.

LIST OF ENGAGEMENTS IN CEYLON

- May 9: Arrival per M. V. "Inchanga."
- " 10: Lunch at the Rotary Club.
Lecture will be broadcast.
- " 11: Presentation of address by the
Indian Mercantile Chamber of
Ceylon.
- " 12: Performance of "Shapmo-
chan" at the Regal Theatre.
6 p. m.
- " 14: Opening of the Santiniketan
Arts and Crafts Exhibition at
the Art Gallery by the Hon'ble
Sir Graeme Tyrrell, at 4-30 p.m.
- " 14: Shapmochan at the Regal.
6 p. m.
- " 15: (Civic Reception at Town Hall.
4. 30. p. m.) Lecture by
Rabindranath Tagore under
the auspices of Y. M. B. A., at
5 p. m. in the Town Hall.
- " 16: (Variety for Children, 3 p.m.)
Repeat performance at Regal
Theatre. 6 p.m.
- " 17: Recitation of his own poems by
the Poet at Y. M. C. A., 5. 30
p. m.

This year Visva-Bharati has to part with a number of devoted friends. Mr. and Mrs. Aryanayakam are to leave us shortly. Dr. Hashim Amir Ali reverts to his old service at Hyderabad, wherefrom he came to us three years and three months ago. Let the parting be sweet with the thought,—though far they are ever to be near to the heart of Santiniketan.

Santiniketan is losing two of its very old houses—*Natyagriha* and the thatched cottage situated to its North. *Natyagriha* is being reconstructed and it will be difficult to recognise the house, which the old students will remember both as their dormitory and the theatre, where, *Raja O Rani*, *Saradotsava*, *Phalguni*, *Valmiki*, *Pratica*, *Visarjana*, *Mukuta*, and *Achala-gatan* have been staged. In the latter building have lived Pandit Hari Charan Banerjee, Vidhusekhar Sastri, Bhim Rao Shastri and Nagendra Nath Aich at different times.

In view of the fact that there is an increasing demand for trained rural workers in Education, Co-operative Organizations, and in other Rural Reconstruction

Continued from page 94

activities all over India, and considering that Sriniketan possesses all the equipment and facilities for giving such a training, it has been decided to give such a training extending over one full year to prepare young men desirous of taking up such work in the rural areas.

The qualifications equivalent to Matriculation are considered necessary for the prospective candidates. But since Matriculation is not considered an adequate test of a student's ability, it is proposed to hold a separate test or entrance examination. A non-matriculate may be admitted to the test.

For the present, the period of training has been put down as one year. The positions which qualified students might fill are the following:—

Teachers in Rural Schools

Supervisors of Rural Co-operative Banks

Rural Reconstruction workers

Zemindari workers

The courses proposed are as follows:—

Health and Sanitation

Agriculture, Dairy and Poultry

Industry (Weaving, Dyeing & Printing, Leather Work, Book-binding)

Rural Education

Rural Economics and Social Sciences

Principles and Practice of Co-operative Organization

Brati-Balaka Organisation and Village Reconstruction

Besides these, other courses may be arranged from time to time.

If sufficient number of candidates are forthcoming, the work will begin from July, 1934.

For further particulars apply to the Sriniketan Sachiva

P. O. Surul, Bolpur. (E. I. Rly).

In Pathabhavana arrangements have been made to teach Pali and Mechanics from this year.

We are glad to learn that Adhyapaka Nepal Chandra Roy, who had been seriously ill for some months has now recovered. We wish him restore his old health.

Alumni News

We are deeply grieved to learn of the untimely death of:—

(1) Nikhilesh Coomar, a student in Sishubibhag, at his place at Barnagore, on the last week of January, 1934.

(2) Saroj Kumar Bose, who died last month at his Calcutta residence. We convey our condolence to the bereaved family.

Marriage: Smt. Uma (*nee* Gupta) to Kalyan Kumar Dutt at Ranchi on the 21st May, 1934.

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